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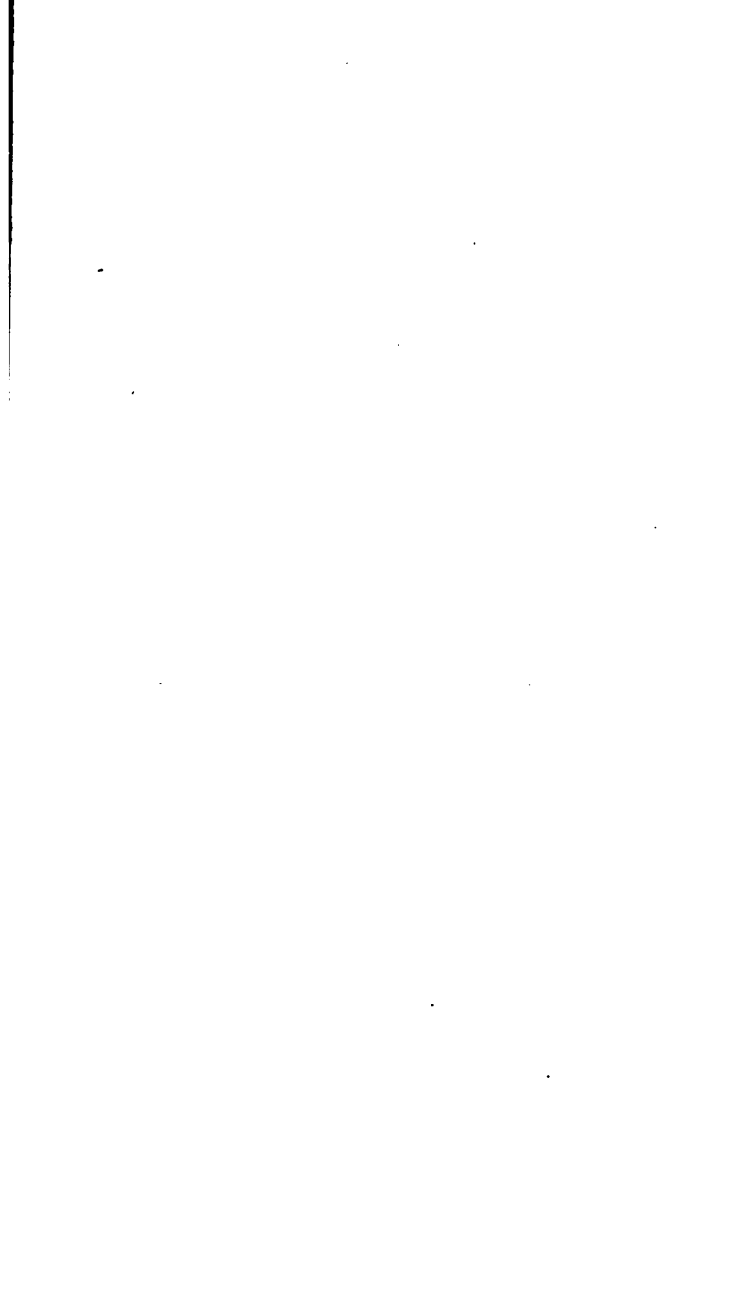


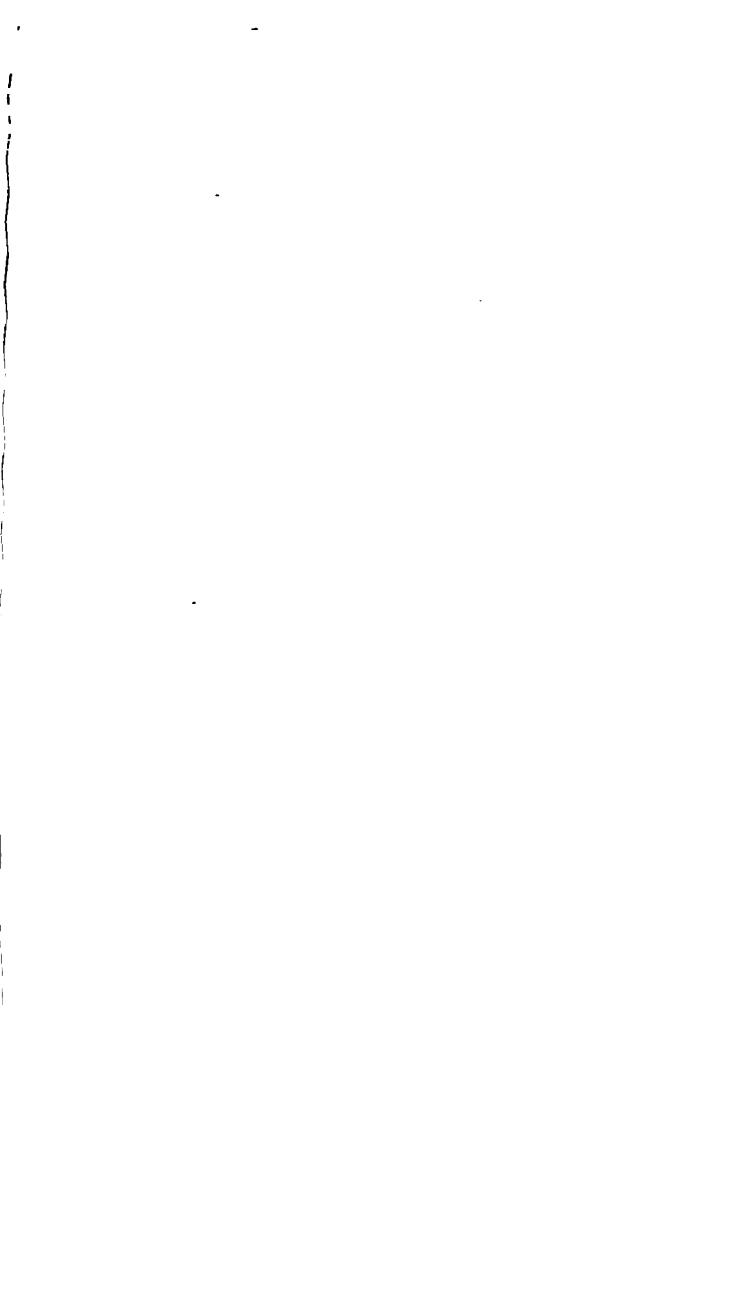


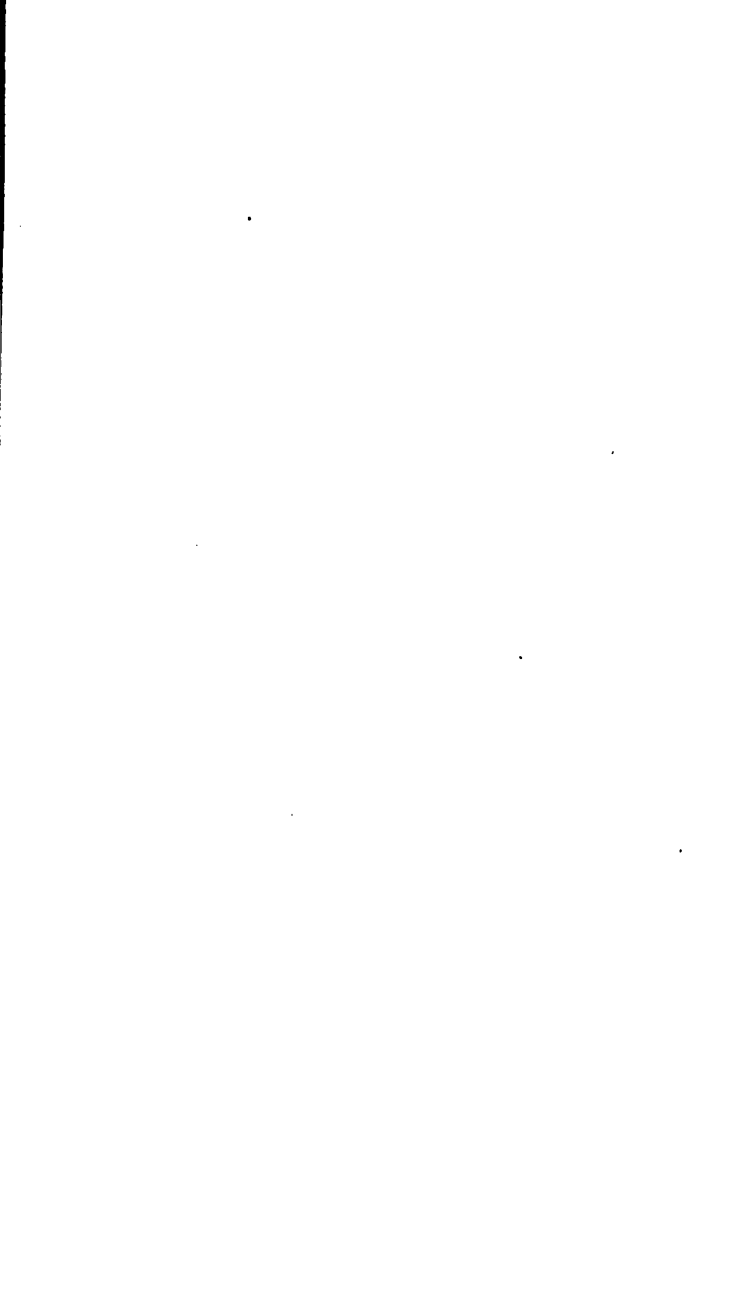
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SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.



A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-street, London.



SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

A Nobel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
INNES HOOLE, Esq.

“ Love's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief—full of woe;
All his joys are mix'd with smart;
Thorns beneath his robes grow :
And serpent-like he stings the breast,
Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.”

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SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

CHAPTER I.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.

COWPER.

.....

No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind.

POPE.

“OH, Mr. Bouverie! when will this miserable day be over?” exclaimed the pretty slip-shod companion of his exile, on counting the loud tones of the castle

VOL. I.

B

clock

clock as it struck the hour of five. "I really thought it had been six. This is intolerable! 'tis surely the monster's age that makes it tread so slow. See!" turning to her husband, "how much better this dear little treasure of a watch knows how to behave! The French certainly understand these things; see, how nearly it is six!"

"Why not make it six at once," replied Mr. Bouverie, yawning, "since you move it on at pleasure?"

"Pleasure!" interrupted Mrs. Bouverie, "pleasure—name not the word; it makes me ill. Talk of water to a mad dog—cross-bones and skulls to a hypochondriac—operas——But I will have dinner; it is the only means of saving me from desperation."

"You had better in future order it at this hour," quietly observed her husband, "and I would advise, as a double spur to time, that you should endeavour to enforce on the comprehension of Mrs.

Watkins

Watkins the necessity there is of providing two dinners — blest sources of amusement! whilst this rainy weather continues."

The old steward, followed by the only servant the castle contained, now appeared, bearing in the dinner; and never had crowded assembly been attended by Mrs. Bouverie with so much avidity as was this repast. Not that she was a *gourmande*—that would have been delightful. No! fate seemed to torment her in every shape! but still it was something to do—something to pass away time.

A silence of half-an-hour was at length interrupted by Mrs. Bouverie sighing—
 “Oh that things should come to this! breakfast, dinner, supper, that I have looked on as necessary evils—torments, that inevitably must come to separate one’s pleasures—that breakfast, dinner, supper.

supper, should now be my only amusement—my only employ!”

“D—n it, Mrs. Bouverie, you think of no miseries but your own. Think that I—that I, who always trusted the fate of my fire to my servant; that I, as the only mode of preventing *felo-de-se*, should be doomed to wander from drawing-room to dining-room, from hall to study, poking and stirring at these infernal fires! And even here, my only pleasure is cramped. The man ought to have been canonized who first invented grates! one blow at a log on these dogs—these Cerberuses, annihilates the whole concern. ’Tis certain Montresor was never condemned to stay here a month, or he would have arranged things better.”

“If you wish me to survive the night, mention not the man’s name. Is this his friendship—this his kindness?—a grave above ground! Your creditors would at least have placed you in good
society;

society; that was the worst they could do. But here—and to tantalize me still more, the wretch has sent my harp—that harp which has fascinated thousands! and, whilst it breathed the fancied pleasures of solitude, brought me all the real delights of society. Can he suppose that here I'll touch it?—does he imagine I ever sang to please myself? It's plain, Mr. Bouverie, this friend of yours thinks like no one else—a Visigoth!”

Mr. Bouverie finished the conversation by saying—“ Well, well, with all his oddities, he is a good fellow; and so you would say, did you but know him.”

The remainder of the evening was passed by Mrs. Bouverie in sleeping on a sofa; and with so much activity by Mr. Bouverie, that the old steward, at twelve o'clock, had to extinguish the glowing effects of his industry.

The good old lord Aubrey concluded

a life, in which every virtue had transcendently shone, in the bosom of his family, in the house of his ancestors—that life, which from rectitude of conduct and kindness of heart, had been embittered by as few of the evils of this world as ever fell to the lot of mortality.

He had married in early life the heiress of a noble family, and had proved that fortune and happiness can sometimes go hand in hand. They were gifted by Heaven with two sons and a daughter—a gift of so exquisite a kind, that in pursuing the path they had hitherto trod, they felt it was an earnest of that supreme recompence they were hereafter to enjoy.

The education of their sons exceeded their every hope; and whilst gazing on the transcendant loveliness of their daughter, they exclaimed—“She will be loved—she will be adored by the world;
but

but her understanding—her sweet disposition, will make her happy, independently of its vain homage.”

Lord Aubrey's marriage, which had produced him such unalloyed happiness, had been an early one: he wished his sons to follow his example; and his regret at parting with the eldest for the Continent was greatly increased by the conviction that it must inevitably defer his early settling in life.

How frequently does it happen that those events which we think will destroy our fabric of happiness, by the intervention of a superior power, become the foundation on which it is raised!

After a short residence at Paris, the honourable Mr. Bouverie, at an evening party of her father's, first saw the interesting Juliet Melbourn. He had often felt the shafts of love; but an hour's re-

B 4

flection

flection taught him to laugh at their power. A smile from the beautiful Juliet was not so soon effaced; he saw her frequently, and each time served but to convince him he could not exist without her.

Neither was Mr. Bouverie a man to be passed unnoticed. Sir John Melbourne saw, and felt honoured by his attentions to his daughter; and the simple Juliet sighed, as she thought their return to England (which was about to take place) would be the means of separating her from the only man she had ever loved. But she knew not the impetuosity of the heart that beat for her alone—the heart she had known but in its softest moments.

Paris, in which he had passed the happiest hours of his life, which had breathed nothing but sweets, deserted by her he loved, became insupportable.

He

He hastily followed her to England, and with the sanction of his family, and the consent of hers, they were united.

Cecil Bouverie (his brother) had remained in England; and here neither had Love been idle. The boy's brightest arrow had been successfully shot from a pair of most fashionably-educated eyes. Cecil, in every respect, was a martyr to fashion; kept race-horses, and petted his grooms, because it was the fashion; played higher, and more frequently, than he could afford; and (whilst he could have massacred the nation that gave it birth) witnessed with apparent satisfaction the woman he would make his wife excelling her companions in the mazes of the waltz, and all this because it was the fashion!

Albinia Stanhope had no sooner appeared in the fashionable world than she

B 5

became

became its idol. The women envied, the men adored her; yet, after two winters' infatuating rounds of delight, she found with vexation, that the hand so warmly disputed in the dance, none sought to retain for life. Her reign was in its zenith when Cecil Bouverie first saw her. So much beauty, and above all, so much fashion, could not be resisted; and Cecil, in the ecstasy of the moment, made proposals, which were considered by her family too advantageous to be rejected.

“Marry in haste and repent at leisure,” was too unfashionable an adage to escape his lips; and though he soon discovered his idol, fashion, had here led him too far, he consoled himself with the reflection that domestic felicity was but a sickly cold-boiled-veal kind of a thing, and that perhaps it was less trouble the not feeling, than the concealing an

an affection which, were it known, must inevitably lose him the character of a fashionable man.

His father, from beholding the happiness of his eldest son, became a still firmer advocate for early marriages, and heard the intention of Cecil becoming a *benedict* with delight; and although the fashionable Miss Stanhope was not exactly the woman he would have chosen to have constituted his son's felicity, yet the prospect of soon embracing him in his new character, filled his heart too full of happiness to allow him to utter a word which might take from that of his son's.

Castle Aubrey had twice been the scene of wedding festivities; and again the village bells proclaimed the joy of its inmates, when the postchariot and four that contained the happy Cecil and his bride, entered the park gates.

Never did the beauteous Albinia appear more lovely than when she blushing received the first embraces of her Cecil's parents; and though, on a nearer knowledge of her character, they found the lovely casket contained no treasure within, that her heart was too vain, was too selfish to feel, or return the affection they evinced towards her, as the wife of their son, they yet with fondness exclaimed—"She is too lovely not to be always loved, and our Cecil's too good not to be always happy!"

The interesting Gertrude, her father's best treasure, had most anxiously awaited the arrival of her sister-in-law; and in the happiness of her heart she had said—"We will work, we will draw, we will sing together: in the company of my beloved brother's choice, my days will pass too happily. With a father so sensible, a mother so kind, a house in which every room bespeaks comfort and
happiness,

happiness, grounds in which nature and art have combined to form a paradise, surrounded by so many delights, surely they will never wish to leave us—they will remain with us for ever.”

How great then was her surprise, when at the end of a month—a month passed in all the dissipation the country afforded—a month which had glided by so quickly, that none of Gertrude’s favourite plans had been put in practice—at the moment she was considering when all their visiting had subsided, she should become more acquainted with her beautiful sister—that she should then discover her favourite pursuits—it was at this moment she heard with grief and surprise, her apologies to her mother at being obliged so soon to leave them.

“It was so very provoking, so unavoidable—a plan so inconsiderately formed,” lisped the secretly-ennuied Mrs. Bouverie;

Bouverie; "I knew not, when the promise was made of joining our friends at Brighton, the sacrifice the performance of it would cost me."

Lady Aubrey sympathized in her regrets, and with grief at the idea of parting with her, applied to Cecil to know if it was really unavoidable.

Cecil had a difficult part to act; he was aware the effort it had already cost his wife remaining from the world of fashion so long, but he loved her still too well, and was too anxious that she should retain the good opinion he saw his mother had formed of her, to be himself the means of undeceiving her; and though it was totally a matter of choice, assured lady Aubrey their departure must necessarily take place in the course of a few days.

Gertrude

Gertrude sought her father and informed him of the intended event.

“What ! leave us so soon !—and Cecil too, whom we had not seen for so long a period ! But surely not before his brother arrives ?—he cannot think of leaving us yet. It is thus our children serve us. You too, my Gertrude, will some day leave your father.”

She took his hand and pressed it to her lips, in a manner which seemed to say—“My father, you know me better.”

He did know her better, and valued her for the sacrifices she had already made to paternal love.

Mrs. Bouverie had suffered too much already for the sake of appearances, to be prevailed on by her husband to await the arrival of his brother, ere she fixed the day of their departure from the castle. He could not surely expect so
much

much—she must have her happiness considered—the world would, ere long, forget she had ever existed. And oh! with what joyous expectations did she anticipate the delight that world would produce her in her new character! No control—no petty *missishness* to keep up—all would be freedom. A splendid establishment — a tolerably-affectionate husband, who, whilst she interfered not with his arrangements, was too much the pupil of fashion to concern himself with hers—surely every moment spent at the castle was a lost one! And the joy the day of emancipation gave her imparted so much fervour to the farewell embrace, that its deceived inhabitants exclaimed, as the chariot drove from the door—“ We judged too harshly of our Cecil's treasure; she is as good as she is affectionate—as affectionate as she is lovely.”

The reign of folly and fashion thus
begun,

begun, experienced no check during the space of ten years. Aubrey Castle was avoided as a penance only to be endured once in a person's life; and the only remark the death of its worthy master produced was, that it was so provoking people would die, as she never did look well in mourning.

"Sorrows come not single spies, but in battalions."—Aubrey Castle, till now the scene of domestic enjoyment, became the house of grief. The heart-broken lady Aubrey survived her lord but five months, and the care-worn Gertrude exclaimed, on finding herself desolate—"It is surely that grief is kindest which kills."

But the young heart will ache ready to breaking, and will still live to accuse itself of too soon wearing the smile of forgetfulness, of calosity of feeling, when it is but on reflection alone that we
bring

bring to our recollection the agony of grief a soul-rending loss has produced.

Cecil had tenderly loved his parents, but how rarely does the heart, which has felt the pleasures of dissipated society, remain unvitiated! The worthy Cecil's had been a little warped, and though he felt the extent of the loss he had sustained, could not but allow the increase this event gave to his income was very seasonable.

How different were the feelings of his brother, now lord Aubrey! he took possession of the splendid mansion of his fathers, with a sickliness of heart which seemed but to foretell the sorrows yet in store. He had much to love around him; his daughter was growing up, in all the sweet beauty and warmth of character her mother possessed. But not less dear to him than these was the companion of his boyish days—his sister Gertrude.

Gertrude. The castle was still her home, and the little Juliet her darling companion. During her father's life she had declined every offer of marriage, and her heart had now been too severely bruised to admit a stranger there. Her fortune was a handsome one, but the only satisfaction this gave her was, that she could one day bestow it on her niece.

Although the sigh, the tear would still escape them, on any allusion to their former griefs, happiness and gaiety had once again resumed their station at the castle, when lady Aubrey, whose health had been some time declining, after an illness of three hours, breathed her last in the arms of her daughter.

There is something terrible in the near approach of death to those who are left to deplore its power—"But it is a selfish feeling, a feeling the beatified
saint

sity. She could not comprehend why it was now to remain free from attack—
“ People living in the country could never want money—then why not still constitute the happiness of others, by giving that they themselves had no need of?”

Refinement of feeling had, happily for her peace of mind, been forgotten in her composition; and although in general she testified little energy in ought but the pursuit of pleasure, her arguments on the folly of leaving any means untried, by which they might still be able to remain in dear, fascinating London, gave such force and animation to her words and gestures, that in the surprise, the interest it occasioned, Mr. Bouverie for once allowed the Morning Post to remain unregarded during his breakfast. But though amused by her conversation, he was not to be turned from his intention. The only obstacle was, where
could

could he go? A residence at his villa at Richmond was attended with equal danger as staying in his house in town, and a trip to the Continent required too much ready money for him to think of.

In this dilemma he met his friend lord Montresor. Although much younger than Mr. Bouverie, at college they had been constant associates; and notwithstanding chance had since seldom thrown them together, when it did, the recollection of the happy hours they had passed in each other's society never failed to gladden the hearts of both.

At a time like the present, it was most fortunate for Cecil. The quick eye of friendship soon perceived all was not right within that bosom he had known but as the seat of vivacity. In a few moments lord Montresor had learned the cause; and, whilst he made it appear, with the kindness of feeling that
ever

ever characterized him, that the obligation would be entirely on his side, entreated Mr. Bouverie, for as long a time as he found it agreeable, to make use of his much-neglected castle in Caernarvonshire.

“It is a beautiful place,” continued he, “and admiring it as I do, the visiting it so seldom must certainly be placed amongst the many inconsistencies of my nature.”

Every thing was immediately arranged between them, and it only remained to prepare Mrs. Bouverie for the banishment that awaited her; and although this was done by her husband with much caution and gentleness, reproaches, followed by hysterics, were the consequences. But, alas! there was no appeal. With a cold shudder she heard the carriage ordered to be at the door by five o'clock the following morning.

ing. Still she could not think it possible that she really was to leave London—something yet might intervene between her and this dreaded calamity.

On passing to the dining-room, she saw, with a death-feel at heart, and total loss of appetite, the trunks standing ready corded for the hated journey. This was quite unexpected—she had, from a horror of hastening in any degree their departure, declined giving directions to her servant, and she knew not that Mr. Bouverie had included her wardrobe with his own.

CHAPTER II.

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It was a lovely evening, fit to close  
A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.

— — — — —

And every tree, in passing one by one,  
Gleamed out with twinkles of the golden sun.

— — — — —

And distant snatches of blue hills between :  
And there the alder was with its bright green ;  
And the broad chesnut and the poplar's shoot,  
That like a feather waves from head to foot.

— — — — —

And now with thicker shades the pines appear,  
The noise of hoofs grows duller to the ear ;  
And quitting suddenly their gravelly toil,  
The wheels go spinning o'er a sandy soil.  
Here first the silence of the country seems  
To come about them with its listening dreams,  
And full of anxious thoughts, half freed from pain,  
In downward musing they relapsed again.

RIMINI.

AFTER a journey passed in sighs and  
tears by Mrs. Bouverie, and profound  
reveries

reveries by her equally-dissatisfied husband, they entered, late in the eve of an autumnal day, the beautiful vale of Llanberis.

The county of Caernarvonshire stands for beauty pre-eminent ; the scenery they had passed through had been transcendently lovely—but where is the bosom, at war with itself, accessible to the beauties of nature ?

Montresor Castle, a Gothic moss-grown structure, half bosomed in trees, backed by a chain of majestic mountains, whilst vast rocks and precipices, intersected with little torrents, seemed wildly scattered around it, appeared proudly on an eminence before them. It stood in the midst of an undulating lawn, which being let run to decay, appeared but as one with the wild uncultured scene that surrounded it. But an interested observer would have perceived it had



once been the favourite of taste—that a fostering guardian had caused it to be decked in art's gayest smiles. The beautifully-winding gravelled walks were now lost, and appeared but as one with the sloping banks, in former times so smooth and green, now covered with high coarse grass and brambles ; whilst the venerable pines, moss-grown with age, seemed, as the wind blew mournfully around them, to sigh for the “ smiles of ancient days.”

Woods, thick, intricate, and gloomy, offered no friendly invitation, as wont, to the sun-weary traveller ; briars and thistles now monopolized their sheltering care, and bade defiance to all intruders.

A little stream, which appeared to have formerly been much wider, now left to its own wild course, heedless of the ruin that surrounded it, carelessly bubbled on : the moss-covered stones, that had fallen from a ruin on its banks,  
were

were passed laughingly by, as it rolled on to the little cascade formed in a natural declivity of the rock. The mountain ash stood fantastically on its bank, seeming to mock the proud oak which lay at its feet, levelled by the storm itself had bowed to and escaped.

An octagonal Gothic pavilion, surrounded by decayed fragments of stone, scattered at random round its base, had formerly been the favourite retreat of the late lady Montresor. Her harp, her books, had been carried there, and her son loved her remembrance too well to have them removed after her death. It had been a complete bower of roses and jasmine; but it seemed as they could not live unblessed by the cheering smile that had once watched over them. The jasmine had long left the walls, killed by the rapacious ivy, that now usurped its place; but the roses still lived, and though weakly with age, sometimes

smiled forth a flower, to breathe to the soft air of summer the tale of past joys.

The castle was of ancient structure, but it had undergone repair, and had been newly fitted up by lady Montresor, the present lord's mother. She had hailed with delight the season of year that took her to this dearly-loved residence. It was then the scene of intellectual enjoyment and refined society. Since her death her son, though much attached to the spot, rarely visited it; and when he did, the ancient families that surrounded him, from respect to his mother's memory and regard for himself, never allowed him to pass a day in solitude.

Three years had elapsed since his last visit; and many a death-blow had this given to the speculations (raised by the suavity of his manners) between the mammas and the pretty Cambrian lasses.

The

The establishment of the castle had gradually decreased; the younger part had married, and the old, excepting the worthy steward, the housekeeper (his wife), their daughter, and the gardener, were gathered to their forefathers.

Mrs. Watkins with surprise read of the intended visit of her master's friends. The best bedchamber was instantly prepared—"Indeed it was a chamber fit for Cadwallader himself. Put Cot in heaven pless us! what shall we do for hands? My lord has to pe sure forgot that Tavid—and he was a pretty lad!—is now married, and got a family of his own flesh and plood to wait on. And Nanny would never pe easy, thof I told her we coot not do without her, till she had married that idle fellow, Ned Parnes. Well, Cot pless us! never mind! You, husband, have not forgot your manners; and even the gardener, though he has grown so plaguy fat of  
c 4 late,

late, can slip into the pest livery coat, I warrant me."

Every thing was soon arranged, much to the satisfaction and pride of Mrs. Watkins, who plumed herself on the general order of her department. The old gardener was not so fortunate: he only wished that he had received a little longer notice, that he might have "just trimmed up a bit before the windows of the sitting-room."

Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie had been residents a week in Montresor Castle, when the conversation related in the beginning of this history took place. The offer of the attentive Mrs. Watkins to shew the rooms the castle contained, had been declined with disgust; they felt no interest in viewing a place which unto-ward circumstances had made their prison. From the sofa of the sitting-room to her chamber, was the extent of Mrs. Bouverie's

Bouverie's journeyings ; and though her husband's took in a wider circle, his mind was too much absorbed in calculations for time to come, to give any attention to objects of the present.

The only day marked from the others as possessing any interest to awake the lethargy that enveloped their faculties, was the one that brought their letters and the newspapers ; but even these soon failed to charm—they were but to them as dialogues from the dead—but records of pleasure lost to them for ever. Thus, in a second Eden, did they sleep away their days ; and, in unavailing sighs for the past, and gloomy prognostics for the future, trifle away that happiness they might have still allured around them.

The library, a large room comprehending the extent of one wing of the castle, and containing a most valuable selection

of books, implements for writing, drawing, in short, every thing that tends to make the reflective mind independent of the world and its empty pleasures, had by Mrs. Bouverie never been entered. She had read but little, for in the gay world the only time she could devote to improving the inside of her head, was that in which her maid was decorating the out; and the choice of her studies was confined to such as could best fill up a chasm in the trifling small-talk of the day. In drawing she had gained much admiration; but here she was totally dependent on the talent of her master; and the music-room, though possessing many valuable instruments, offered for her no attractions. Her harp, through the attention of lord Montresor, (who remembered that his mother's had been removed to the pavilion), had been carefully sent her. She felt not the kindness, and the only sensation its appearance,

appearance produced, was a tear to the memory of past pleasures.

A letter at length arrived, which elicited a degree of curiosity from the slumbering faculties of Mrs. Bouverie. It bore the hand-writing of lord Aubrey. Ere the seal was broken she exclaimed—"He has then heard of our misery, intends relieving it, and we shall now set off instantly for London."

Mr. Bouverie had no such hopes; he knew his brother was in ill health—he felt happy in again seeing his well-known hand; and the smile of delight this spread over his fine countenance, ill prepared Mrs. Bouverie for the result.

The letter was no sooner read than she again relapsed into a state of apathy; her griefs were even at too low an ebb to allow her to feel acutely the keen pang of disappointment. She scarcely attend-



ed to the intelligence that lord Aubrey was in London, previous to his departure from England—that he requested, during his absence, their protection for his daughter—his regret that their visit in Wales would deprive him of the pleasure he had anticipated in seeing them, but that he still hoped, by bringing his daughter part of her journey, his brother would meet him the rest; and whilst he received his treasure from his hands, render, by a farewell embrace, his every wish gratified.

It was some time since Mr. Bouverie had seen his niece; and to his wife's inquiry of what she was like, replied—"The prettiest little rosy-faced fairy you ever beheld; and, from being an only child, I doubt not my brother and sister have spoiled her: but her little wayward whims will serve to amuse us whilst we remain in this nest of blue devils."

"Blue devils! they are the real japan  
black;

black; and the poor child will die of ennui the first week," interrupted Mrs. Bouverie. "If not from affection towards your wife, will not kindness towards your niece induce you to disclose our affairs to this philanthropic brother, who considerably shuts his ears, whilst no doubt all the world are amusing themselves by opening theirs to our misfortunes?"

The smile this burst of anger occasioned Mr. Bouverie was passed unnoticed. She awoke but from the calm that succeeded, to say "adieu," on the morning he departed to conduct his niece to the castle.

## CHAPTER III.



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The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Bouverie could not have believed, until she had passed three days alone—three days deprived even of the gratification of having some one to echo her groans, that her wretchedness was capable of increase; but her heart, worn spiritless by ennui, yielded no emotions of delight, as she heard the carriage which contained her husband drive slowly up the avenue to the castle.

She was sitting in a large chair before the fire, her feet on the fender, her looks bent vacantly on the glowing fuel; she  
moved

moved not from her seat, but on the door's being thrown open, turned listlessly to welcome her husband. That her niece was to accompany him, she had long ceased to remember; and with surprise, mixed with admiration, she beheld a graceful figure, enveloped in a furred travelling pelisse, follow him into the room. Involuntarily she arose, and on being presented, exclaimed, scarcely knowing that she gave words to her feelings—"Believe me, Miss Bouverie, I pity you." This was quite unexpected, and Juliet returning her embrace, burst into tears.

She had suffered much in parting from her father; and the fatigues of her journey, joined to this unlooked-for commiseration in a stranger, quite subdued her. Could she have understood the grounds from which it sprang, she would have smiled. Ardently loving the country herself, the idea never entered

tered her imagination that any one could feel happier in London than when enjoying its peaceful delights; but Mrs. Bouverie had unconsciously touched the cord that vibrated all her sorrows.—“ I am indeed an object of pity,” she mentally sighed, as she vainly strove to curb the rebellious tear; then endeavoured, by conversing with her aunt, to turn her thoughts into another channel; but her father was ever in her thoughts; the sad—sad parting—his last adieu still vibrated in her ears—her utterance was choaked—her heart ached even to bursting.

Ashamed of thus evincing her sensibility before a stranger, and dreading, yet wishing to see the impression it created, she brushed away the tear that impeded her sight, and cast a hasty glance towards her aunt. She was relieved on finding herself totally unregarded. Mrs. Bouverie had resumed her

her seat at the fire—her large Indian shawl still more closely enveloped her form—her hair, of the darkest brown, was carelessly braided over her pale dejected face; she spoke not even to her husband, who was by her side examining his letters. Juliet contemplated her with curiosity, and for a time her woes were forgotten.—“Is this,” she thought—“this the fascinating creature my father and aunt have told me of? It must be illness that has deprived of its glowing loveliness that still interesting face.” The reverie continued, and Juliet, left to herself, regained something of her lost composure.

From her aunt she turned to survey the apartment. The massy antique furniture of scarlet cloth, although intermixed with the luxurious modern, united with the dark oak pannels and doors, feebly displayed by the light of two solitary candles, tended to increase her dejection.

jection. The room was spacious, and in one of the large old window-recesses, a stand of greenhouse plants attracted her attention. Composing her voice as steadily as she could, she asked if her aunt was fond of flowers?

"My affections," replied Mrs. Bouverie, with what Juliet considered the irritability of illness, "have long since died an accidental death, and I am fond of nothing."

"But vain repinings," interrupted Mr. Bouverie, as he closed his last letter; "for truly in that, Albinia, you waste your days."

"And thus to lose them," quoted Mrs. Bouverie, "is all the use I wish to make of time passed in this hateful place."

On the removal of coffee, Juliet expressed a wish of retiring; and Mrs. Watkins was summoned to conduct her to her chamber.—"I hope you will feel yourself comfortable, madam," said the kind-hearted housekeeper; "I have prepared,

pared, to my fancy, the best room the house contains for you—the room that my late dear lady preferred, on account of the beautiful prospect, and its handiness to the library; but why for that I cannot tell, for I am sure there are a power of books in the inner little dressing-room: and thinking that you may love learning as well as that dear departed angel, I have this morning dusted them all myself.”

Juliet smiled as she thanked her attention, and closing the door, began to examine this highly-vaunted chamber; and it had not been over-rated—comfort and elegance seemed everywhere blended. The hangings of white muslin over pink silk, though faded by time, still bespoke the refinement of the mind that had once inhabited it. The toilet-table, by the attention of the little French maid she had brought with her, was drawn close before the cheerful blazing fire:



fire: she sat down before it. The little dressing-boxes strewed over it, appeared to have been sacrédly preserved in the same state as when last used by their regretted owner.

Mechanically she raised the cover of the one her hand rested on; a ruby ring, affixed by a chain to a bracelet of the same stones, recalled the thoughts that had again strayed to her father. The gloomy consciousness that the hand it had once decorated now lay mouldering with the dust, caused her hastily to replace it: her soul was attuned to horrors—her spirits were at their lowest ebb—and with the idea of death, she for the first time associated her father. Suddenly rousing herself—"It is wrong," she said, "to indulge these sad presentiments; my father will be returned to me, blest with renovated health and spirits. But oh! that I could bound over these surrounding mountains, and  
again

again receive his loved embrace!" Tears again overflowed her eyes, and she sunk sobbing on her pillow to sleep.

Juliet found, on awaking at a late hour the following morning, that sleep, which had often laughed at her endeavours to allure it in happier hours, had proved a true friend, whilst smarting under the agony of affliction. The cares that had weighed so heavily on her heart the preceding evening, were, by its gentle influence, soothed and allayed. She had recovered the fatigues of her journey, and with it her wonted tone of spirits; a smile passed over her countenance, as she thought of the horrors that so lately overwhelmed her. The same subjects of grief were again reverted to, but how different their aspect! now, with the light-heartedness of youth, she felt assured there must be many happy moments in store for her—that days passed in childhood so delightfully would

would return with a charm still more enhanced by this short separation from those she loved.

Affliction will destroy most things; but a woman's vanity (and philosophers have even condescended to remark upon it) will not fear to struggle with this bitter enemy. Juliet felt a wish of prepossessing her aunt in her favour, for she was conscious that her swollen eyes and inarticulated words had done little that way the preceding evening, which her maid Victoire perceiving, dressed her with the nicest care; therefore the smile that illuminated the lovely countenance she saw reflected in the large pier-glass in the dressing-room, had much to do with this gratified feeling.

The summons to the breakfast-room was instantly attended; and the appearance of Mrs. Bouverie by daylight, more strongly confirmed her in the opinion

opinion that she was a suffering invalid. With bosom ever open to emotions of pity, Juliet felt sensibly affected, and she affectionately pressed the hand her aunt had offered to her lips. Mrs. Bouverie returned not the pressure; with her thoughts and looks fixed on the astonished girl, she exclaimed—"How beautiful your hair is dressed! what lovely plaits! What a pity that true Parisian head is not in London! I really must beg you a thousand pardons, my dear Miss Bouverie: what could I have been thinking of? I might have spared you this unnecessary trouble: we live here in the land of ghosts and savages; never seeing—never conversing with any thing human or divine; the appearance of old Watkins would even frighten a Cherokee chief, and his wife, poor mummy! has been dead, I am sure, many years, without knowing it. What recompence is there then to be expected in taking so much pains?  
You

You smile, but believe me you will soon come to my costume; and find that to keep your hair out of your eyes," brushing her braids more closely under her cap, "and your limbs screened from this chill mountain blast," wrapping the Indian shawl still more closely around her, "is the true art of a Cambrian toilet."

Juliet had not been long an inhabitant of Montresor Castle before it was completely explored. The praises bestowed on the habitable part gratified the heart of Mrs. Watkins; and the contemplation of that allowed to remain in ruins, imparted an enchantment to her own it had never before experienced.

With the light bound of youth, she wandered over the neglected grounds; and the mountain that hid from her view the road on which every step had increased the separation from her father, from the wish of again beholding it,  
was

was ascended with ecstasy; but, alas! mountains yet more lofty still screened it from her sight, and the little curve that wound round its rugged side was all she could discern. With the sickening feeling of disappointment she retrod her steps; the little pavilion at its foot offered an asylum wherein she might indulge the tears that would not be controlled. Here was nothing to cheer—nothing to exhilarate her drooping spirits. Mournfully she seated herself on the massy stone cornice, severed by time from its roof; the withered leaves of autumn strewed its marble floor, and shreds alone remained of the Indian matting that had formerly covered it. The stringless harp, which a touch would have annihilated, occupied the same place as when last lady Montresor had called forth its tones; the ivy was creeping up its base, and festoons of the bindweed, seeming to chain it to the stone fretwork of the window, played along

along its frame. The little gaily-bound books in the recesses were mildewed by damp; every thing bespoke the desolation that reigned around—the fragility of art—the dominion of nature. The beautifully-sculptured dome's deep cavities had become the resting-place of birds; they there fearlessly reared their young, and from thence did they, by screams and flutterings, appear to resent all encroachments on their privacy.

In scenes so wildly different from those she had been accustomed to, Juliet stood much danger of becoming a *heroine*; indeed, in the most uncultured breast, solitude has powers of sowing some seeds of sentiment; but here, how rich a soil was there to flourish in, did the volatility of the heart allow it! She imagined a resemblance between the destiny of the little pavilion and her own; they had each been cherished—each been deserted—Deserted! (for she rather quarrelled  
with

with the word) yes, *deserted* is surely not too harsh a term to express separation from those we love.—“But who could neglect this little paradise of delights?—even my aunt—but I must go and ask her its whole history.” Saying which, she carefully shut the door; with one step on its stone in the centre, sprung over the little brook, and was in a few minutes in the presence of Mrs. Bouverie.

Impatient to pour forth her numerous inquiries, yet checked by the gloom of the room, and fearing to awaken distressing remembrances in the bosom evidently already sufficiently beat down with sorrow and indisposition, she hesitated, and was retiring, when her aunt addressed her.—“Is not the ennui of this place insupportable? I see, my dear Juliet, you adopt Mr. Bouverie’s principle, and seek amusement in varying your apartment; but believe me, it is a

D 2

mistaken



mistaken endeavour. What is the advantage of making a graceful *entrée* or exit? who is there to see it? The old savages in their sleek satin coats and close-curved wigs, are too starch to look out of their frames at the poor devoted wretch, 'who drags, at each remove, a lengthened chain,' without any chance of alleviation."

The first pause was seized by Juliet to venture upon her mission. She began—"I am interested——"

"Interested?" interrupted her aunt, "interested? impossible!" She looked up in amaze, and, for the first time, discovered Juliet's walking costume. Hardly believing the evidence of her eyes—"Is this change of dress," said she, "another speculative charm against ennui, or have you really spirits to venture without the walls of this den? even in this I can give you no hopes; you will, believe me, soon give it up. I know the fallacy of it—I have in my time scoured the  
the

the country in search of an adventure. What novel but promises you an interesting sportsman for your pains? Yes, I have walked over fallow land in Taylor's tight shoes," glancing at Juliet's little splashed boots, "picked blackberries with new gloves, both of which articles of dress they say proclaim the elegant female—have hummed a French song, before what I afterwards discovered (for all shooting dresses are the same you know) to have been a dashing young gamekeeper; but this is long ago, and the last time, I promise you, the country should have contained me, but for this last sad circumstance."

She paused, and Juliet, after waiting a little to recover the surprise her aunt's discourse occasioned, commenced again her inquiries.—"I wish to talk to you, my dear aunt, about the pavilion."

Mrs. Bouverie's countenance suddenly brightened.—"The Pavilion? the dear rapturous Pavilion? is it possible you

have been there?—but 'tis cruel to remind me of past joys. How well do I remember the last evening I passed there! the glance I caught of myself in the large mirror in the rotunda! the peculiarity of my dress—some called it bewitching. If Cecil was ever jealous, it was that night; for I really was gratified with the attentions of that meteor of fashion Cornwallis; I met him—let me see, where did I first meet him? however, I chanced to have on the same dress that night as when he first saw me. I do say that Mrs. Bell is, after all, the only woman who can fancy a dress, and set off one's person to the best advantage. Oh! if I had but strength of mind to have my trunks unpacked, what loves of her fabricating I could shew you! indeed, it was confessed that no woman of fashion wore such handsome blond as myself. But this dress, of which I am speaking, concealed an assassin in every fold; at least, so they told

told me : but this repetition of flatteries must bore you, yet I cannot help indulging in their recollection. Well, this night at the Pavilion, I almost felt uncomfortable in being the object of so much—what shall I call it?—admiration Cornwallis said it was. You will wonder how I remember all these things. With all this my triumph was fated not to be complete until the end of the evening ; when imagine, if possible, my astonishment, delight, and glory, on finding myself distinguished, complimented, and regarded by royalty !”

This confirmed every thing. The wonder, the confusion, the amazement, which the volubility of Mrs. Bouverie’s discourse had given rise to, was now turned into dread ; and Juliet had only to condemn herself for having thus wantonly, for her own gratification, disturbed a mind, which, from disorder on the nerves, evidently had become unsettled.

At any other time, with what admiration would she not have regarded the brilliancy—the animation that gave extraordinary beauty to a face she could now only regard with terror blended with pity! Carefully her eyes avoided the proud expression of those which, fixed on her, seemed to await some token of attention. In vain the wreath of ivy she bore in her hand was twirled and twisted, no idea would come to her aid, which might serve, without wounding, to turn the current of her aunt's thoughts.

In this dilemma she was again addressed.—“That ivy, Miss Bouverie,” and she said it with some asperity, “that ivy monopolizes your attention. Its appearance is really very natural, but I never could bear ivy; indeed, flowers of all kinds much oftener, I think, *take from* (an Irishism you will say), by giving *too much* to the appearance. Believe me,

me, there is much accomplished by the turn-out of a well-regulated head: no, no, ivy would never have gained me a prince's condescension. Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament indeed; jewels do more in one hour than the unadorned head of innocence would in a twelvemonth."

In the energy of this conclusion she took the wreath out of Juliet's hand, who had long perceived that it was mistaken for artificial; but from the volubility of her aunt's discourse, to explain had been impossible. Its reality was soon discovered, and Juliet receiving it again, hesitatingly, and with effort, said—"I gathered it just now at the—the—pavilion," casting a hasty glance at the same time to see the effect produced. Surprise again took place of dread, for the expression of Mrs. Bouverie's countenance completely changed; inanity crept over it—she again seemed to turn within herself, as with a disappointed

air she said—"You must have thought me mad: I imagined you had been speaking of the Pavilion at Brighton; who could have dreamed that any thing here would have for a moment gained your attention?"

The relief this explanation gave Juliet is impossible to describe; yet the manners of her aunt were still most unaccountable. She was still far from having gained the information she wished; but any further attention from her absorbed companion was a vain expectation. The reclining posture—the hand over the eyes—all the appearances of indisposition, were again resumed; and whether her ideas had returned to the blissful times so forcibly described, or whether she had yielded to the dominion of sleep, was equally undeterminable.

Little of Juliet's time was passed in Mrs. Bouverie's presence—society it could

could not be called.—“ I beg your pardon, you were speaking,” listlessly uttered after an animated speech, was small encouragement towards its repetition; yet did Juliet neglect nothing that might tend to lure her out of the sullen gloom which pervaded her every faculty. She talked of music—expressed her love for it, and playfully drawing the harp towards her, would entreat her to sing. But all to no purpose—“ What’s the use?” was the only evidence she received of having been attended to. For the sake of her health, spirits, every thing, would she accompany her in her walks?—she would shew her so many beauties—from where the castle looked to the best advantage—the little village church, which really was not so very far—the strange epitaphs, the language of which perhaps she understood.

“ I understand them !—I understand Welch !” screamed Mrs. Bouverie ; “ but



for my ignorance, by this time I must have been dead. No, no! I have found some consolation in not understanding a word that fat monster, Owen, used to mutter when I first came: but I fancy he is indignant, or weary perhaps, with having had, as Cecil would say, 'to drag the coach all himself;' for I now, thank Heaven, never hear the sound of his voice."

Thus all was to no purpose—nothing Juliet could do or say lightened the weight of woe on Mrs. Bouverie's brow, or the *fauteuil* of its dissatisfied tenant.

The principles of industry and rectitude had been too forcibly inculcated to allow of Juliet's passing her time in the same unprofitable manner. She established herself in the library, where, through the constant attention of Mr. Bouverie, a cheerful fire always blazed. Here, subject to no interruptions, save a removal

removal to the further end of the large table, on a very desperate blow of ennui being aimed at the fiercely-burning logs, she passed her time in study. In every accomplishment she was a proficient: the one of drawing was her favourite, and but for constant attention, every other for this one would have been neglected. Left to herself, it became her principal occupation. From the cabinets she selected studies, and so beautifully executed them, that her uncle declared, though his eyes might be dazzled by the fire, that he did not know the original from the copy.

The discovery of a drawer full of wires for the pianoforte was hailed with as much delight by Mr. Bouverie as by Juliet. Hitherto the music-room had been useless—the instrument wanted a few strings, and from its being quite out of tune, Juliet had given it up in despair.

“ There

"There is then no need of another fire," sighed Mr. Bouverie, closing it in despair.

But this abundantly-supplied store gave rise to hopes of getting it in repair, that wanted but a tuning-fork to realize. After a diligent search, one was found, the fire was lighted, and Juliet and her uncle were completely happy.

The fat monster, Owen, looked his satisfaction, and by collecting and dusting all the music he could lay his hands on, expressed his gratitude. He evidently had a soul given to melody, and the flowers that now every where decorated the room, bore evidence that excuses were not wanting for the enjoyment of this regale of sweet sounds. His feelings however were kept within bounds, and his listening ear would have passed unobserved, but for "The noble race of Shenkin" one day striking upon it.

This

This was irresistible—all command was lost, and clapping his hands, to the detriment of a China flower vase, which sunk to rise no more, exclaimed—"Just the beautiful tune my tear lady used to play! I was pretty sure, if I was watchful, some one or other of them would strike out again." He had gained Juliet's attention, and he went on—"Put it was not in this room that I used to so listen to it, for it was only to company folks that our plesed mistress used to sing here; and to my mind it always seemed ta sound petter coming out through the pavilion window."

Here then was an opportunity of having her curiosity gratified—the interest accounted for that this place invariably gave rise to. But it seemed as though it were always to be evaded, for Owen, once allowed to speak, was not to be put out of the thread of his discourse. He continued—

tinued—"The last time she ever came there, was with my lord and Miss Marian. I never shall forget her peaceful looks! She said to me, 'Owen,' says she, 'you seem just to have as great a pleasure in this place as myself, for you trims up this place petter than any other.' I looked after her: she seemed to me to lean for stay on Miss Marian's and my lord's arm, and I never, after that day, saw her out again." His voice faltered as he concluded, and his coarse brown hand brushed off the tear of sensibility to the memory of his regretted mistress.

"Are you alluding to Mrs. Bouverie's mother?" asked Juliet—"what was her name?"

"Laty Montresor, to pe sure, Miss July; but I never knowed that she was of a relation with madam who is here now."

"Perhaps then a distant one of my uncle's?"

"No, Miss, I can't say I think that neither,

ther, for I never saw poth of them till such time as they comed town last September. My lord wrote to say just they were his friends, and pegged that they might be treated as himself."

"Was lady Montresor handsome?" asked Juliet.

"Toes not the picture speak for itself?" replied Owen, whilst a tinge of native blood clouded his cheek—"toes not the picture speak for itself?"

The portrait he pointed to had often been gazed on by Juliet with admiration; it was a full-length, and filled up the immense space between the large marble chimneypiece and the ceiling. The countenance, smilingly lovely, was intent on the bouquet of wild roses she was placing in the hat of a beautiful boy who stood beside her. The brocaded satin robe, long slender waist, and curling hair, turned quite off the forehead, all proclaimed its date. Owen was right—

right—the picture did speak for itself, and told a tale of loveliness seldom surpassed.

“And what kind of a man is lord Montresor?” resumed Juliet.

Owen’s eyes brightened.—“As worthy a master as——”

Juliet blessed the bell which, in summoning Owen away, released her from the wearisome narration of the excellence of a *worthy*.

CHAPTER IV.  
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Oh, Time, thou must untangle this—not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE name of Marian sounded familiar to the ear of Juliet, and on reflection she remembered to have seen it written on many sheets of music; and a little sketch, drawn with much spirit in black chalk, on one corner also bore the name of Marian. Owen had said but little concerning her, and Juliet was left to speculate whether she was daughter, sister, or friend to lord and lady Montresor; but there was too much scope for it to prove satisfactory, and she arranged that Owen should be applied to the first opportunity.

Reading,

Reading, a few days afterwards, one of Southey's poems, the name again presented itself. On a slip of paper, in a beautiful handwriting, were these lines :

À MARIAN.

Je n'aime pas les grands yeux noirs,
Qui fièrement disent, I will make war :
Mais j'aime les languissans yeux bleu,
Qui doucement disent, I do love you !

ORMSBY.

Instinctively her own eyes glanced to an opposite mirror, and she laughingly thought, as their bright dark hazel met her view—"It is well for my vanity that this gallant knight does not flourish in the same age with myself:" and she settled that the name of 'Ormsby' should have a share in the interrogations she intended putting to Owen.

The opportunity soon presented itself. A large portfolio had often attracted her attention ; but from its being established on the top of a high book-case, to attain

tain it seemed impossible. She had threatened to enlist Owen in this service of danger, but the fragility of the library steps, contrasted with his ponderosity, seemed ill contrasted to bear him through it. She therefore planned to evade his importunate civility, by carelessly asking him to place them in the right position; then taking advantage of his absence, mount herself, and commence, whilst thus exalted, the examination of its contents.

Every thing succeeded *à merveille*. The head of a Bacchante rewarded her every trouble; but taking it out to observe it more closely, the neglected portfolio, impelled by its own weight, came with a tremendous crash to the ground.

Owen's 'listening ear' caught the sound as it fell, and he rushed in just as Juliet—but not in the manner of the portfolio—had descended also. The name
of

of 'John Ormsby, Esq.' in large gold letters on the side, met her sight, and waiting with much impatience till Owen had run through many unintelligible Welch ejaculations, questioned him concerning the bearer of the name and owner of the book.

"Cot pless hur! hur is so glad it is not Miss July herself that made the noise, that hur can hardly speak out of pure joy," gasping for breath between each syllable.

"But the name, Owen?—you must tell me all about it."

"I really forget, Miss July, who put it up there; but I am sure if they had put dreamt of this accident——"

"I mean not that, Owen: tell me who was John Ormsby."

"He was my tear teaparted laty's own brother, and as nice a looking gentleman as ever you saw. Put you see him there, Miss July, over the toor; and hur
looked

looked just like it, for it was taken put a twelvemonth before he tied."

Alas! what a sad falling off was here! —did it seem possible, that a form clad in a snuff-coloured coat, and close curled wig, could have so far condescended as to indite the fantastic lines she had in the morning met with? But who could the fair one be? and little thinking how shrewd her guess, she laughingly asked Owen which of the ladies on each side the folding entrance to the music-room answered to the name of Marian?

"You know a little about us then, Miss July," said Owen, with an air of complacency. "You might guess which it was if you knowed how great an admirer of beauty squire Ormsby used to be."

There no longer remained a doubt; and Juliet beheld, in the pretty modest-looking

looking round face, equipped in a riding-hat and green joseph, with a whip in her hand, the celebrated "*languissans yeux bleu.*"

Notwithstanding the advancement of the season, most of the time Juliet set apart for walking was passed at the pavilion. Through her attention, the aspect it now wore was very different to the one in which she had first beheld it. Owen felt as lively an interest in it as herself. The fragments of stone were cleared from its floor; and in the walks that led to it, through high-raised banks of moss, not a dead leaf was to be seen—every thing again smiled under a fostering hand. The harp alone sacredly remained the same, though the romantic sensations it gave birth to, received a severe shock from unexpectedly finding in a little elegant book of harp music the again coupled names of Ormsby and Marian. A dead rosebud, peeping from
between

between the leaves, registered the place;
and the duet beginning—

“Why should they change their heavenly hue,
The verdant hours of firstborn love?”

which of itself spoke volumes, was rendered more marked by the names of the original hero and heroine being scratched through with a pencil, and those of Ormsby and Marian substituted in their place. This would have appeared most sentimentally pretty, but that the association of ideas recalled to her mind the snuff-coloured coat and fasty green joseph. She had never contemplated the harp, but fancy portrayed an elegant female form, clad in a white muslin robe, bending over it, gracefully touching a “few low chords.” That it should ever have been polluted by the masculine hand of a horse-woman, whilst the snuff-coloured knight, assiduously holding the book, completing the picture, was monstrous! She began to wonder the damp

had not quite destroyed it; indeed if it had, she thought it would not much have signified, for the make bespoke it was certainly not one of Erard's.

The day was rather damp, and the castle clock striking four, reminded her that she had staid much longer exposed to it than any regard for her health would justify. Mr. Bouverie had but the preceding day cautioned her against trifling too much with a good constitution; and she fancied she already felt symptoms of the cold he had prognosticated if she persisted in these lengthened perambulations. Leaving her flowers scattered round the little basket she had been decorating, she took the shortest path to her own room, determining that unless a cold, by speaking for itself, should convince her uncle how little his admonitions had been attended to, that she herself would say nothing about it: yet she resolved, though she could ill afford

afford this sacrifice of her principal pleasure, by augmenting her occupations within doors, to wean herself from it by degrees. With this design she employed the half-hour between dressing and the epocha of Mrs. Bouverie's day-dinner, in looking over some historical miniatures that were arranged in the dressing-room. Each one she examined gained some exclamation of admiration; but a figure, whose ruff, and close-buttoned vest, bespoke him to be the unfortunate lord Darnley, fixed her attention. In vain she attempted to continue her examination; her figure moved before the others, but her looks were rivetted on that fascinating countenance, whose brightly-beaming eyes seemed to smile at their own power of attraction.

The picture of Mary queen of Scots did elicit a little attention—the rest stood no chance; yet did Juliet say, “I certainly am very fond of paintings,” as she

returned from the distance to take one last look before she descended to dinner.

On entering the dining-room, Juliet evidently saw something had occurred to disturb the sullen serenity of her aunt's brow. This was a thing that but rarely happened ; for though Mr. Bouverie would sometimes amuse himself by throwing out sarcastic observations on her drowsy method of passing time, it rarely gained any further retort than, " I have not spirits to recriminate, or I could say yours would not bear a very close inspection."

A pinch of snuff, or, " let us take a glass of wine, Juliet," generally concluded these little attacks. Mrs. Bouverie seldom spoke but when addressed, and then in the most concise terms: but there were symptoms to-day of no very gentle skirmish having taken place.

It

It was customary, in defiance of all etiquette, for Mrs. Bouverie to place herself at table, with the exclamation of "Thank Heaven, this morning's gone!" the instant it was spread; Juliet, on being summoned, silently followed her example; and Mr. Bouverie generally strolled in about five minutes after, with a pamphlet or newspaper in his hand, which placing at his side, served during the change of courses, as a substitute for conversation. Now the face of every thing was changed—the Indian shawl alone retained its station on the deserted *fautuil*; and Juliet hardly recognised the figure of Mrs. Bouverie without it, as she walked with surprising energy up and down the apartment. Mr. Bouverie was talking with much vehemence; but the furious attack he made on the fire at the same time, rendered the purport of his discourse unintelligible.

Juliet felt most unpleasantly situated ;

she wished to know what was the occasion of all this, but no friendly eye met hers, of which she could ask the question.

At length Mr. Bouverie seeing her undecided whether to retire or advance, said—"Oh, pray come in, Juliet; you ought to have been here sooner, to have witnessed a matrimonial breeze—been obliged to put 'em along—read the riot act—could not get any thing my own way without."

He spoke this with an attempt at pleasantry; but his looks betokened more of anger than the mirth he tried to assume, whilst he evidently wished to provoke some reply from Mrs. Bouverie, on which to build the repetition of his established determination. But all to no purpose: Mrs. Bouverie's step by degrees was becoming more composed—the animation in her countenance subsiding

siding into its accustomed apathy ; and at length she seated herself at table, without the apparent knowledge, that any thing unpleasant had taken place. Not so Mr. Bouverie, he could not so soon forget it, but continued—" I refer to you, Juliet : do you think, this place such a devil's den, that a twelve-month's residence in it is to justify such high-flown upbraidings as I have just encountered?—not but what I have, and do kick confoundedly, at being compelled—but I forget, you don't know what I allude to.—All my doings, madam!" for his thoughts suddenly reverted to his late provocation—"all my imprudence, madam! I should like to know what you mean by that?—what do you call bespeaking the *voiturier*, when you had three carriages at your command?"

" Why, how could I help that vulgar wretch, Mrs. Lempster, having a chariot

precisely like mine?" pettishly cried Mrs. Bouverie. "Even you yourself could not bear that I should ride in a thing which constantly, though I believe sometimes through spite, was mistaken for hers."

"Very well, madam!—very well put off!" But pray, madam, what was the fault of the new barouche?"

"Really much too bad for bad report. But you are jesting; you cannot have forgotten the arms and crest were picked out as large as life, whilst the odious mantle was at least as big as a moderate-sized hampercloth."

"But the drawing-rooms—what need had you to new-furnish them?"

"Every body said lady Vernon's were handsomer."

"The conservatory, that cost you a fortune to reconcile your neighbours to having it tacked on to part of their house—"

"Prevented

“Prevented them at the same time peeping at us from their bow-window.”

“The masquerade, that cost a cool thousand!”

“Nicely did out Mrs. Craven’s!—teach her to give herself airs!—hadn’t a spirited mask in her rooms—all came to mine!”

“No! hadn’t *she*?—then I didn’t care if it had cost a million!”

The satisfied glance he cast around, discovered to him Juliet quietly following the example the top and the bottom of the table had set her in this deranged state of their ideas, and was dining off the only dish within her reach, which, unfortunately for her, proved only to consist of vegetables. Her aunt and uncle had most determinately dissected, in the agony of argument, every bone of the animals within their grasp; but her wants had neither been heard or attended to; and though Mrs. Bouverie did

chance to hear one still small "I will trouble you," the mention of the *vis-à-vis*, by again turning her thoughts into another channel, placed the wing of a chicken intended for Juliet by the side of its brother wing on the plate before her. The account of Mrs. Craven's disappointment, however, acted like magic on Mr. Bouverie's irritated nerves; and Mrs. Bouverie seemed to become quite herself on resuming the warm wrap of her Indian shawl.

CHAPTER V.

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time,
 Rejoicing, when the fading orb of day
 Is sunk again in night,
 That one day more is gone.

THE circumstance that had occasioned the *brûlé* in the preceding chapter, was a letter from lord Montresor, stating that he was making a little tour, which would take in part of Wales, and that with their permission he should, with much pleasure, become their guest for a few weeks at the castle. Mrs. Bouverie attended to this as to a thing entirely out of the question; but Mr. Bouverie, by coolly arranging his arrival and departure, opened her eyes to the truth, that they were established in Wales for a much longer time than Bouverie had given her

reason to believe, or her temper had patience to support. She had calculated on a month setting every thing to rights : two, which had seemed as long as twenty, were nearly expired, yet no recompence for her forbearance—nothing proposed for their departure. Yet, notwithstanding this unsatisfactory silence, their return home became more forcibly than ever the subject of her reveries. She had planned her opening speech to Cornwallis. The idea that had kept her awake a whole afternoon, was to be brought to light in the shape of a *nouvelle opera pelisse*; and she had actually caught herself in the fact of looking in the glass, to see if the inroads of grief had made her very, very frightful. With this host of pleasing illusions, was it possible her slender stock of stolidism could stand the brunt of so severe a disappointment? The result shewed its fragility. Rendered desperate from her defeated hopes, she in her despair said most severe things

things to Cecil, and the pent-up ruminations of the last long month were venomously poured out. Yet what had it gained?—a steadfast negative to all her hopes and expectations. She didn't care—she'd shew lord Montresor what a thankless office he had engaged in—he should see how she abominated his old rainous rubbishing friend-traps. What could he be coming for, but the malicious gratification of beholding his truly much-indebted friends his grateful prisoners.

Mr. Bouvette accused her of being unjust, and ventured to hint that she might find pleasure and amusement in the society of his friend, and occupation by seeking to amuse him.

“ I amuse him!—I treat him with attention!—if he expects it, he'll be much deceived. I don't know him, and I don't know that I ever shall. This room at least he might give me up: but
I sup-

I suppose, in all the tidiness of the old school, I shall be hunted to death to receive his compliments—his hopes that I have been “happy,”—“comfortable,”—if the man adds “gay,” I think I could——”

Her thoughts were overpowered by Mr. Bouverie’s angry voice. She had “fooked him to the top of his bent,” and had only to bear the storm that she herself had raised.

Notwithstanding a restless night, occasioned by slight fever, the result of the cold she had actually taken, disturbed dreams, in which imagination had represented Mr. Bouverie as fighting with lord Darnley, Juliet was in the library by eight o’clock the following morning; and before Mrs. Bouverie’s breakfast-hour (generally a late one), had completely read through the reign of Mary queen of Scots.

Was

Was it possible, she thought, the noble countenance before her (for she had removed the miniature from the dressing-room, with the ostensible reason of copying it)—was it possible, a form that bespoke the possession of every manly virtue, could be the deceitful covering of a still more deceitful heart?—"Violent, yet variable," she read, "insolent and imperious—rash and imprudent in his actions—of mean understanding, but, like most fools, conceited of his own abilities—he was devoid of all gratitude, because he thought no favours equal to his merit; and being addicted to low pleasures and drunkenness, he was incapable of any true sentiment of love or tenderness."—"The countenance before me says not a word of this," thought Juliet, sighing, in spite of herself; "yet history *must* be true; and, alas! proves that feature may be a faithless index to a worthless soul. Yet, in giving up the belief, that the heart's excellence beams
in

in the countenance, and speaks through the eyes, how much real satisfaction do we not lose on beholding one of nature's masterpieces!" What dependence could she in future have in countenance?—indeed here was ample provocation for spending the rest of her life in doubting; and she drew the hasty conclusion, that it is education forms the man; his outward pretensions to favour mark but that which nature intended him to be. She reprobated herself for still looking on the portrait with any degree of endurance—it was fascination!—the eye possessed the power of the basilisk. She attempted to copy it, but the trial was fruitless; her eyes lingered on the original, and the blank ivory before her was forgotten.

On joining the dinner-table, her looks, her loss of appetite, alarmed the solicitude of Mr. Bouverie; her hand was felt, pronounced to possess great degree of fever, and

and a warm bed, with some of Mrs. Watkins's white wine whey, instantly prescribed; and Juliet, suffering under cold shivers and intermitting heats, with much gladness immediately retired.

The report of Mrs. Watkins the next morning was not the most favourable: her patient had passed a restless night, and complained much of a sore throat. Mr. Bouverie's anxiety was great; he felt the trust his brother had reposed in him, and he eagerly inquired concerning the possibility of obtaining medical assistance.

Mrs. Watkins almost screamed in astonishment—"Doctor near!—pless us then! and what am I?"

Mr. Bouverie saw his mistake, and found too late that he had raised the blood of the M. D. surgeon, apothecary, and *accoucheuse* of the family of Montresor. However, from the old lady's account and

dream, as starting up she said—"What could bewitch me to think that lord Montresor was an old man?" She flew to the pier-glass—"What shall I do?" said she in agony, as her pale face and neglected figure met her view—"what, what shall I do? Douverie ought to have explained to me what I had to expect. What is to be done?—no interest will be excited by the arrangement of the room I must fly from—no embroidery frame—essence-bottle—album—beautiful French inkstand—books carelessly strewn about—nothing—nothing—nothing! I shall go mad! Fool that I am! it will be weeks—months ere I attain that influence a single *coup-d'œil* of my rooms establishes me in. The cover not off my harp—my music not unpacked! I have been used ill; they ought to have roused me out of this dreadful lethargy that has left every thing unattended to: but Mayfield is clever, and something may still be done."

In

In a pace her limbs had not of late been used to, she flew across the large hall, scarcely touched a step of the stone staircase, and sank panting on the nearest sofa in her dressing-room. Here new obstacles, new perplexities, presented themselves: the large trunks and imperials containing her dresses, of which not even the leathern bands were unbuckled, for the first time stared her in the face, in bitter mockery of her despair—but these must be an after consideration. The room! the room!—there was yet much time, and “if it were well when it were done, then it were well it were done quickly.”

“Mayfield, haste!—Mayfield, haste! Somebody’s come! haste and take the cover off my harp. But the strings!—no, leave it on. Snatch up some books in your way through the library—French ones if they come handily; place them about the room as you used in my boudoir.

doir. Oh, if I had—yes, I have some—that flounce you are working will just do—put that carelessly on the sofa. Where's my gold thimble? it won't do without that. Don't stare so! it must be somewhere!—here, here!" snatching it out of her trinket-case. "My watch and seals place on the mantelpiece: some flowers I saw in the hall, strew them on the table, and lay one rose by my work. Take this scent-bottle—oh, it has nothing in it—never mind! throw some lavender out of the black bottle on my work, and lay it with the stopper out by the side; it will look as though it had all run out—there—there—go! time will admit of no more."

Left to herself, that renewed self became her care. Drawer after drawer was pulled out; no dress met her sight. —"The trunks, the trunks! how shall I get at them?" She attempted their fastenings—her trembling hands accomplished

plished nothing. Again the wardrobes were attacked, but, alas! to no purpose. —“ I must have a dress out somewhere! I never can have worn this odious silk ever since I have been here! Where's Mayfield?—oh, I forget—yet I need not be idle.” She set herself before the glass, took off the lace cap, and commenced arranging her braids—“ They have so long had their own way, that curls,” sighed she, “ are out of the question; they are out of all control; but I must make the best of them: besides, the French head will take a little from the stupid Madona look they give, so I don't care: besides, I am not very gaily inclined.”

Mayfield returned with the delighted look of having succeeded, she was sure, to her mistress's satisfaction.

“ Now then the trunks! the trunks!”

Mayfield's

Mayfield's composed hands soon disclosed their contents.

With what delight did Mrs. Bouverie inhale the revivifying odour of the London smoke, which, from their long-confined situation, they still most forcibly retained!—"These creases, Mayfield, are abominable; what can you have been about all the time we have been here, not to have unpacked every thing?"

"You desired they might not, ma'am, as a fortnight, you said, would be the extent of your stay in these parts."

"There—there—that will do! you need not open any more. I think here is some choice," as with a satisfied smile she viewed dresses strewed every where around; dresses so long bereaved of, so uselessly lain by. Indeed, from having so long accustomed herself to look on "nought but vacancy," her eye could scarcely reconcile to itself the finery before her; and she almost wondered how she

she could ever have worn it with any satisfaction.

A black satin, with decorations chaste-ly elegant, was at length selected; and with no ornaments in her glossy dark brown hair, no jewels on her neck, perhaps she looked more truly lovely than when, with taste more vitiated, she had appeared bending beneath the weight of riches.

Her toilet completed, she had time to attend to the movements of the evening. She listened—every thing was quiet, save the house-dog, who seemed to evince his master's welcome by making as much noise as he possibly could.

Why didn't Bouverie come to her? how provoking! he was no doubt congratulating her on her well-planned escape. What a surprise she had in store for him! however, she must break it to

him by degrees. In imagination, she heard the "devil and thunder, Albina!" (his usual mode of expressing surprise) and she felt she knew this would cramp the genius of her first essay on the consideration of lord Montresor.

On deliberation, a message was dispatched, requesting his presence; she considered it better to explain to him—to acknowledge (though not quite to its extent) that she had judged erroneously. It was indeed a duty she owed her husband, as well as lord Montresor, to put the best face on things. No doubt he, in offering them an asylum, had meant every thing for the best; he could not help the solitude of the place; indeed, take it all in all, it was not so very bad: she had a way of complaining that was very silly, without perhaps meaning all she said. Mr. Bouverie suspected nothing; the change in her dress was very natural, and her countenance (owing to
her

her brain still being on the rack to elucidate whence sprung her fallacious conclusions concerning lord Montresor's antiquity) bore too much the appearance of inattention to betray any thing against her. She said she would return to the dining-room with him; and passing once more, as if by accident, before the glass, she took his arm, and they left the room together.

CHAPTER VI.

“ But above all, so meaning is his look,
Full and as readable as open book ;
And so much easy dignity there lies
In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes.

— — — — —

A graceful nose was his, lightsomely brought
Down from a forehead of clear spirited thought ;
Wisdom looked sweet and inward from his eye,
And round his mouth was sensibility.”

NUMEROUS and various were the sensations with which lord Montresor entered the well-known Vale of Llanberris. His companion's exclamations of rapturous delight, as every turn in the road varied the surrounding scenery, were suffered to pour forth unheeded, and apparently unheard, as throwing himself back in one corner of the carriage, he indulged those recollections which
memory

memory too forcibly retraced on his brain.

Every spot, every tree, gave rise to the peculiar feelings events long gone by had engraven on the heart. Grief for the irreparable loss he had there sustained in the death of his mother, returned with renewed force; and even the melancholy satisfaction he experienced in knowing he should again meet one who had shared these sorrows, was embittered by doubts of the reception his conduct had there entitled him to expect. He felt, when he reverted to circumstances long passed, that perhaps he had not acted quite consistent with integrity. Notwithstanding his arguments were much in his own favour, that is, the head did all it could to set him on good terms with his heart, but still there was something troublesome within, that would not be stifled. In short, his ruminations were far from agreeable,

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and

and he felt inclined to quarrel with himself, and with circumstances, for thus having led him to act at variance with reason; and by having followed the dictates of folly and vanity, render it necessary to act up to professions he *felt* but little inclined to acknowledge or justify.—“ Oh, youth! that season of folly and instability, how far do you not lead us! how much do you not undermine that happiness, matured reason and controlled passions would otherwise produce?”

His meditations were pursuing a more serious, perplexing train, and were taking him back further than he felt comfortable under; and with much thankfulness he hailed the appearance of his steward, knowing it to be a sure prospect of having his vagrant thoughts pressed into actual service, and put in a train, which, though not very fascinating, would still be a blessing to those
from

from which he had just escaped; and stopping the drivers, he descended from the vehicle, with the haste of one who felt he would willingly leave his grievances behind him.

Mr. Wallingford, his companion and friend, with equal alacrity followed his example. His enthusiastic soul had long sighed to burst through the fetters of luxuriously-padded swabs, window-blinds, and plate glasses. For the last ten miles, with all the ecstasy of a holiday sailor, he had usurped the whole aperture of one of the nearest windows; from thence did he accuse his friend of apathy, or ignorance of the beauties that surrounded them, ere he could thus calmly shut his eyes in so provoking and insensible a manner.

Lord Montresor, alas! had seen too much; and began with vexation to accuse himself of folly, in thus voluntarily

revisiting scenes he could not yet look on with indifference. He had supposed the space of two years a sufficient lapse of time to have brought rebellious feelings and tender recollections under some control; but he reasoned erroneously, for let them have been correct, or allowed to go astray, the heart will, after all, act up to first impressions.

Mr. Wallingford was still running through a complete catalogue of transported exclamations, whilst the beauties that everywhere obtruded themselves bid fair to distance their variety, when the drivers stopped, and they descended from the carriage.

Notwithstanding this change of position, Mr. Wallingford was no better pleased with lord Montresor's manner of conducting himself; for though he managed to arrange "yes" and "no" very naturally to the prosing discourse of old Watkins,

Watkins, was, unconsciously to himself, too much engrossed in speculations on the result of an inevitable meeting that must take place, to answer with much perspicuity the numberless interrogations put to him by his friend; indeed, though the spring from the carriage had a little refreshed his brain, chaos was evidently come again, attended with all its horrors.

Mr. Wallingford considered himself a staunch disciple of modern philosophy; yet he had not arrived at that blessed state of perfectibility, to bear, with a proper degree of patience, this seeming waste of time and ideas bestowed on so unworthy an object as old Watkins; and taking advantage of his proceeding forward to open the great gate, said petulantly to his friend—"How can you stand talking to that old fellow? if you persist in it, Montresor, I really must go another way; for notwithstanding the transcendent loveliness that every

where surrounds us, I shall not be able to resist quarrelling with nature if I look in that man's face again."

The gate was closed, and Watkins, as unconscious as lord Montresor of what had been said, soon overtaking them, continued—"And I told farmer Jones his land——"

This was too much; and telling lord Montresor he should return in right time for dinner (which if heard would not have been credited, for where was philosopher yet tied to hours?), turned an abrupt angle in the wood, and was out of sight in a moment.

How long the history of farmer Jones lasted is unknown; but from the expression of surprise on Watkins's countenance, lord Montresor thought he had done wrong in asking him rather suddenly (whilst a fleeting hope passed across his brain that the evil hour might
be

be delayed) whether sir Owen Lloyd was not at that time paying his annual sporting visit to his brother?

Ignorance as to this point left lord Montresor at liberty again to sketch out some plan of conduct, and Watkins to pursue his history of farmer Jones.

By this time they had reached the castle; and in the animated conversation with his friend, lord Montresor soon bade adieu to his vapourish dreams; whilst Mrs. Bouverie the first day pronounced him to be the most fascinating creature she had ever met with.

The following morning, during lord Montresor's visit to the different farms, Mrs. Bouverie had time to get every thing *drawn out* that could render her interesting. He had expressed surprise on finding they occupied the dining room in preference to the drawing-room;

this mistake was now rectified, and though it had proceeded from Mrs. Bouverie's indifference to all around her, she had too much address not to turn its motive to her own advantage. Her harp had caused her much vexation, from not being strung; and her dread was great lest lord Montresor should make the discovery. Carefully she guarded the conversation from every thing that could possibly touch on music; for she knew that if she could only get over this one evening, to-morrow in her own room she could secretly accomplish it. Twice she had most adroitly turned the discourse, that was imperceptibly, to every one but herself, getting round to the dreaded subject, when lord Montresor, full of the attention paid his mother's favourite spot (which he had in the morning visited), said, whilst emotions of feeling and gratitude beamed through his eyes—"I can never sufficiently express to you, Mrs. Bouverie,
the

the obligations I am under, from the delicate manner in which, whilst you caused every thing around you to own the powers of your taste, my feelings were spared by allowing the harp to remain untouched."

Mrs. Bouverie understood not the extent of his words, but the language of the eyes she felt herself fully capable of translating : and, much relieved from the task of manoeuvring, by his taking her inattention as a compliment to himself, replied, with much sentiment—" To estimate music, my lord, and feel its every delight, one must be under the influence of the 'mind's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.'

However, she determined the next night to pour forth her whole powers of melody, for although she thought he considered her not having played in the light of a virtue, her voice was too powerful

erful an artillery of love to allow of its remaining any longer neglected.

Mrs. Bouverie, by varying her powers, possessed the true art of pleasing; and Mr. Wallingford was deemed not unworthy a large portion of her attention, from the originality of his character, for he had just dived deep enough in modern philosophy to render himself agreeable. They passed the morning together, as he had declined accompanying lord Montresor, under the plea and firm intention of reading Euripides, a book he never parted with from under his arm, notwithstanding its size and weight; but the challenge of a game of chess was not to be resisted, and for that morning Euripides was forgotten.

Lord Montresor, on his return home, though he playfully quizzed his friend on his dereliction from his studies, felt not

not quite satisfied. Mrs. Bouverie, in a thousand ways, had flattered him uncommonly: he had seen little of her, but that little had shewn her off in her best colours; and again his vanity led him to wish to be considered by her in a more prominent light than his friend Mr. Wallingford. Circumstances had convinced him she did not dislike his person, for the first thing he had seen on entering the library, was his own miniature with the blank ivory beside it, ready to again reflect its image.

This miniature was the identical lord Darnley that had so captivated Juliet. It had been drawn in one of youth's "merry moods," and placed in the original lord Darnley's frame, to act as an agreeable surprise on his mother. He knew the likeness was too striking a one for Mrs. Bouverie not to have immediately discovered it, and from her passing it over so collectedly, and not even

even blushing when he talked of drawing, he gave her credit for more effrontery than she actually possessed.

Juliet, although long released from the attentions of the self-satisfied housekeeper, who, from having performed this last cure, had risen much in her own estimation, was still too weak to leave her apartment. She saw no one in the castle but her maid Victoire, who never left the adjoining room. She had once indeed ventured beyond its limits, by Nanny's invitation, to those of the housekeeper's; but her strange costume, and still stranger mode of expression, created so much mirth, that she fled to, and never emerged again from her comfortable retreat.

One evening Juliet had passed two hours in writing to her father, and leaning back in her chair with fatigue, even at this trifling occupation, she imagined
she

she heard the sounds of music. Listening attentively, she found it was no fanciful idea, but a delightful reality. It must be some wandering harper, she thought, as the window was opened, in spite of Mrs. Watkins's strict injunctions to the contrary. She now found it proceeded from an inner room, and, unfastening the door that led to the library, the no-longer-to-be-doubted tones of a harp, in sweetest melody, came softly to her ear; and she concluded her uncle had pitied the wanderer, and had given him shelter.

Anxious to participate in the amusement she doubted not he was affording—but first wrapping herself in an extra shawl—she took the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. Led by them to the drawing-room, she had not time to wonder why he should be entertained there, before she reached the door. Fearful of being the cause of interruption,

tion, she opened the door without making the least noise, and saw—but she could not reflect on what she had seen, till closing it again with equal gentleness, she found herself in the sanctuary of her own chamber.

“ My aunt playing the harp ! and lord Darnley (I mean lord Darnley’s resemblance) singing with her—it must be surely a dream !” Yet she reflected it was one of great consistency, for she had distinctly perceived her uncle playing with some stranger at chess. But then her aunt so changed !—she had never seen so picturesque an object as that so lately before her bewildered eyes : and last of all, in this catalogue of the marvellous, was the original of the picture that had cheated her out of so much admiration ! Dream or no dream—and she wished it might prove reality—the miniature must be replaced in its proper situation. Perhaps—oh, mortifying reflection !

fection! it might already have been seen, surrounded by tell-tale pencils and colours, which could not fail in betraying her intention. But yet how could he ever know that *she* was the culprit?—and the first thing the following morning, she bent her steps to the library.

Lord Montresor and Mr. Wallingford were sitting in one of the large window recesses, which of themselves formed complete rooms, when Juliet softly opened the door. Mr. Wallingford's faculties were completely enveloped in his favourite Euripides, but lord Montresor raised his eyes to behold the sweetest figure that had ever passed before them.

1 Who could it be?—the lace cap, tied with blue ribbons—the white muslin robe—the delicate figure, partly hid by the large blue Indian shawl, nay, the little blue silk boots, of themselves declared they appertained to no menial. Of the countenance

countenance he saw but little, but he was quite sure it must answer to the rest of the figure.

Perceiving not that any one occupied the room but herself, Juliet walked to the table, took up the portrait—his *own* portrait—and retreated hastily through the opposite door to the one she had entered.

The noise the shutting this created, caused Mr. Wallingford to look off his book, and seeing the wonder-struck countenance of his friend, said—"In the name of mercy, Montresor, what's the matter?—is it a spirit of health, or goblin damned, that by crossing your path, has caused the expression of dismay, so forcibly impressed on your countenance?"

"No, Wallingford—no spirit, faith! but the sweetest little bit of reality I have seen for some time."

"Some

“Some soubrette, I suppose; some minor star, who manages to shine a little, whilst that bright constellation, Mrs. Bouverie, is shrouded a few minutes by the duties of the toilet.”

“No, Wallingford—no star; yet still a heavenly being. She is the bright queen of night herself!”

“But you know who she is—Who is she?—tell me!”

Wallingford laughed at the quickness of his friend, as he replied—“Faith! I hardly know what you are talking about, therefore 'tis vain to apply to me. You really have all the elegance about you of a grand Turk, possessing these captivating sultanas in your seraglio, without even knowing their names. It was but yesterday, that I am sure I saw a little French face peeping through one of the windows immediately above this.”

“What was it like?—can it be the same?”

“Like!—why the rest of her giro-
nette

nette compatriots: the moment she saw I observed her, with all her nation's coquetry, she drew in her pretty bright ringlets and shut the window."

"What did you do?—did you see her any more?"

"No. I went through all the verses of 'Come, dearest Lilla,' in my most persuasive tone, under the window, with my eyes fixed on it—with all the allurements expressed in them of monsieur Reynard; but they made their castles so devilish high when this was built, that I am in much doubt whether my song did not waste its sweetness on the desert air, ere it reached her blest abode."

He had now been detained long enough from the beauties of the Greek author, and was no longer accessible to farther questioning.

Mrs. Bouverie could not remain long
from

from society ; she came to inquire the “ fashionable arrangements ” of the morning, and proposed a walk or drive round the grounds. The library was quite a new world to her ; but too much on her guard to shew any surprise, the admiration it excited was alone expressed. She commenced a trifling conversation with Mr. Wallingford, in which she threatened to hide the uncouth book he was always engaged in ; and turning to lord Montresor to request him to aid and abet her design, she found him absently examining a little camel-hair pencil he had taken from those strewed by the side of the miniature the fair vision had just carried away with her.

Mrs. Bouverie could have frowned with much more ease than she smilingly said—“ Knight of the woeful countenance, whence is thy sorrow ? Dost grieve for friendship unreturned, or unregarded love ?—or perhaps you are meditating

ditating the project of sweeping the cobwebs off from the sky, with this silly little fairy-broom!" taking it out of his hand.

"Indeed, my dear madam, your flowery fancy has here led you into false conclusions," replied lord Montresor, with as much effrontery as if he really had been speaking the truth. "I was thinking whether I could, in justice to my conscience, request you to trust yourself by my side, in a drive through one of the sweetest valleys, I may safely say, you have ever seen."

Timidity, standing in the way of so delightful a scheme, was quite out of the question ; yet still it was too pretty, too interesting an appendage to an elegant female, to be entirely dispensed with ; and she played it off with so many little witcheries, that by the time the tilbury came round to the door, lord Montresor had forgotten all about blue boots, and
the

the absent fit, and wondered what had made him propose so much risk to so much loveliness, by tempting her to ride behind his favourite horse Sultan.

Mr. Bouverie accompanied them on horseback, and though evidently to the dissatisfaction of lord Montresor, Mr. Wallingford resisted all their entreaties, and preferred staying at home. Notwithstanding however his friend's suspicions as to his intentions, he returned quietly to the library, and drawing his chair close to the fire, resumed the perusal of his "bosom's lord."

The noise of carriage wheels and voices beneath her window attracted Juliet's attention; and concealing herself behind the curtained draperies, she silently watched the movements of the animated party below. Although not a word that was uttered reached her sufficiently clear to be understood, so catch-

ing is the "heart's laugh," that in spite of her solitary state, she joined in it with them, until the prancing of the beautiful horse, who seemed ill to brook control, alarmed her for the safety of her aunt. From the graceful figure of *lord Darnley* (she knew him by no other name) ascending the vehicle, and driving once or twice round the broad gravelled ring, she trusted her aunt's courage had evaporated; but no such thing—the minute afterwards she was handed in by Mr. Wallingford, and driven off at a frightful rate by lord Montresor. Mr. Bouverie galloped after them, and making not a doubt but the stranger would do the same, she hastened to the music-room, to have a long practice before their return.

With some astonishment she found the space vacant the grand pianoforte formerly occupied; but naturally supposing it removed to the drawing-room, she opened the door of the library, and
was

was proceeding through it, with her music-books in her hand, when the figure of Mr. Wallingford arrested her progress. On perceiving her he arose; but she merely bowed—in the sweetest voice begged pardon for the intrusion—bowed again as she reached the door, and retired.

“This then,” thought he, “must be the figure Montresor raved about so this morning,” and it certainly did a little unsettle the head of the philosopher; but by the time the party returned from their excursion, he had ceased to watch the handle of the door, and was again deeply lost in the second tragedy of Euripides.

At dinner he related the visit he had received from the unknown, and described her as one of the most beautiful, unsophisticated mountaineers he had ever beheld.

Mr. Bouverie explained their relationship, and the circumstances that had delayed her introduction to his friends. But turning to Mrs. Bouverie, he said —“ I think there can be no longer danger of her taking fresh cold—pray let us see her to-night in the drawing-room.”

CHAPTER VII.



Come then, the colours and the ground prepare,
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

POPE.

Mrs. Bouverie had scarcely time to establish herself in a perfect nest of loves and graces, ere she was joined by the party from below. The host of Cupid's darts she had dextrously lured around her, consisted of a little worktable, supporting an elegant rosewood netting-frame; and whilst the delicate hands wove the golden threads in the form of a purse that hung suspended from it, they fixed a fetter on the heart as they tied every knot. The little wrought gold casket, which seemed so innocently

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placed,

placed, *only* to steady by its weight the lightly-built frame, played a part in this thralldom, and cunningly weighed down the balance of love *versus* reason. Judiciously-selected French novels, such as "Valerie," "Delphine," &c. a lute thrown carelessly on the sofa, with the little song beginning, "*Dans un délire extreme,*" by its side, the silver urn of choicest greenhouse plants, breathing a fascinating odour round, finished the picture; and Mrs. Bouverie pronounced every thing complete. The disposal of herself alone remained.

"Shall I be reading, or shall I be working? There's just room for my inkstand—I have a great mind to be writing."

She had no time to deliberate—noises were heard on the stairs, and snatching a book,

"Ready she sat, with one hand to turn o'er
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before;

The

The other propping her white brow, and throwing
 Its ringlets out under the lustre glowing.
 So sat she fixed, and so observed was she
 Of one who at the door stood tenderly."

The desertion of the dining-room, so much before its usual time, occasioned no surprise. She soon perceived that lord Montresor was never so happy as when in her society; and though Mr. Wallingford cast, on his entrance, many a searching glance around, she merely supposed his Euripides had strayed, and laughing at his dissatisfied expression of countenance, said—"Pray, Mr. Wallingford, are you as constant in love as you are in literature?"

Mr. Wallingford looked rather confusedly, and, with hesitation and embarrassment, replied—"Love, Mrs. Bouverie!—no, I am not in love, I assure you, indeed I am not!"

"You exculpate yourself, Orlando, before you are accused," said lord Montresor, mischievously, for he had seen

the haste in which his friend had swallowed his wine—the decided manner (for the first time in his life) he declined claret—his hasty strides through the hall and up the staircase—and his *cut* look on discovering no one in the drawing-room but Mrs. Bouverie.—“Convict him, Mrs. Bouverie, convict him! I pronounce him guilty! Convict him for a man in love without judge or jury.”

“And what have you to offer in your defence, Mr. Wallingford?” asked Mrs. Bouverie, at the same moment that her husband, on discovering Juliet’s absence, inquired of her its cause.

Mr. Wallingford hailed the interrogation as an *eclaircissement* to the disappointment he had, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, experienced on entering the room; and instead therefore of noticing this renewed attack, with much apparent deference, awaited her replying to

to Mr. Bouverie's question. But Mrs. Bouverie either did not hear, or would not be turned from her point; and Mr. Wallingford, on seeing her arch look still directed towards himself, had only to observe, with much eagerness hid under the politest attention—"Mr. Bouverie, I believe you spoke?"

"Oh, never mind that!—I'll answer Bouverie presently," said Mrs. Bouverie, as the extent of lord Montresor's hint flitted across her mind. But the knowledge of attentions being bestowed, or even divided with another, did not in her eyes serve to lessen their value; indeed it oftener had the effect of raising them in her estimation: and, as a sure means of concentrating the straying ones of Mr. Wallingford for the present in herself, she proposed music.

Lord Montresor followed her to the piano; and Mr. Wallingford, whose

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hearing,

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bearing just now was alone required, seeing that Mr. Bouverie had totally forgotten, in the perusal of a new pamphlet, his lately-made claim to some attention, and despairing of rousing him to a renewal of it, listlessly threw himself on the sofa Mrs. Bouverie had vacated, and apparently the most devoted of her slaves, began to amuse himself with examining the *prettinesses* of her worktable. Now, with the condescension of a Hercules, he attempted the forming a knot in her splendid purse—now the page she had been reading was effectively glanced over; and at last the little casket of gold, with all the inquiry of devotion, was completely ransacked. A little note, seemingly twisted up in much haste, caught his attention, and taking it out, he playfully held it up to Mrs. Bouverie, in a manner which seemed to threaten its contents would not long remain a secret from him.

Though

Though eyes can do a great deal, they cannot look at the same time to opposite sides of the room, and Mr. Wallingford, who had flattered himself that Mrs. Bouverie's had long been watching him, found, with mortification, that hers were peeping through the strings of her harp at lord Montresor, who was repeating some lines, which he implored her to adapt to music.

With graceful modesty she declined, saying, as a reason, it would "be but to add additional odour to the violet."

Although the idea was not her-own, the grace with which she uttered it belonged entirely to herself; and with thoughts rivetted on her—with mind entirely engrossed by her *agrémens*, the poor philosopher was lost, and the little note came open in his hand.

His eyes now quitted the object of
 a 6 their

their fascination, but his thoughts were still true to it: and though his eyes glanced over the paper, his comprehension took not in a word, till they rested, with some surprise at their former inattention, on the name of Juliet. How differently was it reperused, and in a moment how altered his sentiments towards this modern Calypso, Mrs. Bouverie! for the contents of the note infused a suspicion in his mind, that the disposition which ever seemed to smile like a summer rose, was no *lusus naturæ*, but had its natural proportion of thorns.

“Although my uncle’s wish,” he repeated to himself, “would give me infinite pleasure, I shall attend to your considerate advice, by remaining in my chamber, and retiring early to rest.”

He pondered, whilst he read, on what could be the motive of this *considerate* advice. He had observed no indisposition

tion in the morning—he thought he had never before seen so brilliant, so blooming a countenance—"But Miss Bouverie seems satisfied," he said, as he rose to obey Mrs. Bouverie's summons to the piano, "and therefore why should I question it?"

"Make him sing," said lord Montresor to his fair companion, as Mr. Wallingford walked slowly towards them—"it is the best thing he does."

"Do not believe him, Mrs. Bouverie," said Mr. Wallingford, placing himself in a true Parisian attitude; "not that I quarrel with my singing, but I must say, that to judge of my best ability, you should see me dance a quadrille."

"Oh! why have we not enough to make up a set!" sighed Mrs. Bouverie, with more energy than the contented life she professed to lead could justify.

"Why not indeed!" said lord Montresor, with his accustomed attention to her
her

her slightest wish. "I know not what apology to offer you, Mrs. Bouverie, but the smiles that have spell-bound my search after happiness within my own gates, cannot but in justice extend their pardon to the selfish consequences. But it shall be rectified, and my rooms soon filled with the many friends who live around me, who, though perhaps wanting in a fashionable exterior, possess the best of recommendations—warm and sincere hearts. An appearance at church is the signal of their attentions being acceptable, and if you have but resolution to rise an hour earlier on Sunday, I can ensure you the amusement of a succession of visitors, whenever you will condescend to admit them."

"By-the-bye, Montresor, what has become of that venerable ally of yours, sir Owen Lloyd?" asked Mr. Wallingford; "have you forgotten the road to Tremarnoc, or has it lost its attraction?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" said lord Montresor,

treasure, hastily; "I shall repair all my inattentions next week."

"*Inattentions!*" repeated Mr. Wallingford, with a look of scrutiny—"do you not give them a softer name than they will in that quarter be considered?"

"I thought you were going to sing, Wallingford?" said Lord Montresor, with an attempt of at least changing the conversation. "Come, come, do begin."

"If Music be the Food of Love—or Marian the Merry?" said Mr. Wallingford, as he seated himself at the piano—"which is it to be?"

"Any thing, so that you do but sing."

Mr. Wallingford was incorrigible, and playing a trifling accompaniment, sang, with much *point* and sweetness, the melody beginning—"Oh, 'tis sweet to think that where'er we roam."

Lord Montresor smiled one minute, bit his lips the next, and at length, to shield

shield himself from his friend's raillery, sought refuge in a serious debate with Mr. Bouverie concerning the importance of the Catholic question.

"How prosing!" thought Mrs. Bouverie, as she watched his movements—"all sunshine and no shade will, I see, permit the best-regulated eyes to take a nap in time. I really want the foil of some of the Hottentots he just talked about, to make my powers of pleasing a little more valuable."

Many were the plans she laid for astonishing their uneducated faculties, and she was in thought selecting her dress for Sunday, when she was joined by lord Montresor, who had finished the argument with Mr. Bouverie, by suddenly becoming quite of the same opinion. The conversation, from not interesting him, he had found gave him too much scope for indulging at the same time
other

other reflections, and he hastened to seek relief in the more animated remarks of Mrs. Bouverie.

He had, in a moment of inconsiderate complacency, fixed his own doom. On Sunday then—and but two short days between—a dreaded interview would to a certainty take place; and yet, could he but ensure a reception that would not damp the love—no, he could cheat himself, he felt no love—the affection, the esteem he bore her, he was almost persuaded it might produce him considerably more pleasure than it would pain. But, as Johnson says, “The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope;” and lord Montresor began to consider that he might have felt more than he had really betrayed. Indeed, in the acceptance society would give it, he knew he had but *flirted*, whilst a woman of the world would but have received it

as such—the attention of an hour. But here was an unsophisticated being, the child of solitude, whose affections he had sought, until every look proclaimed them his, and then—“But I may have been deceived in her,” he said. “Coquettes are not alone confined to cities; I will therefore form no intentions—no plan of conduct, as mine shall, and ought to be governed by hers.”

Oh, woman! how perfect you should be, when it is in your weakness man seeks an excuse for his own inconstancy!

CHAPTER VIII.

We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

———However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Ibid.

WEARY of confinement, Juliet, after again watching the strangers, accompanied by her uncle and aunt, depart on their morning's ride, descended to the park, to enjoy the novelty of a walk before dinner. She had received at breakfast a visit from her uncle, who came to expostulate on the folly of secluding herself so completely; and concluded by saying, it was an attention he thought she

she owed lord Montresor to appear **that** day at dinner.

“ Lord Montresor !” repeated Juliet to herself, as she endeavoured, in her own mind, to decide which of the strangers this could be. One moment she was convinced, from circumstances connected with the portrait, it could be no other than *lord Darnley* ; but the next unsettled her decision, by allowing her imagination to conjure up a resemblance between the other stranger and Edward the Black Prince.

The day was beautiful, and Juliet’s health seemed renovated with every step. Who has not felt the beauties of a grand autumnal scene ?

Selecting the contrary direction to that taken by the *partie quarrré*, she sought the yellow wood skirted by the park paling—“ I know not why,” said Juliet,

Juliet, " I like this gloomy sound, that through the forest creeps." She stopped to listen to the dull gale that shed their leafy pride. How had a week changed their appearance! The hills, the plains, the meadows, lately so green, shewed to her eye the wreck of vegetation; and although the sun seemed struggling to dispel its gloom, November's dark career had indeed altered every thing.

In the occupation of her mind, she had extended her walk farther than she intended, and the sight of one of the park gates reminded her of the necessity of returning; but without first resting herself, she found this to be impossible, and tired and weary, yet quarrelling with her want of strength, in being obliged to return home so much sooner than her inclination would otherwise have prompted, she leaned against it for support. Whilst debating whether to venture the exploring a shorter path, or to

to take warning by the proverb which whispered it might prove the farthest, the sound of carriage-wheels came suddenly on her ear, and in a moment she was surrounded by the whole party from the castle.

“Open the gate,” sung Mr. Bouverie, from the opera of the Turnpike Gate, as he rode up to her.

“No, no, I can’t,” repeated Juliet, from the same merry strain: “and I much fear, my dear uncle, whether you will not be obliged to have recourse to ‘Quagmire-lane,’ for it is locked, and I can perceive no key.”

“I suppose, Montresor,” said Mr. Bouverie, “the one that let us out at the other gate will stand our friend here—give it me, and Juliet shall open it.”

Juliet looked up with curiosity to see who would answer to the name; and
following

following the direction of her uncle's eyes, with confusion found those of *lord Darnley's* fixed on her with steadfast gaze.

"This then is lord Montresor," thought Juliet, with a feeling of regret, as the impression created by lord Darnley's character of "rash and imprudent—insolent and imperious," flashed across her mind. She took the key her uncle offered her, and unfastening the gate, blushing held it open.

Lord Montresor gracefully uttered an apology for himself and his impetuous horse, as he slowly passed her; and her aunt hearing more of its import than herself, said, with scarcely-concealed mortification—"You have managed very well, Miss Bouverie—your appearance is really very opportune."

Juliet

Juliet liked not the term *managed*, but her aunt passed on, and Mr. Wallingford, who had dismounted to assist her, next addressed her as he relieved her from the gate, and said—"If paradise gates were thus kept, no one would wish to pass beyond them."

She bowed to the compliment, whilst her uncle, touching her with his whip on the shoulder, said, with an affectionate smile—"Why I must say, Wallingford, you might go farther and fare worse, for she is a good little thing, although she does sham ill. But how came you so far from home, Juliet? — we must walk our horses, and escort you safe back."

Mr. Wallingford, however, not only walked his horse, but enjoyed the satisfaction of walking himself by her side. He thought her beautiful; and whilst
listening

listening to her sensible conversation, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, declared all other Cupids to have been counterfeit, and that he now, for the first and last time, felt the true and genuine love.

Mr. Wallingford considered it a duty enforced—an absolute obligation, to fall desperately in love with every pretty woman he met with; not that he allowed of pensioners on his heart; to the last attached he was alone devoted, whilst the set-aside fair one, left at liberty to mourn in “green and yellow melancholy,” was totally forgotten.

During their reign he wrote verses, repeated verses, sang verses, all on the power of their charms; attended to no one else at table, agreed to no other opinion, and made a point of abusing every other woman’s dress.

Although Juliet considered him most peculiarly agreeable, she appreciated this honourable, this flattering preference, but slightly; and indeed understood not its extent. She heard him talk much of philosophy, and had she troubled herself to have accounted for his singularity, it would no doubt have been placed to the modern school, of which he appeared so staunch a disciple.

In regard to lord Montresor, it was far different; he engaged much of her thoughts. Prejudiced as to his character, from the impression of the picture, she was prepared to dislike him; yet she surmised, from his fixed regard at their first interview, which expressed admiration too strongly to be misunderstood, that she should have some little difficulty in evading attentions he appeared but too ready to offer her; it was therefore with surprise, mixed with some degree of pique, that on reviewing the occurrences

rences of the hours passed in his society, she found that by him she had scarcely been regarded; and had only received those attentions good breeding could not exactly dispense with, and which a residence under his roof had entitled her to. The first day, at dinner, from some unaccountable cause, she felt literally afraid to speak; it could not be his presence; yet to meet the proud, the sensible eyes, which she knew so well, from the picture, and which might again be so disagreeably fixed on her, was impossible; and it was not until, with a courageous effort, she addressed some trifling remark to him, which, in attentions to Mrs. Bouverie, was allowed to remain some time unattended to, that she regained her usual enchanting manner, and became quite herself.

Mrs. Bouverie was satisfied; she no longer dreaded her niece's presence; here was no rival—no diminution of the flat-

teries every hour produced her; lord Montresor was still constant in his *devoirs*—still entangled in her witcheries. Mr. Wallingford had to be sure proved a renegado, and was at that very moment pouring out his whole soul in song to the unconscious Juliet, who, in the melody of the measure, lost the sense of words, to which she alone had been the means of giving inspiration. But lord Montresor made amends for this desertion by never quitting her side. They planned parties together for the ensuing week; and from his animated descriptions, she almost knew the characters of all those who were to participate in these festivities. But the name of sir Owen Lloyd, although one of the principal and most noble residents of Merionethshire, bore not a part in these witty, yet good-natured illustrations; and there was still another, who, though she might have claimed the most interesting and most conspicuous figure in these portraits,

traits, was purposely omitted; to forget her was impossible. Yet, alas! could she have guessed the sensations these recollections gave rise to, she would have felt little flattered or satisfied; for had lord Montresor before doubted his feelings, the different sentiments with which he reviewed objects in the grounds and mementoes in the castle, once so dear to them both, could not have failed in undeceiving him; and—"I never did love her *quite*, that is certain," was ever on his lips, as these unwelcome objects obtruded themselves on his sight.

One of his own letters, however, to his mother, accidentally found in her writing-desk, tended a little to stagger this assertion. In one part it ran thus—"Your little favourite is worthy the affection you evince towards her; you must love her for my sake, my dear mother, as well as her own." Had two years of absence then wrought this

H 3

change

change of opinion, or had they but served to undeceive him as to their ever having existed? It was possible hers might have undergone as vast a revolution, and he again resolved to form no hasty conclusions, but to regulate his conduct by the tenor of hers.

“Do you think the original would smile on you as sweetly as does this pretty Cambrian peasant, Montresor?” said Mr. Wallingford, one morning in the library, as he took a portrait from the nail on which it hung suspended. “I must say you have thrown my speculations quite out, and your intentions have become quite an enigma to me. I had arranged, believe me, with much sagacity, that this visit was but a prelude to the presentation of your favourite Miss Lloyd to the world, under the distinguished title of countess of Montresor. She is either more in disgrace than I imagined, or I’ll be hanged if

if you are not jealous, Montresor; but don't condemn her to hang in that way, with her face against the wall, and I will promise never to touch her pretty person again."

Although lord Montresor could not resist smiling at the ridiculous manner in which the portrait he had taken from the hands of his friend had been disposed of, yet the circumstance left him uncomfortable, as it convinced him of the little command he held over himself when this affair was the subject of conversation.

He endeavoured however to persuade his friend that he was absolutely wrong in his conclusions, and finished with saying—"You really, Wallingford, are so much of a gallant gay Lothario yourself, and so anxious to prove others the same, that my character is hardly safe in your hands; but I must say, that

H 4

though

though you make a tolerable good lover, as a father confessor you are quite out of your element."

"I am indeed a lover," said Mr. Wallingford, sighing; "who could be otherwise in the society of so much beauty and excellence? Why her celestial eyes, of darkest hazel, alone possess the power of stamping the destiny of man."

"Dark hazel!" repeated lord Montresor — "very correctly specified; and from it I will venture to prophesy, that before the expiration of a month, a pair of blue or black ones will possess equal dominion over your fickle heart. You are no true lover, Orlando; for never yet did one of firm persuasion ever know the hue of his mistress's eyes."

"But are they not beautiful?"

"Very like her aunt's."

"Her aunt's! you are jesting; is it possible you can compare that angel's mild and quiet eyes to those of Mrs.

Bouverie,

Bouverie, ever roaming about in search of whom they may devour? and then if they chance to fix on an unlucky object, insensible to their glances, oh, the angry flashes! what flint and steel! No, no, you must own that you have done Miss Bouverie injustice—

‘Hers is the lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, yet every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.’

And do pray rest contented, Wallingford, in admiring this modest Norah, without depreciating the fascinations of the dangerous Lesbia.”

“But you have not told me, Montresor, what you think of Miss Bouverie; do you applaud my choice? for if I have her consent, she shall be mine, in spite of uncles and aunts, and all her good friends and relations.”

“Why, in the first place, to tell you the truth, Orlando, I do not think of her

at all; and in the next, you must excuse my being rather sceptical as to the stability of your resolve."

"Do you suppose then I can ever love another?"

"Why not?"

"You cannot know her as I do, Montresor, or you would never ask that question."

"Why that's very true," thoughtfully replied lord Montresor; "I do not think I am a favourite with her—A favourite!" he repeated—"she literally appears to hate me; she never speaks to me, but evidently avoids me; and if I chance to address her, which, *vraiment*, I must say is not often the case, she starts as if till that moment she knew not I was in the room."

Although Mr. Wallingford, with much energy, set about convincing lord Montresor no such deadly passion could inhabit

inhabit so fair a breast, a little twinkle of the eye betrayed he was not sorry in being relieved from so dangerous a rival.

CHAPTER IX.

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How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !

COWPER.

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Philosophy may be an excellent horse in the stable, but  
is an arrant jade on the road.

GOLDSMITH.

NOTWITHSTANDING numerous were the hopes silently breathed by lord Montresor, that the day might prove a rainy one, the sun shone with its brightest beams on the little party assembled on Sunday morning in the breakfast-room, awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Bouverie, ere they commenced their social meal. Lord Montresor sat some distance

tance

tance apart from the rest, apparently totally engrossed in a newspaper. Mr. Bouverie held an open book, but his eye kept watch on the paper his friend so provokingly, yet innocently monopolized, waiting to appropriate it on its first dereliction from his hand. Juliet and Mr. Wallingford were conversing by the fire, and it was to this point that lord Montresor's attention was directed. How narrowly did he watch the conduct of Miss Bouverie, as she replied with arch simplicity to Mr. Wallingford's remarks! Perfectly devoid of coquetry, with thoughts and words open as her countenance, joined to a large portion of sense and good-humour, she seemed to rise superior to her sex, and he pronounced his friend a happy man, should he succeed in securing such worth and beauty for his own; but there appeared so much self-possession in her manner when addressing him, that however pleased she might be with his attentions,

lord



lord Montresor was nearly assured there was hitherto no love.

In these reflections he lost the thread of their discourse, until suddenly roused by Mr. Wallingford's exclaiming, with the apparent conviction in his mind that "energies do all"—"Be too a philosopher, Miss Bouverie. There were fair philosophers in ancient Greece—why not in modern Europe?"

"What is a philosopher?" asked Juliet. "I much fear to trust myself in the deceitful stream; I fear its eddies and its quicksands."

"There are many philosophic classes," replied Mr. Wallingford, his fine eyes growing larger at every word. "Philosophy, according to Plato, means a desire of divine science. Epicurus maintains philosophy to be a search after happiness, which happiness he condensed into health and peace of soul. Aristotle divides philosophy into three kinds. Zeno,

Zeno, father of the Stoic sect, maintained philosophy to be an effort of the soul towards wisdom, and that in this effort consists virtue. As to Pyrrho, he was so great a sceptic that I cannot follow him. Then how many other names of later date could I not mention—the Grecian Gassendi, Jerome Carden, Spinoza, Francis Bacon, the Campanella of Italy, Malbranche, and last of all, the immortal Newton! I have not yet done,” said Wallingford, nearly out of breath; “a philosopher is a being who in one moment views all things with equal unconcern—an earthquake, a volcano, a comet, and the minutest atom in nature; in the next, he is intensely occupied in schemes for human welfare, and in subjects that other men think not of. He makes it his study to destroy his feelings; he is their victim—no man has more acute. He commences with doubting all things—ends with believing none——”

“And

"And asserts that he is the wisest of men," interrupted Mr. Bouverie, who had also become an interested listener, "for he has discovered that he knows nothing—and so much for a modern philosopher!"

Mrs. Bouverie now appeared, and Juliet, with what lord Montresor translated into a look of thankful escape, smilingly took her seat at the breakfast-table.

"How are we to order our march?" said Mrs. Bouverie, addressing lord Montresor; "for notwithstanding we are some of us very little people, I think the carriage will not contain us."

"Do not reckon on me," said Mr. Wallingford.

"I to the woodlands shall repair,  
Feed with all nature's charms mine eyes,  
And hear all nature's melodies.

— — — — —  
And the fall tear that down my cheek will steal,  
Shall speak the prayer of praise I feel."

He

He was departing, but the carriage drawing up at the moment, he could not resist the lover-like satisfaction of handing Miss Bouverie into it, although he encountered at the same time 'a lecture from Mr. Bouverie on his heathenish principles.

"We have plenty of room for you, *Monsieur le Philosophe*," said Mrs. Bouverie, on seeing her husband and lord Montresor mount the box. "I knew not, when I made my calculations, that the coachman was to give place to that little dandy postilion; you have now no excuse, therefore do allow me to convert you."

His reply was lost, though its purport understood, by his permitting the steps to be put up, and the door shut. They drove off.

"How handsome lord Montresor looks to-day!"

to-day!" said Mrs. Bouverie, at the moment that Juliet in her own mind had made the same observation.

"You have known him some time, have you not?" asked Juliet. "It makes me quite happy to see you together, you appear so like a brother and sister."

"Brother and sister!" thought Mrs. Bouverie, and she glanced in Juliet's face, to see if she really meant what she said; but there was nothing like a sarcastic look—it expressed the innocence of the heart.

Although Mrs. Bouverie expatiated not again on the superiority of lord Montresor's appearance, it was too apparent to pass even by Juliet unregarded. With graceful ease he turned to converse with them, and pointed out the charms of the surrounding scenery, with the animated eloquence of one who perfectly felt their beauties; whilst Juliet, for the first time, replied to him, divested of  
the

the concise and frigid manner which, unconsciously to herself, always marked her conduct towards him. They now turned an abrupt angle of the road, and the little village church appeared in view.

"Another equipage, I declare!" said Mrs. Bouverie, with an expression of mortified ambition. "I thought ours would have been the only one."

By lord Montresor it was perceived also; and darting from his seat, he was in an instant by its side; the door was opened, and seizing the hand of a beautiful girl, Juliet, in surprise, heard them pronounce from one to the other the well-known names of "Marian"—"Ormsby."

The gay party from the castle caused much distraction to the steady heads of the little congregation. Some wondered who the beautiful ladies could be, and whether

whether the youngest was ever to be lady Montresor. One wished herself a little taller, that she might see the better ; another, for the same motive, wished, and with equal fervour, that his lordship's pew had not been made so plaguy high.

Mrs. Price, the clergyman's wife, quarrelled with her daughter for having told her the sun rose so red that she was sure it would rain ; but she concluded with saying, that had she but guessed about this gay company, she would have put on her genteel bonnet, rain or shine.

The worthy doctor even was not quite free from worldly considerations. Three undecided "hems" preceded his discourse, and for the first time in his life he was dissatisfied with his sermon, and thought it might have been better.

And that church contained still another, who, though her heart throbbed  
ready

ready to bursting, and contending emotions shook her frame nearly to annihilation, betrayed not her bosom's secret, but appeared the most collected and devoted of the little assemblage. The unlooked-for meeting with one, whose sight, though fondly dear to her, existing circumstances had rendered painful, gave a shock to her frame that required much firmness and self-command to support. Yet was she thankful it had been thus unexpected, for the horrors of its anticipation were by these means spared her. She blessed the dissimulation that had come to her aid, and with pride reflected on the little agitation she had evinced.

“He could not possibly guess my feelings,” she mentally exclaimed, “and the worst is now over; in future, I shall be equal to seeing him merely as a friend of my father’s.”

The service concluded, Marian, with  
her



her father, sir Owen Lloyd, were presented to his friends by lord Montresor.

Sir Owen was delighted to meet his favourite, and began good-naturedly to rally him on his monopolizing principles, in keeping so much beauty to himself. Bowing with all the *politesse* of the old school to Mrs. Bouverie and Juliet, he continued—"We will, however, make up for lost time, by not consenting to the losing sight of you again; therefore, pray either ask us to dine with you to-day, or you must prepare to accompany us back to Tremarnoc."

Marian's heart sunk at this unthought-of prolongation to her misery. From the dread of trusting her voice, she had hitherto remained fearfully silent; and though she guessed her cheek's varying hue might tell a tale beyond her powers of concealment, yet their near approach to the carriage, by promising soon to relieve

lieve her, lightened in a degree the disturbance of mind she was labouring under. But this was now at an end, and it became necessary that she should repeat the invitation and wishes of her father, notwithstanding it threatened to tax her strength beyond the powers of endurance.

It was at length agreed that Marian and her father were to pass that day at the castle, and the next it was resolved the party should again meet, under the hospitable roof of Tremarnoc.

They then separated at the little wicket, for sir Owen was too decided a beau to be persuaded out of his black satin *culottes*, silk stockings, and large silver buckles—"Besides," added he, "my Marian will stand no chance by the side of these beautiful birds of paradise. She must indeed return home, and deck herself in some of her gayest plumes."

With

With nothing further from her thoughts than the reason specified, Marian opposed not this arrangement. Three hours were by these means allowed her to establish herself under the mask of indifference. Her countenance brightened—she smiled as the carriages parted, and Mrs. Bouverie made the provoking discovery that Miss Lloyd was really quite beautiful.

Marian was the only child of sir Owen Lloyd, the caressed heiress of the house of Tremarnoc. During the lifetime of the late lady Montresor, with whom she was a great favourite, she had been in the habit of seeing much of the present lord, her son. He thought her beautiful, and that beauty was enhanced in his opinion, nay, perhaps owed its peculiar charm, to the perfect ignorance in which she appeared to be of its possession. Whilst in her presence, he was aware that he just escaped loving her seriously, even to the loss of his 'peace of mind ;  
but

me, and took a seat by her uncle at the tea-table. I had no time to construe the motive of this design, which, however well concealed, I am perfectly convinced was not accidental; for Ormsby, after watching the retreating figure of the interesting Juliet, placed himself in the vacated seat by my side.

“ Miss Bouverie really is perfectly beautiful; in the little conversation I held with her, was to be discovered the delicate wit, the soul beaming with sentiment, and that soft—that equality of character so precious and so rare. Simple—natural—speaking little, but with justness, I found her discourse to abound with as much sense as fascination. The sweetness of her voice penetrates to the heart; and an air of enthusiasm, that expands over her animated little person, gives an interest to the most trifling action. Could I then fail to think but that Ormsby regretted her unaccountable

able desertion? he, however, remained perfectly silent; and I, from obstinately continuing the same, could only guess at the sensations I was in no state of mind to fathom the actual existence of.

“There are moments when we find it much easier to continue a conversation than to make the bold plunge of a commencement—I fancy this was the case with Ormsby; but vain was his waiting for my assistance; and at length giving it up in despair, with evident effort, he asked—‘How long is it, Miss Lloyd, since last we passed an evening together?’—‘Two years, my lord,’ I replied, with a firmness and bluntness not a little unexpected, I believe; for he added, with more of embarrassment than design—‘Is it really so long?’ I could now have started in my turn at this sorry compliment, and he soon discovered his solecism in gallantry, by my saying, with pointed expression—‘I may be mistaken,

taken,

aken, for Time travels in divers paces with divers persons—some he ambles withal, and with others he gallops——' 'Gallops!' interrupted Mrs. Bouverie, who to Ormsby's evident relief now approached us; 'I am sure he will lag terribly with us to-night, unless you, lord Montresor, first giving me the assurance that it will not tend to exasperate the spirits of your ancestors, condescend to join me in a duet. We shall not undermine your religious feelings, I hope, Miss Lloyd?' she added, as playfully entwining within his her delicately-moulded white arm, decorated with costly gems, she, to my unfeigned triumph peeping through her eye, at him, 'nothing loath,' to the instrument.

"The seat was no sooner vacant by my side than Miss Bouverie resumed it, saying, that as she had been most delightfully introduced into the pleasures of a society, she

that he had offered her the quiet horse I used to ride, and that with my permission, she would with much pleasure join me in my rides. I expressed more satisfaction at this arrangement than I really felt; for will not Ormsby form one in these excursions, without my being able either to avoid or prevent it?

“The sound of his voice now rivetted my attention. Mrs. Bouverie sings, I believe, with much skill and taste; but I heard—saw nothing but Ormsby: every word—every tone, seemed to strike upon my heart.

“Their performance gained universal attention; but the praises bestowed on it convinced me that no one felt it as I had done. I could say nothing—he had seemed, as he softly repeated the words—

‘Can that breast the least pity deny  
To the wretch which your beauty has made?’

to

to be most persuasively pleading my cause to his own heart and conscience; and so powerfully had it worked on my imagination, that, as he concluded, I turned towards him with breathless expectancy to read in his countenance my doom. I found him attentively observing the motions of Mr. Wallingford, who sat apart writing; and the vivacity of the tone with which he asked him what was the intention of the numerous little square *billets* he was folding up with so much care, but ill accorded with the illusions his song had created.

“ The party soon gathered round the writing-table, and Mr. Wallingford explained that it was a little French game he was preparing for our amusement. In an instant we were all attention, and soon perfectly entered into the spirit of *l'aveugle choix*. I hardly know how to describe it to you: you commence by selecting one out of a number of little

K 3                      packets



packets indiscriminately mixed, each containing the directions for performing either the penance or pleasure that chance may there assign you. Should your wit or courage fail you in its execution, your alternative is to explain your reasons for this non-compliance in extempore verse.

“ With impatience he awaited the opening our little billets; and had all the fates combined their powers in its arrangement, mine could not have proved more perplexing. A little couplet, neatly expressed in French, too soon explained that my task was to point out *the man I liked least, and the one I loved best*, amongst those assembled. Gracious Heaven! did it want this to confirm the language of my eyes? ‘ A murderous guilt shews not itself more soon than love that would seem hid;’ and yet was I called upon to throw aside  
all

all powers of dissimulation, and proclaim at once my glory and my shame.

‘Decide, decide!’ was repeated by all; ‘a *jeu d’esprit* from your own lips, Miss Lloyd, or the expressions of gratified vanity from those of the distinguished happy mortal you are about to select.’ I saw that to set about this task seriously, was impossible; and whilst each one was prompting me, that he whom I disliked must first be selected, I approached my father, and kissed his cheek, although apparently in badinage; the rest was not so easy to be performed, and as I laid my hand in that of Ormsby’s, Mr. Bouverie relieved my embarrassment by saying—‘You are acting by contraries, Miss Lloyd; therefore I shall not give up the pleasing conviction that had it been otherwise, I should have as surely been the acknowledged favourite, as I now am the secret one.’—‘You had better arrange the plan of your own

paper, Cecil,' said Mrs. Bouverie; 'for do not flatter yourself into the belief that you have a ready wit at command.'—'But you forget that it is your own turn, Mrs. Bouverie,' said Mr. Wallingford; 'have you so little curiosity that you are to be reminded to open your paper?'—'Oh, yes,' she affectedly replied, 'I dare say I have my portion; but when perhaps I may have to pay for it as dearly as any one of Blue Beard's wives, I must say it is a little cramped, and I regret not the delay; *mais courage!* *With eyes blinded,*' she repeated, '*take one of the hands that shall be offered you, and then tell the owner why you love him—why I love him?—why?—I cannot do it; besides, who will offer me their hands?*' she piteously asked.—'Shut your eyes, and put us to the test,' was repeated by more lips than my father's, who was already smoothing down his ruffles in preparation.

“Mrs.

“Mrs. Bouverie certainly does things with more grace than I ever before witnessed; and as she averted her beautiful smiling countenance, playfully at the same time covering her eyes with a scarf, I am sure not one of the hands that were assiduously offered her, but would have blest his lot had it been received for life. The veil was of the thinnest texture, and though most ostentatiously disposed, I am tempted to believe was to little other purpose than to look becoming; for though Ormsby’s hand was less obtruded than the rest, she passed the others, and in sweet confusion blushed on discovering that she had selected his. The vanity of man is not to be concealed; and Ormsby, with a look of satisfaction, said—‘Mrs. Bouverie, I ask no reason for the flattering preference you have thus blindly bestowed on me; though I dare say these good people will not willingly dispense with it.’—‘Then what can I say?’ she fascinatedly

nately lisped—‘why?—why do I like you? In good truth, I have none other but a woman’s reason—I like you, because I like you.’

“It was now Juliet’s turn, and she stood impatiently awaiting the signal for examining her little enclosure; and then almost before she had concluded reading the command *to mention what she considered her greatest beauty*, exclaimed with enchanting *naïveté*, far from bordering on vanity—‘Oh! my foot, without a doubt, for my uncle is always talking about it.’—‘Why, you little simpleton,’ said Mr. Bouverie, affectionately, ‘I have been only quizzing you;’ but the little sylphlike foot, sandalled up in the delicate pink satin slipper, belied the assertion; and whilst she looked quite in despair of discovering any other point worthy of observation, she was the unconscious object of universal admiration; but the innocent  
manner

manner in which she had complied with the dictates of her packet, at length excited a general laugh. Ormsby, even though he appeared the most to pity her confusion, could not help joining in it, but at the same time involuntarily uttered—‘What enchanting nature!’ this was unheard by every one but myself, which convinces me that though blind himself, love serves at least to quicken the faculties of his victims.

“I should think that I have almost tired you, and that you will wish our little Gallic pastime had never quitted its native shores; therefore I shall not tax my memory by sending you the quaint lines, repeated by Mr. Bouverie, as an excuse for not declaring which amongst our little group was the most perfect beauty, though I believe it was more done to annoy his wife for having underrated his talent as an improvisat-  
ist, than the want of perception in dis-  
covering

covering that she stood conspicuously pre-eminent.

“ Mr. Wallingford had managed to retain that in his hand of which the execution but still more tended to convince every one, but her for whom it was intended, that he existed but for her alone; and my father had to tell the youngest lady her fault, which he picked out in such a gallant way, that it became no very contemptible appendage to the many amiabilities of the pretty Miss Bouverie.

“ I see that I have unconsciously reserved Ormsby for the last, yet you must not expect too much from him; his task was simple, and the manner of fulfilling it equally so. I cannot, I think, explain it better than by saying that it resembled one of our much-enjoyed infantile forfeits, which I believe has, and will continue to descend from generation to

to generation ; namely—‘ Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss those you love best.’ Mrs. Bouverie immediately, by a whimsical remark, earned the bow ; yet, notwithstanding the complimentary speech which accompanied it, I really believe she experienced as much chagrin as I did astonishment on his approaching towards me, and gracefully falling at my feet. I soon, however, recovered my self-possession, and receding a few paces, said—‘ You appear to have taken advantage of my idea, my lord, and are acting in opposition to your judgment.’

“ Notwithstanding this coldness on my part, he arose, took my hand, and as he pressed it to his lips, softly replied—‘ Marian, you know me better.’

“ Although it tended much towards diminishing the satisfaction these little attentions produced, I was nevertheless  
much



much relieved at his rendering them less conspicuous, by claiming the right his divided feelings gave him of also saluting the hands of Mrs. Bouverie and Juliet. Do not allow this unaccountable conduct of Ormsby's to raise those false hopes in your kind breast for the happiness of your friend, which I again repeat can never be realized.

“ I perceive my father already returned from his morning's ride, accompanied by my cousin, Harry Beauchamp. I wish I could fulfil the schemes for my future happiness in that quarter ; but, alas !

‘ Such wayward ways hath Love, that most part in discord  
Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts but seldom do  
accord.’

“ Adieu, my kind Sophia—at five o'clock I shall again see Ormsby.”

END OF VOL. I.

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# **SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.**



**A NOVEL.**

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**Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-street, London.**

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# SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

A Nobel.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

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BY

INNES HOOLE, Esq.

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" Love's the tyrant of the heart,  
Full of mischief—full of woe;  
All his joys are mix'd with smart;  
Thorns beneath his roses grow :  
And serpent-like he stings the breast,  
Where he is harbour'd and carest'd."

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1821.



# SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

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## CHAPTER I.

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My care is loss of care, by old care done,  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

“Non si puo aver la rosa senza le spine.”

**T**HE prospect of so soon again meeting the kind-hearted sir Owen and his amiable daughter, appeared to give universal satisfaction to the party at the castle.

Lord Montresor, although not wil-  
VOL II. B fully

fully blind, had discovered nothing in Marian's conduct to authorize the supposition, that she considered him in any dearer sense than that of friend; and though he did not entirely give up the project his mother had formed, he felt relieved in believing the heart, whose possession might one day constitute his happiness, was not only at present free from any impression in his favour, but in perfect ignorance of what his views might be for the future. He was no stranger to sir Owen's wish of an union taking place between Marian and her cousin; he therefore resolved attentively to watch her conduct towards Mr. Beauchamp, ere he allowed the preference he imagined he himself felt for her, to ripen into a passion which might fix his destiny for life.

To Juliet, however, things had appeared in their proper point of view, and  
*les*

*les languissans yeux bleus* of Miss Lloyd were not to be mistaken. The tremulous change of voice in his approach—the unsteady look—the blushing countenance changing to the ashy pale; all proclaimed that in considering them as tenderly attached lovers, she had not judged erroneously. Fixed in this supposition, she felt much grieved that her aunt, by demanding so much of lord Montresor's attention, should so often be the means of inadvertently separating them; but she resolved, as she had through chance become acquainted with their secret, to do every thing in her power towards aiding their wishes. It was with this view that she had entered into sir Owen's schemes of amusement, by accepting the loan of Miss Lloyd's horse; her aunt had often declared her abhorrence to the fatigues of this masculine exercise; relieved therefore from her presence, she determined



on taking the first opportunity of enlisting lord Montresor in the party, and then to join Miss Lloyd in the projected morning's ride.

Mrs. Bouverie's bosom, apparently the abode of peace, was not without its plans. She would put on, she was resolved, such a love of a dress, that should bring people to their senses. Her costume, the preceding day, had been too plain; but who could have surmised that Wales could have produced any thing half so fashionably elegant as Miss Lloyd had shewn herself to be? To-day however an hour more should be devoted to the toilet, and she should then see if the attentions of lord Montresor would be any longer divided; for her vanity could only allow her to attribute to the superiority of dress the compliment so openly paid to Marian's beauty.

Mr.

Mr. Wallingford, full of jealous fears, deplored the necessity of leaving their own comfortable drawing-room: he knew that Mr. Beauchamp was in constant attendance at Tremarnoc: handsome, rich, a perfect devotee to beauty, might not Juliet be flattered into that preference for him, which he, alas! could not presume he had inspired her with? His melancholy visage however relaxed a little on the appearance of Mr. Bouverie, who was most irresistibly amusing on the occasion. He declared his ignorance as to the forms of country visiting, deplored the absence of his opera cane, and added, that he hoped the crowd of carriages would not condemn his to the hospital next day, with split pannels and broken pole.

It was after Mrs. Bouverie had in vain endeavoured to enforce on the comprehension of Juliet the necessity of retiring

to dress, or to persuade her that she could not possibly perform the duties of the toilet in less than an hour and a half, that, secretly annoyed at her unsuccessful attempt to interrupt it, she left her *tête-à-tête* with lord Montresor.

Juliet was employed in reading a most interesting work, when called upon to assure her aunt that she never, by any chance, bestowed more than half that time in dress at furthest; and relieved from this apparently-attentive care, resumed her book, hardly knowing that the room was occupied by any one but herself. It was on her concluding the first volume, that, in search of the next, for the first time she raised her eyes. The book she wanted was open in lord Montresor's hand; but perceiving that instead of reading it, he was narrowly watching her, the thought immediately struck her, that it arose from the kind wish of  
anticipating

anticipating the time when he (who no doubt was as interested in its perusal as herself) should, through *politesse*, however unwillingly, be obliged to resign it to her. This was a sacrifice she resolved not to inflict; but throwing down the one she had concluded, said, as she hastily quitted the room—"I perceive your considerate intention, my lord; but my aunt was right, and my little maid, Victoire, must be impatiently awaiting my appearance;" then suddenly disappeared; and the next moment lord Montresor hearing her voice in conversation with her uncle and Mr. Wallingford on the lawn, was assured the reason she had given was merely an empty pretext for leaving him.

"Perceive my intention!" he at length repeated in much astonishment, so little had he been engaged in what Juliet supposed—"Perceive my intention!" he again exclaimed; "what intention can my eyes  
B 4 have

have possibly betrayed? they were most assuredly spell-bound when she detected their earnest gaze; but why leave off reading, and fly from me in this abrupt manner? It is not the first time she has had to encounter the gaze of admiration. Can it proceed from a spirit of coquetry, which I have till now believed her exempt from? I will not suppose it; besides, why that look of gratitude that I certainly saw pass over her ingenuous countenance?"

He was continuing to ask himself these puzzling questions, when the innocent cause softly entering the room, again stood before him, and in a moment explained every thing by saying, that she now felt no regret in depriving him of the book, as every one had retired to their toilets, that he no doubt would follow their example, and that she wished to continue its perusal, whilst  
the

the flowers she had ventured to gather from the greenhouse, as a reward she knew he would not deny for her former forbearance, were being placed in her hair.

"But I must also be allowed to make reprisals, Miss Bouverie," rising from his seat as he spoke; "give me then but one rose from your gay selection, and the book shall be yours."

"Alas! I have but one," said Juliet, hesitatingly; "and for the sacrifice of my favourite flower, I scarcely think the soon worth its purchase."

"There is the book," said lord Montresor, presenting it as he spoke; "yourself shall choose the flower which is to be my recompence. I throw myself on your generosity."

"The rose is yours then," said Juliet, separating it from the rest; "pray take it, my lord."

At this moment a little timepiece chimed a late hour, and Mrs. Bouverie, full dressed, entered the room; but before she found words to express her surprise, the objects of it were making the best use of the little time allowed them, in their separate apartments, and they considered themselves particularly fortunate in *only* having kept the carriages waiting one quarter of an hour.

"I declare you are a perfect dandy, my lord," said Mrs. Bouverie, as he handed her down the steps, her eyes glancing at the same time towards the rose he had conspicuously placed in his bosom; "and, Juliet, my love, your head is quite a nosegay; whose fantastic taste is that? they look *very well* perhaps; but as I have forgotten my essence-bottle, I am sure you will spare me this little sprig of ozorian jessamine,

to

to serve as a plaything during our ride."

"In pity touch not one," earnestly exclaimed lord Montresor, arresting in its progress the hand in the act of disarranging the modest adornments of Juliet's hair; "indeed you must not touch a leaf; but let me offer in its stead my beautiful rose," presenting it as he spoke.

Mrs. Bouverie took it from his hand, and repeating,

"They say the rose is Love's own flower,

"Its bloom so bright—its thorns so many,"

with ill-concealed vexation broke it in two, as she continued—"therefore, as I only want the idle bagatelle of a minute, the thorns of this prevent its answering my purpose."

Juliet, who evidently saw that her aunt was more annoyed than she wished



it to appear, had, during the foregoing conversation, been engaged in a blind and almost-hopeless search for the little sprig of jessamine; to the baffled attainment of which she alone attributed this struggle of smiles and frowns but too visible on her aunt's countenance. Already had she looked with disappointment on the purple and yellow pensée; yet checked not in her intention, she was still, with patient sweetness, endeavouring to discover, by the delicate touch of her rosy fingers, the desired jessamine, when lord Montresor (who for the first time perceived her intention) said, as he gently took from her hand the already-displaced pensée—"Chance has led you to a happy selection, Miss Bouverie; you could not have made a better; for here is a flower in the very mood in which Mrs. Bouverie seeks amusement," repeating, as he presented it, the one, amongst its many appellations, of *love in idleness*. The manner

ner in which this was uttered, or perhaps the magic of the *heartsease*, in an instant restored Mrs. Bouverie to good humour; and whilst, with infantile playfulness, she was enumerating the many titles attached to this little flower, the carriages (for Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Wallingford followed in that of lord Montresor) drove up to the hall-doors of Tremarnoc.

If Mrs. Bouverie had before felt surprised on discovering in Wales any thing so elegant as Miss Lloyd's appearance, the splendid mansion of Tremarnoc did not tend towards the lessening it. Through a numerous train of domestics, habited in rich liveries, they ascended to the spacious drawing-rooms, which, though in respect to fashion they might have yielded the palm, Mrs. Bouverie could not but allow were not even equalled in magnificence by her "own dear rooms" in Portman-square. The party

party invited to meet them merely consisted of Mr. Beauchamp, and the little worthy round-faced Dr. Price, who managed, as a recompence for the tax the long sermons he every Sunday indulged in enforced on his parishioners, to render himself so agreeable the rest of the week, that no party was considered complete without him.

How frequently the expectations of pleasure are disappointed in this varying world! Mrs. Bouverie had promised herself the excess of it, in transcendently rivalling, both in dress and elegance, the little mountaineer, and in playing off the attitudes and whimsies of fashionable life to the Welch guests at sir Owen Lloyd's table. As she took a last look, replete with satisfaction, in the long cheval glass of her dressing-room, the beautiful form it reflected confirmed her in the flattering belief, that before

so brilliant a meteor, all lesser stars must necessarily give place. The taste and peculiarity of the decorations of Juliet's hair proved her first stumbling-block; but simplicity, according to her argument, was soon to be got the better of; her mortification is therefore not to be expressed, when lord Montresor asked her if she did not think Miss Lloyd a lovely girl? and if she had ever seen any thing, for style and taste, superior to a drab and blue Polish dress she that day wore? Mrs. Bourverie would willingly have concealed her feelings on the occasion, but vexation, she had once before found that day, is not always to be kept down; and she replied, she thought Miss Lloyd had more the appearance of being dressed for a melodrame at a provincial theatre, than for a quiet dinner-party in her father's house.

Although not in general very quick-  
sighted

sighted to the *malice prepense* of his fair guest, lord Montresor, in the present instance, was not to be charmed out of his opinion as to the elegance of Miss Lloyd's costume; and that he might ascertain whether there was more of honesty and ingenuousness in the niece than the aunt, he left the one, and placing himself by the side of the former, repeated the questions he had before asked Mrs. Bouverie.

Juliet unhesitatingly declared her approbation and admiration of both the dress and the wearer; but she did it in concise terms, and then arose, quitted his side, and seated herself at the farthest end of the apartment.

"Here, however," said lord Montresor, mentally, "are honesty and sincerity, invaluable qualities, and rarely found either amongst the matrons or misses of the present day."

But

But Juliet was not so satisfied with herself. She had allowed her own feelings to interfere with the satisfaction she might have yielded to those of another. It was very evident that the conversation commenced in praises of Miss Lloyd, which lord Montresor had sought much to protract; it was a natural indulgence to talk of her he loved; for that he did love, to Juliet seemed beyond a doubt; and notwithstanding the false conclusions the miniature had led her into, when assimilating his character with that of lord Darnley, a fortnight's residence under the same roof with him had taught her the conviction, that lord Montresor could never love in vain. Why then, thus appreciating his powers of pleasing, had she left him as soon as politeness would admit of? why interrupt a conversation that appeared to give him pleasure? He had looked disappointed, and with reason; and she repeated

peated to herself—"On ne peut pas toujours conter ses plasirs et ses peines à l'écho; il est d'ailleurs très commode d'avoir quelqu'un qui vous console, qui se rejouisse avec vous."—Oh, how she hated herself for the part she had acted! but it was too late to be recalled. She had quitted the ottoman on which he had placed himself by her side, and the diffidence that ever accompanied her actions forbade her returning to it.

Seated apart from the rest of the company, she, in the vexation her inconsiderate conduct made her feel, commenced a hasty scrutiny of the sentiments that had produced it; to herself they were incomprehensible. In vain she asked—"What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to him."—One minute she fancied it was an instinctive feel, that she was to him an object of dislike; the next  
assured

assured her, so unprovoked a sentiment could never gain admittance in his well-regulated breast.

“A penny for your thoughts, young lady,” said sir Owen, good-humouredly, as he passed her, and placed himself on the same seat with lord Montresor.

“I would willingly give more to have them solved,” thought Juliet, as rousing herself, her eyes followed the direction he had taken.

From his lordship's abstraction, it appeared that a little bribery would be no unnecessary forerunner to the attention. sir Owen appeared to desire in this quarter; but a charm of more potency in a moment produced it him. Juliet heard the name of *Marian* pronounced, and lord Montresor's attention was instantly engaged.

Marian



Marian was apparently unconscious of being the subject of their conversation; her attentions were visibly directed towards Mr. Beauchamp, who received them with a gratification not to be concealed—a gratification that excluded the accustomed gallantries he usually tendered to every female in every party he chanced to be a member of.

Mr. Beauchamp was of that stamp of men who glory in gaining the undivided attention of any pretty woman, whether married or single; not so much from its being any particular gratification to them, but because he attached a celebrity to the reputation of *being well* with a variety of females.

Many were the Ap Jones, Ap Shenkins, Ap Williams, Ap Dus, Ap Jenkins, who never told their love, but prayed that concealment, like the worm,  
might

might feed on their damask cheeks, and thereby wring that heart, whose fascinations threatened the destruction of their own. The mammas were jealous of their daughters, the daughters indignant with their mammas; for he skilfully contrived to give his attentions to one the colour of a sentimental blind to that of the other. But whilst thus creating these emotions in so vast a degree in others, his own affections were at the same time not susceptible of violent extremes; and soft attention, blended with a due proportion of mystery, made up, in his estimation, the principal ingredient of love. Universal gallantry was his favourite system; and his mind, more cultivated than enlarged, was adorned with all the usual sentiment that could be agreeably turned to this great account. Perfectly well versed in all the little talents of society, in music and poetry consisted his principal plan

of attack—no very despicable allies, and generally a sure method of bringing the maid, with music in her soul, to some capitulation; but if, on the contrary, treason, treachery, and spoil lurked there instead, a sigh, a tender word, a meaning look, rarely failed of bringing him off victorious.

With such a character, Marian felt little repugnance in making it subservient to her own designs; and whilst thus concealing by duplicity her real feelings towards lord Montresor, she was aware she stood little chance of wounding those of the butterfly she sported with.

Juliet, in the artless simplicity of her soul, was all astonishment at these but-too-evident flirtations between Marian and Mr. Beauchamp—flirtations that utterly excluded the attentions of lord Montresor, notwithstanding he made  
some

some attempts to interrupt their particularity. Again she was all conjecture; was it possible that Miss Lloyd could reject the flattering regards of such a being as lord Montresor, for those of the volatile moth, that apparently merely fluttered round her for the amusement of an hour?

Oh, woman! 'tis thus you cast away the treasure within your grasp, lured by the dazzle of folly's painted wing; 'tis thus you seek to guide the hand of fate, and "cast yourself the fashion of uncertain evil."

At table Mr. Beauchamp and lord Montresor took their stations on each side of Marian. Mrs. Bouverie, whose quick penetration had soon made the discovery that Mr. Beauchamp, though in Wales, was thorough town-bred, as no doubt every inch of Bond-street pavement could

could testify, exerted all her lures to draw him from the side of her who so entirely attached him; and with this intent, deserted the place she ever occupied by the side of lord Montresor, and it fell to the lot of Juliet. She however soon found that, though in their vicinity, she was quite *hors du combat*; the *partie quarrré* kept up a conversation in which she could not join; and she soon turned to enjoy the rational and interesting subjects selected by those seated at the lower end of the table. She then discovered that Dr. Price was an old college friend of her father's; and whilst her gay neighbours were dissenting on the symbols that manifest true love from its counterfeit, she was relating, with all the warmth of filial affection, the sad indisposition that had been the cause of their present separation; and whilst the light-hearted party continued indulging in the jest and  
and

and wit the subject in debate elicited, accompanied with the laugh that was irresistibly drawn forth, she was seeking to conceal within the folds of her handkerchief the tears her recollections had inadvertently given birth to. She had rather turned from the bottom of the table, little dreading the being noticed by the other part; but on removing the covering from her eyes, they fell on those of lord Montresor, gazing full upon her with a look where kindness and affection were visibly blended. But to Juliet their meaning was of too flattering a cast to be easily credited—it might be pity, scorn, disdain, contempt, for the little control she had held her feelings under. With this idea she endeavoured to suppress them, and with some effort commenced a trifling conversation with the object who thus scrutinized her; but the struggle was ineffectual. Sobs seemed ready to choak her utterance, and in

complete confusion she arose and left the room.

Marian, in alarm, immediately proposed the following her; but Mrs. Bouverie, too happily situated to be easily prevailed on to break the chain of enchantment with which she flattered herself she was winding the heart of Mr. Beauchamp towards her, endeavoured to pass it off as merely a little indisposition that only required quiet—perhaps a fashionable fantasie—a——

She ceased in surprise; for lord Montresor, with a tremulous accent she had never before witnessed, said, whilst his looks spoke the thanks he felt—"Still, still the same kind-hearted Marian you ever were! You will not, I am sure, be turned from your considerate intention." And taking her hand, he led her to the door; whilst Mrs. Bouverie, seeing there

there was no alternative, arose to follow her, and they quitted the room together.

Although still evidently suffering much dejection, Juliet was considerably better than Marian had expected to find her; and whilst receiving her many apologies, she forbore to add to her regrets, by allowing her to discover that she had been the means of causing their early removal from table. Perhaps Mrs. Bouverie might not have been so considerate; but the more weighty concerns of her manœuvring brain chased its recollection from her memory, ere she had half-way ascended the staircase.



CHAPTER II.  
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“ Distinction is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves.”

Mrs. Bouverie's character has perhaps been sufficiently developed for the reader to have discovered, that she was of that description of woman, whose principal occupation consisted in the avaricious search after admiration.

“ For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
For this hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has it rule.”

She

She possessed much natural grace of person, much vivacity of manner; and though her sex's failing, vanity, was in all its extent her own, yet was she not so blinded by it, as to allow of its clouding the understanding, which was far above mediocrity; and her penetration keeping pace with it, she needed not twice to consider whether it was herself who elicited the adoration of the hour, or whether it was carried off, *nem. con.* by some more fortunate female.

Sir Owen's dinner-party had certainly turned out the reverse of that which she had expected or intended it; for Mr. Beauchamp, in the surprise of having at length gained a little of Miss Lloyd's consideration, knew himself to be too much on suffrage to indulge in his usual capricious rangings; and though from its approaching so near his own, Mrs Bouverie's character was immediately unveiled to him, he was, at least for that

c 3

day,

day, too much on the *qui vive* to take advantage of it.

Mrs. Bouverie, in perfect ignorance of all this, as she gracefully returned the compliments of introduction, marked him for her destined prey. But, as has been before observed, mortification and disappointment were the result; and, on her return home, a profound sulky fit was alone kept at bay by the consolation of still having it in her power to retaliate; and she seriously set about forming some plan which might convince *Miss Marian*, that neither beauty, or Polish dresses, stood any chance when she should condescend to relax from the *hauteur* which, she persuaded herself into the belief, had been the only means of those attentions being confined to *Marian*, which would otherwise have been so much more willingly devoted to herself.

That

What all our arrangements cannot bring about, sometimes the happier hand of chance effects. Such was the case in the present instance; and Mrs. Bouverie, with elated hopes, perceived that Mr. Beauchamp was amongst the first of their numerous neighbours who came to pay their respects at Montresor Castle.

This place, formerly the seat of disgust and *ennui*, how different was it become! Every succeeding hour brought with it a change of visitors; and Mrs. Bouverie, in surprise, exclaimed—"My lord, where can all these good people come from?"

She had seen no houses in their rides, *no streets*; and though she had been most enthusiastically lavish in its praise, to her the country had appeared nothing but a desert—a vast wilderness. She now found it to contain beauty, sense,

and fashion ; and though lord Montresor assured her it also contained their reverse, still was she satisfied in the prospect of amusement she made no doubt the *mélange* would afford her.

“ I faint, I die,” affectedly gasped Mr. Beauchamp, sinking on a sofa, almost before the servant had announced him. “ Mrs. Bouverie, I expire at your feet. I have literally been hunted two miles by the portly Mrs. Bamfield and her squeaking daughters, and even here I shall not be exempt from the tortures their conversation inflicts. I see their carriage entering the gates. Oh, Mrs. Bouverie ! you know not what you have to encounter !—the mamma so vulgar, the daughters so silly ! The eldest, I must tell you, because she chances to possess a large, heavy, sleepy eye, sets up for a sentimental Madona ; whilst the sister, by the aid of a few glowing ring-lets

lets, fanning about her little round unmeaning face, thinks herself no less worthy the character of a Hebe."

"Have you nothing to say in behalf of your friends, my lord?" said Mrs. Bouverie, laughing heartily at the whimsical manner in which Mr. Beauchamp had portrayed them. There was no time for reply, the door was thrown open, and "Mrs. *Pamfield*" announced by the servant, who had not lived long enough in London to forget his Welch accent.

The short red-faced bustling fat lady that now made her appearance, soon proclaimed herself the original of Mr. Beauchamp's picture.

"We a' come to see you, my lord," she began in a loud and common voice; "we a' come to see you, you see, and your friends, the moment as we heard

that you were among us again. Bessey and Hetty are dying to see who you have got with you. Bless me, where are they? I am sure they came with me. Oh, here they are! O-ah, you staid behind," speaking to them as they sentimentally entered the room arm-in-arm. "You staid behind to gather some ivy leaves. That's right; I'm sure my lord wou'dn't begrudge your taking a whole bunch away, if he knew how much you suffers with tight shoes. Steeped in vinegar, didn't Mrs. What-ye-call-umsay? Ay, steeped in vinegar, my lord; would you believe they are the finest things in the world for a——"

"Law, ma!" interrupted the would-be rosy goddess, who, leaving her pensive sister's side, had frolicked up to her mother's, just in time to prevent her mortifying explanation. "Law, ma! how you talk! preventing lord Montresor all the while from introducing us to his friends."

This

This ceremony being accomplished, Mrs. Bamfield continued—“Bouvry, Bouvry! I’m sure I know that name; but, law! there are so many names, one can hardly tell. And this young lady, your daughter, ma’am? very like indeed,” looking from one to the other, “and quite a comfort to you, I dare say.”

Mrs. Bouverie disdained an answer; but making the most of a fashionable gape, turned to converse with Mr. Wallingford, who was the only disengaged person present; the Hebe having monopolized lord Montresor, to whom, with much self-satisfaction, she was describing a quiz of a ball, for which they had taken the trouble of going twelve miles; and the Madona at the same time was relating the circumstance to Mr. Beauchamp, and tenderly upbraiding him for not being there, to dissipate in some degree the ennui attending on these culinary concerns.

"No French dances," sighed the Madona.

"No valeses," lisped the Hebe.

"Nor no much supper neither," continued the mamma; "for my part, I think it wrong to ask people from their own houses, unless one provides for them handsomely. Now that's the comfort of London, where we go every spring; and, lord, how glad my girls are when the time comes!"—Here a "law, ma!" interrupted her, but she continued—"Now in London nothing's a trouble; one has only to pay well, and one gets the best of every thing. Pray, may I ask, Mrs. Bouvry, where you get your confectionary from when you have company?"

"I really never interfere with my housekeeper's arrangements," replied Mrs. Bouverie, with another fashionable gape, most ostentatiously concealed.

"Then you'll be cheated out of house
and

and home," said Mrs. Bamfield, with a look of infinite satisfaction as she reflected on her own superior arrangements. "Then you'll be cheated out of house and home. I always say, one can't expect that servants can have one's interest at heart so much as one has oneself. Why there was our Nanny——"

"Lord Montresor is going to give a ball," shrieked out the Hebe, "and we are all invited, ma!"

"A ball!" was repeated by every one present, with mingled expressions of disbelief and surprise. "A ball! when?"

"Yes," smilingly, repeated lord Montresor, "a ball on this day week! You will not require longer notice, Mrs. Bamfield?"

"Oh, my lord," she replied, her little grey eyes twinkling with pleasure, "it isn't me you should ask. My dress is always ready; it's the young folks, who
are

are never content, but must be always a-adding a bow here, and a flower there." Here a "law, ma!" obtruded itself, but she was not to be silenced.—" And so you really are a-going to give us a treat, my lord? Well, I must say, it is very polite, very civil and attentive."

" And only think at my request, ma!" said the Hebe.

At this moment Juliet, who was copying music at a little writing-table, involuntarily raised her eyes from her occupation, and looked towards lord Montresor. Their glances met, and words could not have expressed their meaning more satisfactorily. She blushing continued her employ, and Mrs. Bamfield, in reply to her daughter, said—" Then I am sure, my dear, the least you can do is to promise to dance with his lordship for as long as he likes; and I must say, that any assistance that I can be of, I shall

I shall be very glad to offer, such as bringing with me two or three dozen silver forks or spoons, or——.” Here another “law, ma!” arrested her progress, which, after answering by saying—“Well, people can’t be expected to find every thing for all their company,” she walked towards Juliet, and began examining her writing.

Although apparently inattentive, Mrs. Bouverie had lost nothing of the foregoing conversation: neither had she failed in perceiving, that notwithstanding the disgust he had expressed towards them previous to their entrance, that Mr. Beauchamp was, to all appearance, as happy in the society of the Madona, as she had before seen him in that of his cousin’s. She listened to their discourse, and found them to be arranging the plan of meeting every morning to practise the dances they intended to excel in, on the

the night of the expected gala. The Hebe appeared at the same time as anxious to prevail on lord Montresor to make one of the party. No time was to be lost. Yet how counteract this inveigling scheme? She deliberated a moment, then seating herself at the piano, and whilst playing the Unstable Pantaloon, with well-affected unconcern, proposed that the young ladies should instruct their partners in the newest quadrille figures, to prevent mistakes arising on the public night—"And here are sir Owen and Miss Lloyd," she continued, as the servant announced them, "just come in time to complete your set."

Every thing turned out as she wished. No one knew any thing about the last Parisian figures but herself; therefore it was necessary that she should resign her seat at the piano to Juliet, and commence the task of instructing them.

With

With such scope for displaying the graceful attitude, the symmetry of form, it was impossible for her not to become the object of universal admiration ; and the Madona and the Hebe soon discovered the snare they had thus unwittingly fallen into ; but it was now too late to extricate themselves, too late to evade the mortification of contributing, by their own awkwardness, to the *éclat* of one already so “insufferably vain” as they pronounced Mrs. Bouverie to be.

Marian Lloyd participated not in these bitter feelings. With heart and head engaged in a far different cause, she had complied with the wish of completing their set, more from the view of obliging them than from any gratification she expected herself to derive from it. The motive of her visit had been to request Juliet to accompany her in a ride either that day or the next ; and though the meeting

meeting with Mr. Beauchamp was as unwished-for as unexpected, she was forced to put a constraint on her sentiments, and in receiving his attentions, act up to the task she more than ever regretted having imposed on herself.

Mrs. Bamfield, as she expressed it, was "so much taken" with Juliet's manners, that from the writing-table she had followed her to the piano; and though until then Juliet had listened with polite attention to her strange conversation, the noise of the music and mirth of the dancers now made it impossible. But Mrs. Bamfield was in too happy a mood to want this incentive, and she still continued to give words to her thoughts after the following manner—"Well now, that was very pretty of Hetty! Do look, Miss Bouvry, how nice she *prooettes*! Bessey now does not please me half so well; but, lord, it's all
nack;

nack; and in playing the music the same, as I tells Bessey, although she practises night and morning, Hetty will always play the best. You plays very well, Miss Bouvry; how long have you learnt? and it's very good-natured, I am sure, of you to play to the dancers; but perhaps you can't dance. Some people can't, you know, 'specially these odd'uns they are at now."

"Or perhaps Miss Bouverie considers that she dances too well to require the fatigue of practising," said Mr. Wallingford, ever hovering near the object of his adoration.

From the fear of losing the time, Juliet forbore to reply; which Mrs. Bamfield taking in the light of an acquisition to what he had uttered, continued—"Ah, well, I only wish my daughters thought so too, instead of this junketting all over the country, after every ball they hears of—up all night—in bed
all

all day. But then they do dance very prettily, 'specially when they have got their white shoes on; and one can't expect young people to hide their candles under a bushel, you know. Besides, I assure you, they gain a great many admirers, as I dare say you do too, Miss Bouvry, wherever you goes. Why now there's my lord Montresor would never have a thought of this ball, had not my Hetty a asked it of him."

The moulinet at this moment brought lord Montresor into their vicinity; and hearing the conclusion of this speech, again his eyes met those of Juliet's, and again was their expression not to be mistaken.

"Will you allow me to relieve you from your fatiguing task, Miss Bouverie?" said Marian Lloyd, kindly approaching Juliet, who had, unconsciously to herself,

self, made a few false notes ; “ you must indeed let me take your place. I am not wanted in the dance for some time, and will not be denied.”

“ I wish I could make the same offer,” said Mrs. Bamfield ; “ but, law ! in my time, music was little thought about, not but what I have got a ear for it, and beats the tambourin very pleasantly, whilst my daughters practise their steps at home. But I see that they are going to give over, which is comfortable for you. Law, how hot you are, Hetty ! and them too, I should think ; for I’m sure they seem to have had enough of it.”

“ Law, ma !” said the Hebe, “ I could dance all day. I am so passionately fond of it ! couldn’t you, Bessey ?”

Her sister was equally rapturous in its praise ; and Mrs. Bouverie, taking advantage of this declaration, requested
that

that they would come the next morning and renew its delights. The young ladies looked at each other, twiddled the fingers of their gloves, and again looked in a manner which seemed to ask, "would this be to their advantage?" for could they but make sure of their partners, to wait for them at home appeared the most agreeable plan.

The bent of these ruminations was soon discernible to the quick-sighted Mrs. Bouverie, and were as quickly dispelled by her continuing, with well-feigned earnestness—"You really must join our party; Mr. Beauchamp is coming; lord Montresor stays at home all the morning; and unless you comply with my request, they will have no ladies to repay them for the sacrifice they make, in giving up their morning's ride."

"Why what in the world is become
to

to the girls?" exclaimed Mrs. Bamfield, in unfeigned astonishment at their indecision. "I never knowed them to turn over an invitation in their minds before; and if I had but just happened to have said any thing against it, no peace in Israel till they had got it their own way; but I suppose they are thinking of their dresses, when I am sure the beautiful blond ones they have got, put over the——"

"Law, ma!" interrupted the Madona, "we shall be too happy in availing ourselves of Mrs. Bouverie's polite offer, and which the fear of intruding, believe me, has alone prevented our immediately accepting; hasn't it, Hetty?"

During the time these arrangements were proceeding, with equal *finesse* on all sides, Juliet, who felt but little interest in their decision, again resumed her seat at the writing-table. She again took the
pen

pen in her hand, but her thoughts, in spite of her endeavours, strayed far from the notes on which her looks were nevertheless intently bent. The events of the morning had, though perhaps too late for her peace of mind, awakened her from a pleasing, yet dangerous slumber—from a fascinating, a delusive dream, in which she began to fear her conscience could not entirely acquit her of having acted justly by her new friend, Miss Lloyd. Dissatisfied with lord Montresor, yet still more so with herself, she commenced a hasty review of the many provocations that had tended towards fixing her affections on that being, whom reflection taught her the conviction had it not in his power to give them the return their sincerity demanded. Yet this being the case, why should he, by a too-seducing particularity of conduct, endeavour to obtain an influence over that breast, whose conquest could
afford

afford him but little of triumph or glory. It was but too evident, and he had evinced it with a grace, a feeling of delicacy, peculiar to himself, that this gaily-anticipated ball was projected in compliment of an idle thought, as idly expressed, of wishing to try the figures of the dances she had that morning been engaged in copying.—“ Oh why,” she mentally exclaimed, whilst the throb of delight was stifled in her breast, “ why does he thus seek, by the most delicate and refined attentions, to enslave a heart but too feelingly alive to his numerous perfections! It is not in his presence alone I taste the dangerous poison ; its influence extends even to the solitude of my chamber. Why does he, by causing it to be decorated with the choicest flowers, aid in recalling to a too-faithful memory the day on which, whilst he received my solitary flower, the smile of affection first struck on that simple heart, which even

now thrills with a perilous delight, as the dangerous recollection passes over it. It is but too certain we meet on unequal grounds; and whilst his heart is secured by a prior attachment, mine is to be sported, cheated, and trifled with; then finally thrown back upon the chilled bosom it, alas! but too easily escaped from—But

“’Tis past! now reason’s sober light
Steals through the gloom of mental night,
Since love’s fond tale can cheat no more,
And e’en false hope’s bright dream is o’er.”

Satisfied with the compact she had thus conscientiously entered on, of carefully rooting from her breast the first-sown seeds of timid love, she arose, and was quitting the room, when Marian Lloyd, who had been conversing apart with Ormsby, said, as she playfully intercepted her progress—“Not yet, Miss Bouverie. We must first settle when
our

first riding party is to take place. Will you go with me to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, anywhere," replied Juliet, answering less to Miss Lloyd's question than to the thoughts which told her, that every place was more suited to the fulfilment of her present determination than Montresor Castle.

"*Any where !*" repeated Marian, smiling at the manner in which it was uttered. "No, we will not go *anywhere*. I mean to conduct you through the sublimely-romantic pass of Aberglaslynn, along the edge of Traeth Mawr; and as lord Montresor has volunteered us his protection, I know that he will not let us return without enticing us into his favourite track by Beth Gelert; therefore we——"

"I cannot accompany you," interrupted Juliet; her embarrassment increasing on perceiving that lord Montresor was an astonished witness of her apparent instability;

stability; "that is, I mean, I fear my aunt is making some arrangements, which mine must give place to; therefore some other time, when you, my dear Miss Lloyd, again kindly make me the offer of your horse, I hope I shall be more fortunate in being able to accept it."

Much to Juliet's relief, her aunt now approached, and confirmed her excuse by telling them, she would have no plots formed, until she had given them their dismissal; that she next day expected they would be *quite hers*; and that after then she would attend to their proposed riding party with pleasure.

This was a compliance unexpected by all, and desired by few—unexpected, from the disgust and dread she had one day expressed for this "boisterous exercise," and which was allowed to pass unmitigated

mitigated and little desired by those who felt "the windings of her cunning way." Perceiving some marks of astonishment, she continued—"Nay, look not in such alarm, good people! Did you then believe me to be exempt from the *girouette* principles of my sex? or have you yet to learn, that amongst the three things a wise man will not trust, is registered a woman's word?—very impertinent, I grant, in him who published it to the world. I said I was a coward, did not I? and so I was until Fozzard told me I had a great deal of courage, and rode better than any of his pupils; but," asked she, turning to lord Montresor, "who will inspire me with a sufficiency of that necessary commodity, to enable me to get through another such morning as this? What shall we do tomorrow with those dancing girls, and their talkative *ma*? You really must give me the credit, my lord, of having

made myself wonderfully amiable to these your pets; and you, Mr. Beauchamp, have you no effusions of gratitude to pour in my ear, from having spared you a five-miles ride, by arranging that the practising party should assemble here? for notwithstanding your pasquinades on their approach, I really must consider that you strongly patronize the Madona. Say, is not this a true bill?"

"Are you serious?" he replied, with well-feigned horror at the base surmise. "Oh, no, Mrs. Bouverie,

' Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.'

Then ran off to assist Marian on her horse; leaving the party convinced, that though he had disclaimed all acquaintance with Miss Bamfield's Cupid, that of Miss Lloyd's held him in a willing bondage.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.
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"Detested impotence of flatter'd charms,  
That could not bind my wanderer to my arms!  
Ah! what avail'd your beauties, but to lure  
That fleeting love ye knew not to secure!"

It was after the second morning of quadrille-practising at Montresor Castle, that Marian, in all the misery of unsettledness, on her return home, again addressed her friend in this manner—

"It is no chimera of a jaundiced imagination—Ormsby but too evidently loves Juliet Bouverie. Yet do not think, my much-valued friend, that I, 'as rejected suitors use, affect a life of solitude and shades,' and quite give myself up to desolation and despair. Alas! no. I

have enlisted in duplicity's cause, and whatever it may cost me, the outward smile shall hide from all eyes but yours, my cherished Sophia, the pangs of heart, which, in spite of all my struggles to the contrary, I still have to endure. Indeed, when I look at him, gloriously superior as he is to the rest of mankind, I am almost tempted to wonder that the wreck of my heart's earliest, fondest, proudest hopes, should not have committed more devastation on my frame of mind, than I am willing to believe it really has ; but whilst endeavouring to receive the impression that ' there is no sorrow which may not be succeeded by joy—no misfortune that may not draw some happiness in its train,' I think you will cherish the hope, that by dint of this reasoning, joined to a plentiful stock of perseverance, I may eventually become quite a new being.

“ You

“ You express a wish of hearing a little concerning the character of my *second self* (that is to be) Mr. Beauchamp. At present I can say nothing more, but that he certainly improves much on acquaintance; and whilst I view the smile of delight that gladdens my father’s countenance at the but-too-apparent and indeed ostentatiously-displayed interest I take in his assiduously-offered attention, I cannot but fancy that in following the path his paternal wishes point out, I shall eventually arrive at that happiness his hopes are most sanguine in promising me. It is to domestic intercourse that we are mostly indebted for the development of character; and whilst dining with us *sans façon*, I find more in my cousin’s head, and very much more in his heart, than his general manners would give him the credit of.

“ You may wonder, from the relation.

ship that exists between us, and which, in the common course of things, generally produces intimacy, that I have not long since made this, to me, essential discovery ; but I merely knew him as a rude and troublesome schoolboy, that used to break my dolls, and frighten my tame birds, and whose only letter of recommendation, in my eyes, was his curly hair, until his return home, about a year since, from the Continent, where he had spent those years of his life which either make or mar the man. To him however I am led to believe they *'have done some service,'* and *he knows it ; but of that no more,* or you will say I am already playing the wife's part, in thus puffing off my *gude mon*.

" I am vexed to see, that with all my endeavours towards removing it (and which perhaps may make things worse), that Ormsby and my cousins are no favourites

yourites one with the other. I know the time when I should have been quite silly enough to have been flattered at this circumstance; but now (and does a year ever pass that we do not grow wiser?) it has the effect of rendering my favourable speculations on Mr. Beauchamp's character more fluctuating, than if sanctioned and upheld by perceiving any corresponding sentiments in the mind of one whom I am tempted to believe (and, oh! how soothing is the supposition!) still feels some little interest in that which so nearly concerns my happiness; and whilst retaining such a friend, dare I repine at having lost such a lover? But

' Friendship can with placid power  
Many a weary hour beguile,  
Yet I weep that love no more  
Deigns to cast on me a smile.'

"The other morning my cousin Beauchamp had been passing an hour with  
D 6 me,



me, and was still trifling away the time, until my father's return from his morning's ride, and whom he wished much to see, when the door opened, and, self-announced, entered Ormsby! On viewing the occupants of the chamber, with all the horrors of a Hamlet, when he says—'Speak to it, Horatio,' he retreated a few paces, seeming to await an invitation ere he again ventured to advance. Why I should feel confused I know not, unless it is contagious; but that I did was most certain, and I began to apprehend its suffusing my countenance with most rosy hue, when it received its final blow by Harry's seeing what nobody else saw, namely, my father approaching by a circuitous route to the house—flew out of the window with the agility of a harlequin, and left me to all the trembling horrors of an untoward *tête-à-tête*. On both sides it was most painfully irksome; and I have  
reason

reason to fear that I am not only to experience the loss of his attentions, but that the constraint of manner this conviction gives me, will daily make me lose ground in his good opinion.

“ After a long pause, and not the first by any means, but which I in vain attempted to break, he said, more I believe in default of other matter, than from any method, whilst with his stick he most laboriously marked out the pattern on the carpet, looking all the while as intently on it, as though his life depended on his exactitude—

‘ Marian,’ he said, ‘ we are not such good friends as we have been. You have often laughed at my Welch blood.’

“ I felt I had been trifled with—then mocked in my misery, and to reply was impossible. My eyes struck fire, and I  
saw

saw not that my father had entered the room, until, much to my relief, and no doubt equally so to his, Ormsby had sought security by his side. It was then I found the motive of his visit was to tell us, that Mrs. Bouverie had commissioned him to entreat our company that day to dinner; and my father, who, I believe, looks upon every moment not spent at the castle a lost one, gladly consented to joining the party.

"With surprise I found, on inquiring for Mr. Wallingford, that he had that morning departed for London, and in what appears most surprising to those who know him, the character of a despairing lover. This I gleaned from that finished piece of coquetry, Mrs. Bouverie, for Juliet looked too sedate, whenever his name was mentioned, for me to attempt gaining any intelligence in that quarter. Ormsby once inadvertently

tently uttered the regret the loss of his friend's society gave him; but the expression of self-upbraiding, that for a moment appeared on Juliet's countenance, and which as immediately gave place to an imploring one towards him, silenced the many others that I am sure would otherwise have followed.

“ Mrs. Bouverie was not to be so restrained. Every thing reminded her of ‘poor Wallingford.’ The screen she held in her hand, he had decorated for her. ‘No one guessed charades so quickly.’ The silk she netted with, he had wound for her ‘with his darling white hands.’ Now she would play the ‘love of a song’ she had last heard him sing; then rose abruptly from the instrument, declaring no one but himself could do it justice. This minute she wondered how far he was from the castle; the next, how near he was the place he is going to.

“ Is

“ Is there not much to condemn in this frivolity of conduct? and yet I really believe this vanity, emptiness, and folly, to be perfectly distinct from every thing less pardonable. Admiration is the *ignis fatuus* that leads her astray, and, like that, ends in nothing. Juliet, although its particular object, is perfectly exempt from this foible herself, and is, I believe, sometimes not a little astonished at the lengths it carries her aunt. Indeed it is evident that she has been reared in a very different school, and whilst watching this

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“ She moth of a drawing-room,  
Sport round the beam, and burn her pretty wings,  
Ere conscious of her danger,”

I fancy I see an expression of compassionate feeling in the glance she timidly casts towards her uncle. But all is ease and confidence in that quarter; he most probably has seen his wife in no other point of view; and did he complain, I  
fancy

fancy she might say with Othello, *he had eyes and chose me.*

“ Many days have elapsed since I commenced this letter, and much of the time has been passed at the castle. Indeed it appears the centre of attraction to the whole county. Mrs. Bouverie, perfectly in her glory, shews herself, I believe, in different colours to almost every individual. Some are ‘ charmed ’ with her, others pronounce her a ‘ hateful piece of affectation ; ’ some wonder ‘ what in the name of fortune could have induced lord Montresor to have invited her to the castle ; ’ whilst others ‘ hope, for their part, she will never quit it.’

“ The Bamfields are the most amusing in their remarks. The mother, originally nothing but an upper servant to her husband’s first wife, laments that Mrs. Bovry is not more purliter and  
attentive

attentive somehow to people when they drops in, and concludes with saying, she somehow seems so to scorn what she's a-going to say, and never seems to hear what she have been a-saying, that somehow she don't care to talk to her at all somehow——

‘La, ma!’ interrupts her eldest daughter, I am sure she’s very elegant, and keeps very high company in London; ‘not that I think her so over good-looking as they say; do you think she is, Hetty?’

“Hetty, who is her sister’s echo, perfectly agrees to this, and then proceeds to tell how that lord Montresor—only think, at her request——

‘Yes, at her request,’ repeat the mamma and sister, whilst, in their mind’s eye, a coronet already decorates the darling’s brow.

‘At

‘ At my request he is going to give a ball !’

‘ Yes, indeed, a ball !’ is again repeated in chorus, to stamp conviction on the amazed hearers.

“ And it is very true that there is to be a ball, but whether it derives its source from the wishes of Miss Hetty Bamfield, I have yet to determine; but I strongly suspect Juliet Bouverie has much to do with it; but as this is only suspicion on my part, I will not tax your patience with its various ramifications.

“ Mrs. Bouverie, who is perfectly in alt at the prospect of this gala, employs all who approach the castle in standing up to practise French dances with her. She takes a pride in puzzling us *Vandals* with the newest figures; and whilst leading us a sad dance through the *pi-rouette*,



*rouette, pas de basque, balancez, contre tems*, and *eigadon*, smiles with inward contempt at the blundering steps of Irish and Scotch that in vain attempt the following her.

“ A circumstance to-day however threatened much to destroy the unalloyed felicity she apparently enjoys. My father, with whom you know Ormsby has ever been a favourite, expressed a wish that he would accompany him in a visit of necessity to my uncle’s, by whom he is also known and equally valued. The point was soon settled, and they arranged to depart early to-morrow morning, that they might thereby be enabled to return home with ease on the morning of the ball.

“ Mr. Bouverie, by dint of a little persuasion, and the bribe of enjoying a good day’s sport on my uncle’s manor,  
was

was soon lured into joining the party, and there remained nothing to be done but the ordering their march, which, no doubt, would as quickly have followed, had not Mrs. Bouverie, during the pauses of the stop waltz, in which she had been most energetically whirling my happy cousin, caught the words—‘ I still maintain that my post-chariot will be the best mode of conveyance after all.’ There was treason in the sound. Gloomy prognostics gathered on her brow, chasing away the smiles so lately seated there—the loves, the graces, for the moment were forgotten, as darting out of the circle, and casting an anxious look of inquiry round, she at length seized hold of the culprit’s arm, and in angry tone asked—‘ After all what, sir Owen ?’

“ It was sooner explained than credited.

‘ You

‘ You surely do not mean this seriously ?’

‘ Why not ?’

‘ Why ? a hundred reasons !’

‘ Mention one, my dear madam.’

‘ Oh, I could tell you a thousand, sir ; but,’ said she, turning to Ormsby, and laying her little white hand on his arm, ‘ you, I am sure, will not go ; nay, *you* shall not. As for you, Bouverie, I know you of old. You will do as you like, and in this instance you may ; but with this proviso, that you bring back sir Owen in time for the ball.’

“ Ormsby stood irresolute ; but his word was given, and in spite of blandishments and threats of the siren, my father carried his point, and they depart to-morrow.

“ Some one proposed, that during the absence of my father, I should pass my time at the castle ; but so coldly was it  
seconded

seconded by Mrs. Bouverie (who I suppose, from the active part taken by my father in this to her provoking affair, means to visit the sins upon the child) that I declined it altogether.

“Juliet, I thought, looked disappointed, and could I then have recalled my determination with satisfaction to my own feelings, this, I believe, would have tempted me. Indeed I can imagine no so pitiable a lot as the being doomed to the society of a Mrs. Bouverie—ten thousand times had I rather pass my hours alone than with such a woman. She possesses not one natural quality—all that appears so pleasing in her character when in society, is the result of a calculative system formed by her vanity. She talks of the warmth of her affections, whilst at the same time her heart is so evidently dried up by self-love, that it must be as incapable of attaching

taching a true friend, as it is of answering the tenderness of consanguinity. She has all that falsity ever attendant on the intrigues of coquetry, and hers is indeed coquetry carried to its height ; not proceeding from the desire of being beloved, but of being the object of admiration to every one that beholds her ; and yet how right it is that this uncontrollable vanity brings with it its own chastisement ! for has it not to sustain the most mortifying humiliations, and to those who have any feeling of principle, reflections the most painful ? reproach environs, contempt follows its possessor ; and how can a being intoxicated with pride, zealous for incense, praise, and celebrity, support itself under so many humiliations, as it must inevitably receive ? Oh ! I have myself witnessed the homage that she has so anxiously sought, gratuitously offered, with all the tributes of respect and esteem, to  
the

the pure, the modest Juliet. Did women but know how much more pleasing to men of sense are delicacy and softness, than an exuberant gaiety, or even wit itself, how different their exertions—how much lighter would be their labour! Men can never be compelled into admiration; they must be enticed into it: the soul is not to be gained by storm. But this heart-deadening propensity, vanity, leaves little room for reflection; every just feeling, every benevolent sentiment, is extinguished by its fatal influence. With what selfish cruelty have I seen the feelings, the interests, of the little unconscious being, who unwittingly stands sometimes, I own, most provokingly in the way of her gratification, sacrificed through this dangerous feeling! and yet how poor, how transient the delight it affords! and how truly wretched must that mind be, which, I verily believe, has no gratification separate from

the restless desires this baneful thirst of admiration excites!

“ I think I never wrote so energetically about any one before, but this is a character that interests me much, though I believe I examine it more with curiosity than with pleasure. Yet at the same time I must confess, that she *has*, when she chooses, which rarely happens but when the lords of the creation are present to witness her endeavours, manners the most engaging, joined to a *piquant mélange* of coquetry and prudery, singularly captivating, which, when merely in the society of women, commonly gives place to a constraint of manners, that shews her off to much less advantage.

“ What a different creature is Juliet Bouverie ! So much modesty, so much propriety of conduct, remote from all coquetry,

coquetry, disclaiming, without effort, the attentions she invariably excites, she has only to be seen, to be loved, valued, and respected.

“ It has been said that a woman never praises another, that she does not intend to bring in that little ugly monosyllable *but* at the end of her encomiums; however, it is not from the motive of undervaluing what I have so justly awarded her, that I observe I have lately fancied there to be much inequality in her conduct. Sometimes I meet her reserved and melancholy, sometimes lively and brilliant: tell me, can it be love that causes this alteration? and yet I ought to know that Ormsby can never love in vain; but to time, which sages tell us ‘sheweth all things,’ I must leave its development.

“ Adieu! I see visitors approaching.



What an objection some good people have to the leaving one to enjoy a little the delights of peace and solitude !”

## CHAPTER IV.

Joyeux oiseaux, troupes amoureuses,

Ah ! par pitié, ne chantez pas !

L'amant, qui me rendit heureuse,

Est parti pour d'autres climats. ROUSSEAU.

.....

Give me to drink mandragora,

That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away. SHAKESPEARE.

THE slumbers of Mrs. Bouverie, and with them the charm of forgetfulness, were suddenly put a stop to the following morning by the well-known "yoicks" of sir Owen Lloyd, below the windows of her apartment. All was now bustle and confusion within the castle. Mr. Bouverie had, what is termed, *overslept himself*, and lord Montresor was nowhere to be found.

“Gracious Heaven! will they let me have no peace?” inwardly groaned Mrs. Bouverie, as she vainly endeavoured, by burying her head in the large downy pillow, to deaden the distracting sound of the numerous bells and hasty voices that gratingly struck upon her ear. To find refuge in a renewal of sleep, was however impossible, and as, in despair, she gave up the idea, she exclaimed, in a voice of sufficient irritation in itself, to put the soft god to flight—“In the name of mercy! how can Cecil ever expect to get dressed, if he never lets go of that brute of a bell-rope?”

The voice of sir Owen again resounded through the garden, but the tone was changed, and the *view-holla* he now indulged in, scientifically proclaimed to Mr. Bouverie that his friend lord Montresor was found.

An

An animated conversation was now held between the two gentlemen below, and the one at his dressing-room window, from which Mrs. Bouverie learned that lord Montresor had been up three hours, expecting most impatiently the arrival of sir Owen.

She waited not the conclusion of the recital, but throwing herself back in an agony of vexation—"Why," she said, "why did I not anticipate this? Yes, it is clear he may have suffered impatience, but" (and a gleam of satisfaction passing over her countenance, shewed *how* the question was answered) "but was it for *my appearance*, or sir Owen Lloyd's? Three hours!" she soliloquized; "three hours! why in half that time I'll venture to assert, I could have turned him from his intention of complying with that old obstinate man's whim. Three hours!" she again mournfully repeated, from the

conviction of what she had lost, and she was still sighing "three hours!" when her maid, as was her usual custom at that time, gently drew aside her curtains. The question of, whether she would choose to rise? was again answered by the almost-forgotten one of "what's the use?" And when the task was commenced "of braiding her locks, and teaching the ringlets how to flow," the pettish exclamation of "what can you be thinking of?" whilst a sudden jerk released her head from the purgatory about to be inflicted—"what can you be about? one would think that I had not a cap in the world—you have no discretion, Mayfield"—soon convinced the sagacious attendant, that the arts of decoration might for that day be dispensed with.

"For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?  
He's gone, whom only she desired to please."

Juliet

Juliet was already in the breakfast-room, and on the entrance of Mrs. Bouverie, began laughingly to complain of the interruption their repose had so early experienced. She stopped, for her aunt's altered appearance immediately struck her; and as she turned away (for reply she knew to be out of probability) felt that she could willingly forswear *lace caps* and *Indian shawls* for the rest of her life.

It seemed so quite going back to old days, that on concluding her silent repast, she mechanically bent her steps towards the long-deserted, though still dear pavilion. The scenes that met her view, how very different! how much were they changed since last she had witnessed them! and, oh! how still more altered were the sentiments that inhabited her own fair breast! She felt she was not happy, and yet she thought she would not part with these compli-

cated feelings of her soul, its pensive struggles against hope, its hard-taught resignation to the whisperings of fear, for all the happiest realities of the cold, the vapid indifference she had so lately enjoyed. "And yet, what am I thus hugging to my heart?" she asked herself, as pausing in her path, she pressed her hand on the little flutterer that vibrated in her bosom.

A rustling amongst the dead leaves caused her hastily to turn; for she feared she might have been the object of observation; whilst the perplexity of her thoughts had rendered her unconscious of her actions; but it proved to be only Owen, at his old employ of "trimming up a bit;" and to avoid the necessity of replying to his never-failing salutation of "I hopes you pe pretty well, Miss," she softly turned the angle of the walk, and was quickly in the pavilion.

She

She soon perceived (and not without surprise, from the solitude of its situation) that although so long neglected by herself, it had still not been quite deserted. She wondered again and again who could have discovered it; nay, she almost felt jealous that any one should have approached it but herself; she thought of lord Montresor, she thought of Marian, and she repeated from memory the words of the song she had there found with their names affixed to it—"I am a trespasser," she said, suppressing the sigh that would otherwise have escaped her lips; "it is wrong that I should ever again approach this to them sacred spot."

She was going to depart, when a book on the marble slab, on which, when last there, she had arranged some vases of flowers, caught her attention; it must have been left by the last occupant.



She was *quite sure* it belonged to lord Montresor; but she would just open the first page; and she smiled at the wrong conclusions her active imagination *had* led her into, on perceiving the name of her own discarded lover, Orlando Wallingford.

“Poor, poor Orlando!” she sighed, “thy affection was worthy a kinder return than this wayward heart of mine could teach itself to offer.” Her heart indeed was fully attuned to pity hopeless love. Could she but change the object, oh how devoted, how blest might pass her days!

It was a bright picture dancing in her imagination, fleet as visionary, for a folded paper on the ground, and which she must have dropped on opening the book, met the glance of her eye—a glance which had received its brightest hue

hue from the vivid painting of the soul. It was a dear and precious moment, brief as sweet. The vague delight that had filled her heart was gone; the rapid pulse was calmly subsiding, and, with the apathy of one awakened from a dream, she read the following lines:—

And must I bid farewell to thee,  
Thou sweetest flower of earth,  
That more an angel seem'st to me,  
Than aught of mortal birth?  
By silver Elan's winding way,  
If far from thee my footsteps stray,  
That thought will rob of every smile  
The loveliest vale that gems our isle.

Were mine the simplest, lowliest cot,  
On Arctic plains afar,  
Where man scarce sees, and blesses not,  
The sun's low wheeling car,  
Where no life-kindling zephyrs blow,  
Where nature sleeps in chains of snow,  
Thy single presence would suffice  
To make my dwelling Paradise.

But lovely is the scene that lies  
Around the sylvan shores,

Where

Where Elan's barriers-mountains rise,  
And dark brown Clerwen roars.  
Peace, friendship, truth, refined and free,  
The muse, and mountain liberty,  
All these, and more, will be lot ;  
Yet what are they, where thou art not ?

No more from fortune's hand I claim,  
No fairer home I seek ;  
The magic sound of Juliet's name  
My every wish will speak :  
There love and hope at once express  
All forms of native loveliness ;  
The heart, where purest feelings beat ;  
The voice, than music's self more sweet ;  
The smile, to which more charms are given,  
Than aught enthusiasts dream of Heaven. O.

CHAPTER V.  
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"I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it."

.....

"Love's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief, full of woe;
All his joys are mix'd with smart,
Thorns beneath his roses grow;
And, serpent-like, he stings the breast
Where he is harbour'd and caress'd."

It is an old saying, that nothing so soon brings people to their senses as reflection and solitude. Now though Mrs. Bouverie did not much patronize the former, perforce the latter worked its miracle; and though she had felt, or fancied she felt, much indignation against Marian, for the active part *her* father had

had taken in depriving her of the society of lord Montresor, neither had she forgotten that it was to *her* uncle's that he was taken; yet was she willing, the second long day of their absence, to forgive all these wrongs in the recompence of an increase to her society.

The thing was, how to bring it about? It was yet too soon for Marian to have forgotten the chilling reception her father's proposal had met with on her part; and "I do believe I do some of the most foolish things woman ever did," was her *consoling* reflection, as turning to Juliet, she said—"Any thing is better than this; tell me how to get Marian Lloyd here. Do you think she would come, if I were to ask her?"

Juliet's heart bounded at the proposal; but a moment's reflection taught her to be even less sanguine in its success

cess than her aunt. The servant however was at length dispatched, and in due time returned with the information, that Miss Lloyd was then engaged with friends at home, but that on the morrow, at an early hour, she would visit the castle.

Juliet was seated at her solitary work-table, in the large recess of the sitting-room window, at an early hour the following morning.

Mrs. Bouverie had breakfasted in her own apartment, and thus left to herself, there was little chance but of her thoughts taking the only direction she wished them to avoid. She had hoped that this short absence from him who caused these struggles in her breast, would have enabled it to regain some of its former strength and freedom.—“It is his presence alone,” she said, “that charms

charms my faculties, and holds my mind in thralldom ; denied this dangerous indulgence, I shall soon cease to remember any thing but what in duty I owe to my friend—what in pity I owe to myself. There's something in me that reproves my fault," she thought ; and she might have added, " but such a headstrong potent fault it is, that it but mocks reproof;" for almost unconsciously she asked herself the question, whether

" Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die ?"

when a gentle tap against the pane of large plate-glass caused her to look up, and Marian Lloyd, in a laughing attitude, stood before her—" I am amused, my dear Miss Bouverie," she said, in answer to Juliet's look of inquiry, " at the amazing velocity with which you make
that

that little instrument the needle go through its wonderful evolutions; why, if you always work at that ratio, we shall most decidedly, some of these days, see your mortal part deposited in the cross-roads between this and the village."

"Cross roads!" repeated Juliet, in much confusion; for this random speech seemed somehow to touch upon the thoughts that had made her heart and her needle move to the same measure: "cross-roads! No; I think—indeed—I know I never should kill myself; but let me open the hall-door for you—you must be cold," rising as she spoke.

"Hall-door!" exclaimed Miss Lloyd; "why it is at least ten miles round to it, go the nearest way you will. Oh! I see you do not know this place so well as I do"—she half smothered a sigh as she spoke—"its quirks, its turns." She was out of hearing, and half a minute after

after Juliet had seen the last of her drapery float round one of the moss-covered buttresses, she had opened a small door on one side the apartment, and was seated before her.

There had been but short space, and yet had Juliet pondered over the words —“ You do not know this place so well as I do;” they seemed to bring conviction with them, and all her former suspicions burst on her mind, in “confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.” Her rival was then amicably seated before her. *Rival*, she could not have the hope, the *wish* of calling her, and yet perhaps she was the only being that stood between her and happiness. “But she dreams not that I wrong her either in word or deed,” thought Juliet, endeavouring, at the same time, to shake off the constraint that was insensibly creeping over her. “She dreams not that

that even in thought I wrong her, or that sweet alluring smile would never thus endeavour to cheat me into friendship."

Marian was the first to break silence, by asking at what hour Mrs. Bouverie generally made her appearance?—"You will think me," she continued, "one of Eve's most vulgar daughters, by keeping these primeval hours; and though I warned you yesterday by the servant of what you had to expect, yet people's ideas of *early* are on such a different scale, that perhaps I ought, even now, to go and hide myself in some of my dear old haunts, till the moment when fashion's timepiece, which is a very different sort of a thing to the Welch hourglass, should point me out the hour of *visibility*."

This was the moment so desired by
Juliet

Juliet. Marian ceased speaking; but the questions that had crowded at her heart, sunk into hurried palpitations ere she could give them utterance.

It was evident that Marian expected some assurances of welcome; she had quitted her chair; but her hand still rested on its back. Another such opportunity might never again occur. How much might not a few *well-directed* questions unveil to her! At any rate she persuaded herself they would leave her nothing to hope, nothing to expect, nothing to wish for. She made the effort, and Marian was again seated before her. With dry throat, tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth, and working at the same time still faster than ever, she began her first *well-directed question*.

“Do you ever work, that is, I mean plain-

work, such as this?" holding up the slip of muslin she was hemming, in such a manner as to hide the confusion of her countenance at this her first failure of courage. A "yes," and a "no," soon left her far as ever from her point; and she found that *work* was not at all the subject that could possibly lead her to it.

Here was a long, very long pause, which Marian (totally unconscious of the examination, nay cross-examination, in train for her) passed, much apparently to her own satisfaction, in looking at all the *bijouterie* contained in Juliet's work-box. A folded paper at last caught her attention. She took it from its station, looked at it, folded it again, and was again replacing it, when Juliet, seeing the action, said, with more composure than Marian herself at that moment possessed—"Pray read it; it is addressed to me; I found it in the pavilion."

An

An ashy paleness succeeded the late flushing of Marian's cheek, and again was Juliet assailed by all the perplexity of doubt, and she mentally thought—"It cannot surely prove to be Mr. Wallingford she loves." Unknown to herself, the suspicion gave her assurance, and she said, with even some strength of voice—"You have known lord—lady Montresor a long while?"

"I *did* know her," replied Marian, "very well—perhaps too well," she added; "that is, I was too much with her and her—family, for my own peace of mind. I do not mean that—I mean—I foolishly thought I should always live—die with her. The happy have said, and they know not how true it is, that we all take a great deal more killing than we are aware of; but, good God! if the wreck of one's heart's happiness is still to leave one struggling with the storm—if, after loving one, *and only*

only one, you find, drop by drop, the life-blood of your affections chilled—chilled by a coldness that but mocks reproof, sending back the throb of tenderness, like an ice-bolt, to the bosom from whence it sprung—if in imploring blessings on *one*, you have failed in begging even mercy for yourself—if, I say, you are the wretch I truly paint, were it not better than aping sentiments you scorn to feel, to cover those you blush to avow—were it not better to snap the cord asunder, and let—I have torn your poem, Miss Bouverie. What can I say to excuse myself? will you not think it black malevolent envy—jealousy, in its most ugly garb? Oh! no, no; believe me I am far beyond that—my mind is too beat down—too subdued my power of feeling that baneful passion was gone ere it could be called into existence.”

“ Then it is Orlando Wallingford
VOL. II. F she

she loves," said Juliet, as Marian turned to address Mrs. Bouverie, who then entered the room, "or why should she fear that I might think she had a motive in destroying that for which I can have no value?—'Oh adverse fate! I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.' And will she not say with Hermia—'Juggler! canker-blossom! thief of love! why have you come by night, and stolen my love's heart from me?' And poor lord Montresor!" she sighed in accents of pity, "if *his* love is vain, whose shall hereafter ever hope to find requital?"

The day dragged on heavily to all. Mrs. Bouverie seemed to consider that she was to be the *amused*, not the *amusing*; and in spite of herself, Juliet could only give a monosyllable now and then to the general stock of conversation, which rarely by Mrs. Bouverie branched into any other channel than—"What
time

time in the evening do they generally arrive from your uncle's? Are the roads passable? I dare say the carriage will break down. Leader never meant that dear little light thing of Montresor's, I am sure, to be dragged about this up-and-down place. What's your uncle like? Younger perhaps than your father? Now I do like young men! they always mean more than they say, and say more than they mean. I hate your calculative talkers, who hold their tongues this minute, from the fear they may repent what they have said the next. I wish Wallingford had not left us," casting a spiteful glance at Juliet, who as immediately turned her eyes towards Marian—"I wish he had not minded any body's advice but mine. He hates fastidiousness as much as I do, and so does lord Montresor. How we shall miss him at our ball! What do the girls dress like in these parts? Have they

but just adopted the Bustle—Pad—Waterloo, what do they call it? Cornwallis would say the *Rear-admiral*. No one ever had his original wit, I do believe. They are gone quite out in London, however, and I am sure, were they not, those Bamfields are sufficient to give one a distaste to them, hanging as they do at the top of their square-set shoulder-bones; besides, in waltzing, without management they were sadly in the way. I wonder, by-the-bye, Montresor can know these people; and that he can something like flirt with one of them, is still more surprising—the girl evidently presumes on it—would not do the Moulinet the other morning—ugly thing! I am sure general P—— must have had her in his mind when he talked about *two left hands*."

Although decidedly the most inattentive of the party, Mrs. Bouverie's ears were
the

the first to catch the sound of approaching carriage-wheels. The intervening moments of uncertainty, when "yes, it is—no, it is not," follow each in quick succession, were spent before the never-forgotten post, a pier-glass, and she had only just turned the last pretty ringlet over her taper finger, when the servant entered, and Miss Lloyd's carriage was announced. All patience was now gone. With barely-concealed vexation she returned her parting compliments, nodded across the room to Juliet, and muttering the words, "Provoking—Cecil's fault—always keeps people waiting," took a candle, and retired to her apartment.

Did her uncle—did any one return home last night? was the first question Juliet asked on awaking the following morning. Her servant really did not know. Not know! Good Heavens, how extraordinary it appeared to her that any

one could be so totally indifferent, whilst her whole thoughts, her whole soul, were given up to this one being ! Her aunt's retiring to rest the preceding night had left her without an excuse for awaiting their arrival in the sitting-room ; yet had she lingered a long while at the large window on the grand staircase which overlooked the hall-door, till weary with watching, and fearing her light, and with it her motive, might be discovered, she with dissatisfaction retreated to her own apartment, the windows of which opened to a different part of the country.

Still in ignorance of that which her heart panted to know, she prepared to descend to the breakfast-parlour. Trepidation marked her steps ; and as she passed the staircase-window, she turned away from the painful recollection it produced of her late anxiety. She had
now

reached the door; one moment was given to retrieve her fleeting self-possession; the next saw her in the room alone with lord Montresor. He was seated in the chaise-longue usually occupied by Mrs. Bouverie; his elbows rested on the arms—an air of abstraction pervaded his countenance—his brows were knit, and, evidently from vexation, he was vehemently biting the corners of a folded paper, round which his fingers were closely clasped.

One glance had shewn Juliet all this. The hand that had been timidly extended towards him, fell paralysed by her side. She saw that she was the object of his unaccountable displeasure, and fear lent her looks an expression of disdain she was far from feeling, as returning his haughty salutation she passed him, and taking a book from the table, seated herself at the farthest end of the

F 4

apartment.

apartment. All was silence ; she had placed herself in such a manner that his movements were hid from her ; and though she would have given worlds to have known whether his eyes had followed her, it could not be effected without his evidently perceiving the change in her position.

At length he rose from his chair, and Juliet's heart beat quick as the sound of his footsteps approached her ; but again they receded—again drew near—and again receded. His pace was hurried and unequal ; and by his lingering a while before he made each turn, it was evident that he hesitated as to the line of conduct he should pursue.

Unconscious of offence, yet feeling all the subdued sensations attendant on guilt, Juliet was unwilling to hasten the explanation she saw inevitably pending

ing over her : indeed a feeling of injured pride had intuitively become so blended with the many others that overwhelmed her, that she felt she would rather, much rather, continue to be the sufferer from a hastily-formed conclusion, than become herself the means of securing her own exculpation. Then why should I remain here? she thought; but lord Montresor stood before her, and to depart was impossible. He appeared to be still wrestling with many angry emotions; and yet as the meek and supplicating eyes of Juliet upturned towards his, a softened expression returned their glance; and the expression of his countenance was assuming a milder cast, when the voice of Mr. Bouverie was heard on the staircase. He had but a moment; the folded paper which he still held in his hand was suddenly dashed on her open book, and as he turned to quit the apartment, he said, in a voice

tremulous by contending passions—
 “ Miss Bouverie, I had widely mistaken your character, and find too late, that it is left to softer hearts to pity and to spare the infatuated self-deluded being, who has not only the humility of finding his sentiments at the mercy of every curious eye; but the keen, the bitter conviction that they have been treated contumeliously, and with unprovoked contempt, by the insensible objects who thus thanklessly inspired them.”

It was indeed but too true. The paper thus obtruded on her attention (and which had been carelessly left in the room the preceding evening) proved to be the very one that Marian had so unintentionally mutilated in the morning. Lately so confident in innocence, she now found that she deserved all the cutting invectives Lord Montresor had so unsparingly heaped upon her; and
 though

though not to the extent that he conceived, yet by even meriting a single part of them, she felt humbled, mortified, overwhelmed, and disgraced.

In this disposition she was summoned to take her usual place at the head of the breakfast-table; and with every body already seated, it was a painful duty to enter upon; but she calmed herself, painfully keeping down her heart, and as she drew the massive silver urn close before her, congratulated herself on finding that it completely shut from her view the form of lord Montresor. A moment's consideration however unfolded to her the conviction, that on his part it was equally premeditated; and she sighed on beholding the chair he usually occupied stand vacant by her side. The weight at her heart increased tenfold at this public mark of his displeasure; that he could ever forgive her,

out of the nature of things. She had unwarily injured his friend, and he could henceforth only look upon her with distrust and aversion. It was even painful to him to speak to her, for Mrs. Bouverie observed, that he had learnt a new taste at Mr. Lloyd's, and was helping himself to chocolate, as if he *really* liked it. He would not then even take any thing from her hands. Her eyes swam in tears. She felt no *amertume* against him.—“I deserve it all,” she said, as she silently placed some tea as near to him as their distance apart would allow. Whether he perceived it or not, was matter of doubt; it remained untouched till the servant removed it at the end of the breakfast.

CHAPTER VI.

Se d'un amor tiranno
 Credei di trionfar,
 Lasciami nell' inganno,
 Lasciami lusingar,
 Che più non amo.

METASTASIO.

.....

The objects which most excite variety and envy, during the season of youth, are those which are presented in a ball-room. This is the place for displaying the attractions most calculated to call forth the triumph and animosities of personal competition. This triumph and these animosities betray themselves occasionally to the least discerning eye. But were the recesses of the heart laid open, how often would be seen feelings of disgust and aversion, not always stopping short of malevolence!

GISBORNE.

It is almost unnecessary to explain that the lines found by Juliet in the pavilion, were not the production of Orlando Wallingford, but of Ormsby Montresor.

The

The sentiments there expressed had imperceptibly become entwined round his heart, and he was himself unconscious of the extent to which he loved her. A stranger, since his mother's death, to all the happiness of domestic life, it had long been his task to seek a soul that answered to his own—a heart that would return him sigh for sigh; smile with him in felicity, and weep, whilst it taught him resignation, in the hour of affliction. In this pursuit he had assiduously frequented the crowded London assemblies; and if he expected to find the gem he sought under every pretty face, he was not the first man who has had to accuse the whole sex of frivolity. In this dilemma (for he had little hopes of suiting himself) his thoughts invariably returned to Marian; and though she failed in the character he would have formed, had he the power of *contriving* his own happiness, yet
such

such as they were, he knew her faults; whilst the holiday tempers, words, and looks of the manœuvring London misses, left him every thing to learn—every thing to apprehend.

In this frame of thinking, he was easily persuaded by his volatile associates, that a single life was the only one in which unalloyed happiness was to be found; and he visited Wales, firm in the conviction that if he ever did marry, it would be more an act of retributive justice towards Marian Lloyd, than from any consideration concerning his own felicity. Their first interview shewed her to him completely changed from that which recollection painted her; it might be fancy, it might be the effect of his own varying resolves; but whilst she gained an interest in the speculations this versatility of character created, a closer intimacy served only
more

more firmly to convince him of its truth.

The unexpectedly meeting with such a being as Juliet, was too like a sun-beam dancing in his path, for him at first to be any thing but dazzled by it; "her appearance was at that moment sweeter to him than sleep to the wearied eyelids, and he beheld in her the stem of a tall reed, and the rose of the soul;" but he guessed not the traitorous turn his feelings and sentiments had taken, until they had become much too rebellious for him to recall.

The next step to that of loving is the wish of being beloved; yet did lord Montresor fear that vain was the endeavour to make any inroads in the affections of Juliet. Always repulsive, as attractive—inciting, whilst destroying his hopes—and when he believed that he had
made

made a little way in her heart, he always found himself to be at the same point from which he had started.

Of Mrs. Bouverie he troubled himself not to think: he had met during his time a thousand *Mrs. Bouveries*, as Francis Moore would say, "more or less," inclined to trifle away their pretty lives; and though aware he gave it a *new reading*, he was willing to assign to them, under this levity of conduct, as much of true principle as his cynical friends took great pains in persuading him generally fell to the lot of women.

It was reserved for Juliet to throw a brighter, purer light upon the sex; and as he watched her character through its various ramifications, he could not but confess its perfections were manifest—its virtues pre-eminent! But what is
the

life of man? is it not to shift from sorrow to sorrow—giving up one cause of vexation, and taking to another?

This was the state of lord Montresor; he had found the treasure he sought; but its heart, its soul, were successfully shut against him. Reckless of the result, he had, in a moment of feverish impetuosity, told "his tender tale in song;" and as he placed it where it might surely meet her eye—that eye which in softness rivalled the gazelle's—cursed the weakness, the folly, that tempted him to do it against his reason, against his better judgment.

The slight he conceived his professions had received, at once blasted his whole scheme of happiness, and he did not discover, before its entire extinction, that till now hope had been with him.

"But

"But the manner, the way, the unkind way in which it was done," he said, his whole soul writhing under the smarting recollection — "did it then require so keen, so sure a stab, to teach me humility; but it has proved both bane and antidote? it has taught me that I had mistaken her character, and I never, never can love her more."

Owen was incorrigible. Nowhere was lord Montresor safe from his importunities.—"Where would his lordship like the large orange-trees placed?"

"Anywhere—everywhere."

"Would his lordship like just to step out and mark the spot; for his part, he thought, step by step, on the grand stairs they would look very peautiful; put it was not his pusiness to think, when his lordship and Miss Marian had settled, the last time the company came from all parts, that they were to stand on the first landing-place."

Owen

Owen was correct; the flowers had on that day been arranged by Marian and himself—happy excuse for passing it together! Arm within arm, nay sometimes hand within hand, they had walked through the rooms, superintending the decorations; whilst their brightest anticipations of delight for that evening consisted in dancing together.—“First love is all a dream of the imagination,” he said, as shaking off the uncherished recollection, he followed the delighted Owen to the hall. But Owen merely wanted the sanction of his presence; he had his own arcanum of effect to bring about, and lord Montresor was again left to the mercy of his own reflections.

“Quand on est au comble du malheur, l’indolence et l’inaction conduisent au désespoir. Rien ne soulage comme un projet extraordinaire ou violent, qui occupe l’imagination, et qui surtout impose la nécessité d’agir.”

Lord

Lord Montresor experienced the truth of this; for nothing appeared to offer him relief but flight; to quit the castle, and with it all its pleasures and its pains, to hurry from one scene of dissipation to another, to plunge into a vortex of levity and folly, seemed the only refuge from himself, the only shelter from a torturing memory. But this was a thing impossible; he had lured his friends, as Owen said, "from all parts;" and it was a slight they would not easily forget, were he not present to receive and welcome them. But oh! that he should have affixed on himself this clog! and for the gratification of Juliet—herself so little susceptible of that which was due to the feelings of others; but though he could not deprive her of the enjoyment of its consequences (and he hated himself for the bare wishing it), he had still the satisfaction of believing her totally unconscious that it owed its
rise

rise in herself. Marian rose on Juliet's defalcation. The evening should be spent in watching her every minutia of conduct: he would endeavour to clearly ascertain the motives of a behaviour to him unaccountable; and should the investigation shew her in the light he had been taught to consider her, why—"but fate does these things for us," he said, as assuming a gaiety his heart was a stranger to, he descended to the few friends who were invited to join the dinner-party.

Mrs. Bouverie was in ecstasies. Every thing so well managed! the rooms looked so truly beautiful! quite as beautiful as her own dear ones in London! No trouble at all; the servants seemed really used to the sort of thing—fairies must have chalked the floor! And then the variegated lamps!—where could he have procured them? No doubt they were his own. Every room filled with
exotics!

exotics! who could have thought the hothouse had held so many? and though last, not least in this Arabian Nights entertainment, whilst she had been at the trouble of taming her feet to keep time with the caprices of a Welch harper, Colinet, with his darling band, suddenly appears to her relief amidst the Welch mountains.

On seating themselves at table, no one appeared to remark the absence of Juliet but lord Montresor; he therefore supposed the cause had been alleged before he had entered the drawing-room; and though, Heaven knows! he had little reason to be interested in her welfare, he yet felt that it would have been a satisfaction to have known that it was not illness which occasioned it.

During the first course, he could not entirely divest himself of the idea but
that

that he might still see her ; and on every fresh opening of the door, without turning to assure himself whether there was any occasion for the change, he with effort began to talk loud, appear animated, and even to partake of the viands before him, with more than accustomed appetite. The lapse of a few moments destroyed the expectation ; and he again became the restless prey of a tormenting uncertainty.

Absent, spiritless, answering questions addressed to others, whilst those to himself remained unregarded, his *distract* manners could not fail of being felt and noticed by his guests. From one extreme he flew to the other ; and the party that had before experienced the contagion of dulness, now smiled under the brilliant beams of his pointed wit, fanciful repartee, and joyous conversation.

Lord

Lord Montresor was surprised and pleased with the extent of his own powers; and the spirits that had before been assumed, he now began to fancy were the natural companions of the free, the disengaged heart, that had at length resumed its station in his bosom. Some author has observed, that we are never so successful in our endeavours to cheat any one, as we are ourselves. Lord Montresor was the happy victim of this self-delusion, and though he entered the drawing-room with an appearance of proud unconcern, the disappointed conviction that Juliet was not there, awoke him not from the happy deceptive trance.

The ringing of the half-hour dinner-bell was the first thing to awake to the mind of Juliet, that she had other avocations, other duties in this world, besides brooding in sorrow and sickness of soul over those bitter reproaches, which,

whilst they wounded her to the quick, left her not even one solace in their injustice; and yet one word might have softened him, one word have convinced him, that his friend had suffered only from her carelessness, not from her contempt. She almost repented having left the breakfast-room, without seeking an interview that might have explained every thing. But it was now too late; she had flown to the deepest recess of her own chamber, and the meeting him again, assumed the aspect of the worst of evils. Oh, how she wished that she had never left her father! that he would return home, and remove her from all those trials of heart that eventually could not fail in destroying her!

Victoire entered as the last peal of the dinner-bell resounded through the castle. She had waited until the last moment, expecting that her mistress would summon

mon her; and now she said she had but little time to make her lady *belle comme une ange*.

Juliet mechanically seated herself before the toilet, caught a glance of her care-worn face in the glass, and burst into tears.—“ You need not dress me, Victoire,” she mournfully said; “ this is not a countenance to be seen on a gay day like the present. Go tell my aunt I have a slight headache, which, though it will prevent my appearing at dinner, I still hope will be quite well by the evening.” She then threw herself on the bed, and by turns weeping, then congratulating herself on her present escape, fell into a sound and peaceful slumber.

At a late hour she was awoke by the soft voice of Marian Lloyd, chiding her in gentlest accents for her slothfulness;

“for ill you cannot possibly be, my dear Miss Bouverie,” she continued, “with that soft bloom on your countenance. Nay, it is no hectic flush, but good sound health, and your hand is much cooler than mine, just released from the warm pressure of Mrs. Bamfield’s. Come, dear Juliet, do arise, fair sun, and kill those envious worms her daughters; for positively the conceited animals looked quite relieved when they heard that you were ill. As they viewed your aunt’s beautiful dress just now, they turned pale with envy, and this bids fair to kill them quite,” holding up as she spoke the robe of thinnest net, thickly studded with spots of silver lama, already spread for Juliet to put on. “Come, dear girl, do, I beseech you, look animated; you will be dressed, as my old nurse used to say, in a *jiffy*; besides, it is yet very early. These Bamfields always come sooner than any body else—Another ring!

ring!—Do appear as if you really meant to comply with my request. Oh, I guess, it is the dread of entering the room alone that makes you hesitate; but that must not prevent you; for if you come in by the small door from the conservatory, I will be there in waiting for you; and when you have once possession of my arm, no one can tell that it is your first appearance.”

At once decided by this considerate arrangement of her friend's, for she had found, too late, that in avoiding one evil, she had become the prey of a greater, Juliet arose, and put herself under the hands of her delighted attendant.

The castle was by this time all bustle and tumult; and Juliet felt, that but for Marian's kind promise, the entering the giddy circle would have been an impossibility.

sibility. Her toilet however completed, nothing remained but to put herself under this friendly protection ; and after again resisting the solicitations of Victoire, that she would but wear her beautiful coronet to match her diamond necklace, she descended to the anti-room, entered the little private door of the conservatory, and found herself in the midst of innumerable strangers. Her confusion was too great to allow her to discover that the room was too full for her to be perceived by any but those who stood immediately around her ; Marian had forgotten her, and she lifted not her eyes, till her attention was suddenly demanded by the question—

“ Is it possible I see Miss Bouverie ? ”

“ Colonel Harewood ! ” she exclaimed, with equal surprise mixed with pleasure at finding some one she knew. “ Colonel Harewood, is it you ? how glad I am

am to see you ! and dear Marian, tell me is she here ?”

“ Don’t talk of her now ; she’s very well I mean ; but do tell me how it is I find you quite alone in the mountains of Wales ?”

“ But you forget that I am equally anxious to know what lucky chance brought you to my side in this the land of strangers ; and in the gay dress you wear,” alluding to his uniform, “ I give myself much credit in so instantly recognizing you. Do you remember, the last time I saw you, you were then clad in a dirty splashed shooting-dress ?”

“ And you, Miss Bouverie, though looking equally lovely as at the present moment, a torn silk pelisse, and little boots covered to the ancles with mud. Those were happy, happy days !”

“ But Marian ?”

“ Is with her father in Ireland.”

“ And you not there ! Oh, colonel

Harewood, I fear you are changed," scrutinizing him as she spoke.

"No, Miss Bouverie; still, still the same poor devoted lover I ever was; but military duty keeps me in Wales, and her disobliging father (to say the best of him) seems glad to have us as far apart as possible. But," evidently with the wish of turning the conversation, "you must allow me to introduce some of my brother officers; they are all strangers here, and will cut my throat to-morrow if I forget them. Lord Falkland, Mr. Cleveland, Miss Bouverie."

Juliet found them sensible and agreeable men, and with real interest was attending to their conversation, when suddenly turning, she discovered, with a chilliness of heart, that lord Montresor, leaning on her uncle's arm, had become one of the party that surrounded her.

Lord

Lord Montresor, on entering the drawing-room, had immediately been assailed by the voluble tongue of the portly Mrs. Bamfield; his friends were dispersed through the large range of apartments, and as all necessity for exerting himself was thereby discarded, he listlessly threw himself on the couch by her side, and became a passive and apparently-attentive listener to the following discourse—"Well now, the rooms look sweetly pretty I must say; and no doubt all your own doing, my lord; no hand like the master's, I always say. And then the flowers and festoons all along the hall, and up the stairs, looking as beautiful and natural as though they were artificial; and outside too, all looking so noble, like 'chantment like. Hetty said, when we first saw the 'luminations as we came along—Law! s'pos the castle was afire, how mad we should be at having had to dress ourselves all for nothing!"

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—there's no reckoning 'em, I declare, and all wax too! besides the *ile* of the lamps. Ah, well! money will shew itself, I always says. And the floor figured too, as we saw coming through the vesselbull, as they calls it. Pray, sir, did Mrs. Bouverie and Miss Juliet paint it all so prettily?"

"Juliet! what was your observation, madam?"

"Oh, sir, I meant no offence," she resumed, startled by his abruptness, "I s'pos they didn't do it then; but happerpo, as the French says, where is Miss Bouvry? I s'pos she hav'n't finish-ed putting on her clothes yet."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, as the idea for a moment passed across his mind.

"For if she have had many little jobs to do," she continued, "it must have thrown her all aback, such as sticking
the

the myrtles and g'ranums all over the custards and jellies; you know these things must be done, my lord; and I says no one ought to be above such a trifle, when one reflects how much it helps the drumsticks, as Hetty calls 'em. Trimmed, I declare, with roses made a beads!" eyeing Mrs. Bouverie at the distance, "beads up the sides! beads all down the front! beads on her under-petticoat! sights of beads on her sleeves too! all made of the Roman's pearls!" Then turning to lord Montresor, sagacity beaming in her eye, she asked—"Pray, my lord, was 'em 'ere Romans so crafty a people like, as to vamp off those brittle things for real pearls, which some say comes out of oyster shells? but I can't believe 'em. I can't believe 'em, for many's the oyster I'se searched, and searched, and searched, and never could find so much as one nohow."

"Do you think there is any resemblance between Miss Bouverie and her aunt?" asked Lord Montresor, not considering the improbability that there should be any, in the wish of bringing back the conversation to the only part that he had attended to.

"Yes, my lord," she returned, with all the importance of a connoisseur; "yes, my lord, perhaps I might; there's 'em eyes, you know, and 'at 'ere nose, and, law! the mouth, and then 'em filbert teeth; don't you call 'em? Yes, my lord, I think I might see a likeness somehow, hadn't Mrs. Bouvry such a much bolder cast of countenance like, and so much redder; some people says she roudeges; but I never—no, never could," with a look of complacency, "have been so bold as to have thought such wickedness of any of your friends. I always says one ought to be content with the face as God as given 'um. A little

little false hair, or so, is nothing bad, you know, such as Miss Bouvry wears, and——”

“False hair! Miss Bouverie wear false hair!” exclaimed lord Montresor in strong terms of disbelief; then muttering to himself, “I dare say she does; it is not her only deception.”

Mrs. Bamfield continued—“Yes, my lord, my daughters says it never could all hang so, in them natural curls, if it wasn't false; but I don't know, somehow it must match very nicely if it is. I often wishes there was no such thing in the world as hair, such a plague to my daughters! so cross and snappish when they dresses it, I daresnt speak to them how; and as to coming a-nighst them! lord! I couldn't say my soul was my own! Candles flying one way, curling-tongs t'other; such a to-do! but then they do look very nice when it is done; but Hetty somehow
pleases

pleases my fancy the most; don't you think, my lord, she looks very pretty to-night?"

"Is she in any of the rooms then?" he inquired, with a quickness immediately controlled, as he continued with an attempt at *sangfroid*—"But of course she is—that is, yes—certainly—very pretty to-night."

"Some people likes 'em 'ere braids of her sister's; but I think they makes her look all so lonely like; which do you say pleases you most, my lord? 'parsons 'mongst friends are nothing you know."

"Sisters!" he repeated, whilst the contraction of his brows, and inquiring looks, evinced that his ideas had, by some unknown means, strayed far from the right point. "Sisters! I did not know she had any."

"Law, how funny!" continued Mrs. Bamfield, jocosely tapping his arm with
her

her fan ; “ but I s’pos your head’s a-running on the supper ; but, law ! don’t verret yourself about that. I always says nobody knows but oneself, whether a dish isn’t put in its proper place or no ; besides a bacheldor can’t be expected to have things in such a manner as thof he was married. Not know they was sisters, ha—ha—ha ! what a laugh Hetty and Bessey will have ! ”

Lord Montresor now found his mistake, and vexed with himself at having been cheated into listening to so much nonsense, gladly rose to receive his friends, who, to use Mrs. Bamfield’s expression, had begun “ to pour in thicker and fasterer.”

The moments which to his guests appeared to fly too quickly, with him dragged heavily on. She came not who alone engrossed his thoughts ; and whilst
he

he firmly persuaded himself that he neither wished or expected to see her, the brightened glance of the eye, and quickened pulsation of heart, as any partly-concealed figure in the crowd half promised to be hers, told a different tale, and confessed the power to which he was unwillingly a slave. In this frame of mind, the inveigling mammas and their talkative daughters became insupportable; and he had already answered the self-interested, yet tenderly-uttered interrogation, of "wont you dance, my lord?" with more of irritability than he could well reconcile to himself, when taking the arm of Mr. Bouverie, and inwardly sighing the frequently-breathed assurance, "She'll not be here to-night," proposed a stroll through the crowded apartments.

"At last, thou renegade, thou *mauvais sujet*!" exclaimed Mrs. Bouverie,

as

as for a moment Lord Montresor and his friend rested near the dancers, in their way through the ball-room—"at last you have condescended, my lord, to appear amongst us mad followers of Terpsichore; but you are too late, and though, according to all etiquette, you should have led me through the first set, I seceded my claim, after waiting five minutes—an age you know in a ball-room, and took to this—*mouche d'or*," in a whisper, alluding to the little effeminate hussar, bending under a weight of gold lace, by her side; "for I gave up all hopes of your acting up to your allegiance, when I saw you absolutely hemmed in by that Machiavel, lady Dawlish and her three daughters. I know them of old.—Rosina, my dear child," mimicking her as she spoke; 'Rosina, my dear gurl, why are you not dancing? oh! you little romp, you want mamma to choose you a partner.

Ianthe

Ianthe, my sweet angel, why so pensive? do allow lord Montresor to prevail on you to smile; you must dance, own love. Lilla, darling, must leave mamma's arm to-night. Now don't pout, spoilt *child*, his lordship will not eat you.' Lord Montresor was amused in spite of himself, and whilst he laughed heartily at the accuracy of her imitation, she continued—"How did you get away from her, without being banded from one *dear child* to the other for the whole night? 'Ianthe, own darling, you resign your claim to sweet Rosina; his lordship dances with you next.' And, 'Lilla, dear timid *gurl*, you will not be forgotten.'—So you see, my lord," resuming her own tone, "it is literally in that quarter, out of the land of Egypt into the house of bondage."

The little man of war, who had all the time attended to nothing but his
tring

tring moustache, which he laboriously turned off from his lip by the aid of his sweetly-scented *mouchoir*, now reminded her that she was wanted to commence *L'Eté*. Inspired by the presence of lord Montresor, and *feeling* that his eyes rested upon her, she, with the lightness of a sylph, bounded into the centre of the set; and whilst her opposite partner, with painful perspicuity, went through all the evolutions of "en avant deux—chassez, déchassez—traversez, chassez, déchassez, balancez, et tour de main," she, with nearly the skill of a Milanese, and all her fascination, exhibited, in sweet defiance of every rule, the most agile movements and beautiful attitudes; then, as the conclusion of the strain recalled her to the side of her little marquis, with a languor as bewitching as her former vivacity, she appeared nearly ready to sink in his arms, as a shelter from the numerous bursts of admiration

miration that involuntarily issued from the lips of the charmed spectators. But the voice of one was wanting to complete her inward triumph; and she timidly raised her beaming eyes towards the spot on which she had left lord Montresor; but she saw him not there; and her eyes flashed fire as they followed him and her husband to the set, in which were Marian and Mr. Beauchamp dancing together, with whom they were conversing.

“ I should never have given you credit for so much art, or so little vanity,” observed Mr. Bouverie to the smiling Marian, “ for one or the other you must possess. Now don’t look surprised at being found out; you should have calculated, that whilst the ugly faces that form your set acted in the capacity of excellent foils, that they would at the same time be themselves the means of betraying

betraying your secret; and Mr. Beauchamp must be a bold man, to claim such delicate Hesperian fruit as your hand, surrounded as you are by so many dragons."

"That's a very bad pun," drawled out a young cornet, who never attended to any thing but as it attached to himself; "that's a very bad pun indeed! Don't you know we became hussars lately? Dragoons are quite chased off the pavé; nothing but lancers and hussars will go down now."

"Why are you not dancing, Verulam?" asked lord Montresor, scarcely able to conceal the contempt he felt at his foppery; "there are many young ladies in the room, who would have felt happy in being honoured by your selection."

"Oh yars, I dare say they would!" he continued, all the time following the regimental resource of arranging his moustache; "oh yars, I dare say they would!"

would ! but somehow, *rearily*, 'pon my veracity, I cannot afford to let out my legs for the whole evening to young ladies ; but I think I shall stand up after supper, with a clever specimen of drapery I saw just now flirting *con amore* with *mon colonel*," nodding his head towards the conservatory as he spoke.

" Does the lady know of the honour intended her ?" satirically asked Mr. Bouverie.

" Can't tell *rearily* ; she has seen me, and girls in the country are so tame, they'll eat out of your hand. *Yars*, she has seen me !" yawning as he spoke.

" And so fine and open a countenance was irresistible," said Mrs. Bouverie.

" Nah, nah, damn it, don't pun so ; I can't *rearily* stand it," exclaimed Verulam ; " I shall, 'pon my honour, gape ten times more if you do. *Yars!* the doctor was right ; didn't he say a man
that

that would pun wouldn't mind pushing his grandmother in the fire—*wasn't* it so?"

"Nay, hang it!" returned Mr. Bouverie, "Johnson went no farther than cautioning you to place a guard over your pocket—so 'ware sabre-tache."

"Gad, it's as unfurnished as a barrack-room," gathering it up as he spoke; "sixpence to pay the turnpike home, and my snishing mill, that's all."

"Come, put your sword on one side, man, and dance," said Mr. Beauchamp, who had, with Marian, been an amused listener; "come, dance."

"My sword is on one side," he replied, with insufferable carelessness, taking it in the same hand with his sabre-tache, as he slowly walked away; "my sword is on one side, but I shan't dance."

"Who are those you have just bowed to?" asked Mr. Bouverie of lord Montresor, as they made their way towards
the

the conservatory, the freshness of which offered some relief from the increasing heat of the dancing-room; "I am sure Moore must have had them in his eye, when he talked of the 'maidenly miseries'—who are they?"

"The most amusing creatures in the world," replied lord Montresor; "and though in their own conception two of its brightest ornaments, they are still 'fighting the good fight' for a wealthy alliance, at the advanced ages of five and six and thirty; but 'the race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong;' and notwithstanding all their endeavours, they still remain the Miss Lamarks, and ever will, I believe, to the end of the chapter. But to fully enter into their powers of pleasing, you must come and talk to them, and hear them laugh. The one begins with a low note, and carries it up to the highest pitch; the other begins where the sister left

left off, and brings it down again. It is needless to tell you, that the one that laughs *up* has a good set of teeth, whilst she who laughs *down* has none."

"You see, my lord, we are amongst the sensibiles to-night," said the eldest, assiduously addressing him the moment he approached, to prevent the possibility of his passing on; "we are really to be classed amongst the sensibiles. Sir William Gwynne in vain endeavoured to persuade me that it was not too warm to dance; and do you know, I believe I was absolutely rude to poor lord Morpeth? but if one cannot have a little one's own way before matrimony, ha-a-a-a-ah!"

"He-e-e-e-e-eh! you will not, my dear Euphemia, be able to get it afterwards," interrupted her sister—"Oh! we have been so tormented!"

"I am sorry you are so inexorable," observed lord Montresor, turning away

to hide the risible propensities of his friend; "I had hoped——"

"Oh! if they play any of our favourite quadrilles, I dare say we shall not be able to resist," they both hastily uttered at the same time; "but you said, my lord, you hoped—you hoped——"

"Merely that you would not have found it so very warm," he replied, as he bowed and passed on.

"Here comes the beauty of North Wales," said lord Montresor to Mr. Bouverie, as he turned to receive a party who had just entered the rooms; "not that I think her so."

"Or I either," rejoined Mr. Bouverie, eyeing, as he spoke, a little fat round ball of a girl, trimmed all over with red roses and blond lace; "or I either: and her mother, with that pale face and fat figure, not forgetting the green cap, stuck on the top of her head, looks

looks like a fillet of veal garnished with parsley."

"Are we not *frightfully* late, my lord?" lisped the little belle, throwing back from her eyes, with a shake of the head, her hair, dressed *à-la-poodle*; "are we not *attociously* late?"

"Such an accident!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan Tudor, turning to address all those who felt disposed to listen to her; "such an accident! Would you believe it, that great ass, Jenken, God forgive me for calling him so, must needs, on a sudden stoppage of the carriage, come bang off the box on his stupid head."

"And it *thearly* was *tho dark*," continued her pretty daughter, "the coachman was quite an hour in finding him; I wanted to leave him, but they wou'dn't, for I cou'dn't bear the thought of having a dead man about the *cathege*."

"Was he dead then?" exclaimed several voices; whilst Mrs. Bamfield,

turning to her daughter Hetty, said —“ There! now you wont be always a-laughing so at me any more, when I tells Taffy to hold tight. But, law! was he really dead, ma'am?”

“ No, ma'am, I thank Heaven he was not,” with great seriousness returned Mrs. Tudor; “ I thank Heaven he was not; but he may take my word for it, that it's the last time he ever, with those short legs of his, mounts my box.”

“ Is not that the drapery Verulam seems so alive to?” asked Mr. Bouverie, as he and his friend turned into the conservatory. “ I saw something glitter up in that corner yonder, and I'm positively induced to believe it is really something attractive; for there are literally no less than three, nay, four hussars at the same post.”

“ And Morpeth and Gwynne, two of the best matches in the country, if I may judge by their countenances, seem
very

very well consoled for the *Lanark rebuff*," interrupted lord Montresor; "and do look at poor little Hempson standing on tiptoe; he would give his best racer, I see, to be a head taller."

"Who the deuce can it be?" anxiously asked Mr. Bouverie; "let us go and ascertain—who can it be?"

"In truth I know not," carelessly replied lord Montresor; "it may be lady Louisa Wentworth, with three thousand a-year, her own independent property; or Grace Onslow, the favourite niece of the rich sir Hugh Ford; or lady Mary Bailey; I believe she is rich in every thing but beauty. But I see by your looks, you are setting me down in your own mind as a snarling churlish cynic, who too readily enters into the belief that gold is known by the touchstone, and that the touchstone of man is gold. Well, well, go your way," resigning his arm as he spoke; "go your way, and if

you want an introduction, come and apply to me." But lord Montresor could not prevail on his friend to dispense with his presence, so they commenced the attempt together.

"If she is not engaged for the whole evening, will you make interest for me, my lord, if only for one dance?" suppliantly exclaimed a young man, seeing their intention to approach; "if only for one dance." Lord Montresor smiled assent as they passed on.

"Just the very man I want," said sir William Gwynne, seizing hold of one of lord Montresor's buttons, to prevent even the attempt at escape; "just the very man I want. Now, now, now, tell me, now, now, now, do tell me, was not that young lady there, at the ——— races with lady Evans?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied lord Montresor, assuming a look of so much intelligence as to shake the gravity of his
his

his friend; "certainly not to my knowledge."

"Now, now, now, now, then tell me, does not this," looking with the utmost significance as he spoke, "does not this account for the scrape you got into at Almack's? Three dances! damn it, I'd dance with her a whole evening, in spite of all the dowager duchesses in the kingdom, if you'll introduce me."

"No, no," interrupted lord Morpeth; "that fellow has resisted all the importunities *en ambuscade* of the two Miss Lanarks. No, no, don't introduce him; punish him, he's a regular epicure; now, *I'm* not at all particular, give her to me; I'll guarantee to dance Alpha and Omega with her, the set before and after supper; nay, I would not even mind engaging in a little *culinary curvet* with such an incentive. Damn it!" continued he, with surprising volubility, "Gwynne has just refused to dance with

a cool four thousand a-year, besides diamonds! and why? because the possessor had on black shoes: and what do you think? he has been at the trouble of mortally offending old lady Amperth, by downright refusing to dance with her niece; and the reason was, because she had what the extraordinary fellow calls *mock blond* on! Mock devil indeed! why, he'd let the Venus de Medicis stand up by herself, if madame Le Française hadn't had the dressing of her. Why, what do you think he just did the other night?" talking rapidly, so as effectually to keep down the "now, now, now, tell me," of sir William Gwynne, "what do you think he did the other night? why, damme, if he didn't take a bouquet of roses out of a girl's sash, and place it on the summit of her meek-looking head, and for no other reason forsooth, but because his finical majesty had made a vow never to dance with a

Jenny

Jenny Bull.—Jenny devil, indeed! You promise then, I say, Montresor,” unable any longer to detain him, for the impatience of Mr. Bouverie; “you promise then to introduce me, eh? you’ll find me somewhere,” walking off as he spoke with sir William, who, in consideration of his having made public what he considered his fashionable eccentricities, forgave him for the unfair manner in which he had cut him out; “you promise me then, I say; remember not to forget it—you’ll see me somewhere about—I say, you mean what you say, eh?” and lord Montresor, glad to get rid of his fatiguing, yet laughable importunities, gave a willing assent to every thing proposed.

“Oh, that intolerable *babillard!*” groaned Mr. Bouverie; “I thought he never would have held his tongue again. How could you bear it with any sort of patience? Oh Lord! oh

Lord! our toil has increased tenfold, by his wicked obstruction. The room is, if possible, more crowded than ever: the quadrilles will soon break up, and then—I saw a bit of a silver petticoat—there again!—there!—hang those feathers! if it was not for them—there again! They ought to leave those caps in the hall,” he petulantly observed, as they again impeded his view; “they take up the room of three moderate-sized people. Oh the plague!—there again! damn ’em!”

“*Patiencez, et tout ira bien,*” said lord Montresor, laughing at his friend’s impetuosity; “oh! thou specimen of a modern Benedict! why, what do you expect to see?”

“Oh, merely the tarantula that is to set Verulam dancing,” he replied, with an affected carelessness but ill agreeing with his manœuvring movements to get both himself and his passive friend through the
the

the crowd ; “ and as we have proceeded thus far, we may as well go on.”

They did go on—approached nearer and nearer the desired spot, the expectation of one rising higher at every step, the apathy of the other experiencing no diminution. Little of their work remained to be done ; but that little, by Mr. Bouverie, was cheerfully entered upon ; when, by a sudden alternation of the group, their exertions were in a moment ended, and they stood before the object of their research.

“ How is this ? ” said Mr. Bouverie, who was the first to regain his speech ; “ why, the devil and thunder, it’s only Juliet ! ”

“ *Only Juliet !* ” repeated lord Montresor, his eyes rivetted on her, in all her loveliness ; “ *only Juliet !* ”

“ How ridiculous ! ” continued Mr.

H 6

Bouverie,

Bouverie, smiling more at the careless ease evinced by Juliet than at the recollection of his own disappointed expectations ; “ how perfectly ridiculous ! Do look ; the child is so taken up with what she is conversing about, that she never once dreams of the commotion she has occasioned. She does not even see us.” And they stood for a time regarding her. At length her eyes glanced towards them. “ Mademoiselle Bouverie ressuscite !” he exclaimed, affectionately taking her extended hand as he spoke. “ Were you very ill, Juliet, that we did not see you at dinner ?”

“ Or tacking the spangles on your dress ?” sarcastically interrupted lord Montresor.

Juliet bent down her head ; and whilst a tear dimmed the lustre of the spot she appeared to be examining, said, with a mildness that went straight to the heart — “ They are not spangles, my lord—it
is

is lama work." She was silent for a moment; then turning towards her uncle—"Allow me, sir," she said, "to introduce to you a much-valued friend of my father's; to the name of Harewood I believe you have never been a stranger?"

"And it has been sincere cause of regret to me," said Mr. Bouverie, "that until now, I alone of all my family should have remained so to its possessor. But we must make up for lost time," said he, taking him cordially by the hand as he spoke; "our families have long been united in the bonds of friendship; and if report may for once be credited, are soon about to strengthen them by those of consanguinity; is it not so, Juliet?"

Lord Montresor started—every nerve trembled within his frame—a bolt of ice shot through his breast, at what seemed to

to him this cruel denunciation of his worst of fears. In a moment, colonel Harewood, the best, the kindest of men, became to him an object of hatred; he hated Juliet—he hated all mankind, and worst of all, he hated himself. Unable any longer to remain a tacit spectator of the felicity before him, he hastily quitted the apartment; but the misery of his own thoughts still pursued him, still held him the prey of mental agony the most painful. He feared that every idle observer might read his secret in his changing countenance; and dreading to receive any empty sentiments of pity from the heartless set that surrounded him, he again assumed the frivolity of the hour, again played the trifler with an aching heart. Under this *regime*, there was no one so welcome to him as Mrs. Bouverie; her exuberant humour, her careless inattention to every thing but the spontaneous impulse
of

of the moment, well fitted her to become the plaything of one so lost to himself.

"Hers was the head that spur'd dull reason's law,
And found its frequent subject in a straw."

St. Pierre has observed, "the most wretched have the greatest propensity to ridicule;" and though with lord Montresor the follies of his guests were in safe keeping, still he did not fail to recognize and even sport with them, when called forth under the fantastic portraiture of his volatile companion. She, under no restraint of either interest or feeling, was "every thing by turns, and nothing long," and soon brought him to the knowledge, that the steady matter-of-fact householders of Wales had fallen into ruthless hands, when she had condescended to meddle with them. "The lightning strikes not him who
sees.

sees it," he mentally said, in reply to the suggestion of his self-love, that it was not at all improbable but that he might become the next object of her ridicule; "the lightning strikes not him who sees it," he more than once repeated, as the characters of his friends passed before him under all the fanciful illustrations of a magic lantern; "the lightning strikes not him who sees it;" but in spite of this consoling reflection, his confidence was weakened, his mirth chilled, and he again felt that "nought was every thing, and every thing was nought."

Mrs. Bouverie was not long in perceiving that she had, by some unaccountable means, overstepped the bounds of his good opinion; and her immense voracity for praise, which knew no principle of limitation, immediately warned her, that (to use a sporting term) she
must

must *try back*, or inevitably bid adieu to the gratification her vanity ever received in his attentions. It is innocent to admit the desire of pleasing, simply for the sake of pleasing; but to what extent may the desire be indulged? certainly not beyond that where it begins to introduce its accessaries—disdainful comparisons, or envy, or competition, or ungenerous wishes. But it is easy to apprehend when the love of applause becomes criminal, and this it certainly does when we consider it as our sole, our principal good; when we have recourse to any arts, or fraud, or violence, to obtain its baneful, its intoxicating pleasures.

But Mrs. Bouverie reasoned not so deeply; her sins and wickednesses all came with her under the same denomination—were all ranged under the same class—the harmless desire of not being
thought

thought stupid: but though she had recourse to no sophistry to entangle her own reason, or to confirm these positions on the credit of her own brain, she yet found that it was easier to deceive herself into its belief, than to impose on the credulity of others; and though she immediately perceived the change she had created in lord Montresor's feelings towards herself, she was yet much too good a general to *succombe* to the first defeat; but skilfully turning her playful *peccadilloes* to her own advantage, she, with the appearance of artless sincerity, confessed her error, pleading in apology the evident depression of spirits she saw him struggling with; the hopes, the wish of removing which had carried her beyond herself—beyond perhaps what he would ever forget.—“ But you must not,” she continued, “ establish me in your mind as possessing quite such *pickle-jar* propensities, as my nonsensical rattle would

would lead you to believe ; that I have my share of follies is certain, but they are only follies, however wild and ridiculous, and can very little affect either the making or the marring of any of my fellow-creatures. But come, I see you are again relapsing into the *woeful* ; let us join the dancers, or, like the child in the fairy tale, I shall have my skein of silk to rewind, and still be, at the end, as far as ever from my promised reward."

Gaiety and admiration and gratitude seemed all blended in the smile lord Montresor bestowed, as he led her to the dancing-room.

—— ——— " But those who knew him best,
Called it feigned mirth, and said he wore a smile,
To hide the grief that lurked within—and truly said."

He had indeed long been the object of Marian's tenderly-anxious, yet carefully

fully-concealed observation, and though too well versed in the language of his countenance to be deceived in the effect, still was she perplexed in her endeavours to affix to it the cause. She had once caught his long-estranged, yet still dangerous glance, directing towards herself its softened beam—blissful moment! how much did it not cost her, to repel the soft snare that self-loving flattery would try to wind around her!—"He cannot love me *now*," she said, laying a desponding emphasis on the word, whilst burning tears sprang to her eyes, at the thoughts of the flirting follies he had been witness to; "he cannot love me *now*, and he shall not tamper with the heart that has innocently, yet irredeemably, ceased even to deserve it." Again his eyes were turned towards her—only towards *her*, and Juliet by her side! oh intoxicating distinction! she could have lived whole ages on that look, but
flippant

flippant nothings assailed her on every side, and she turned with disgust from the senseless noise she a minute before herself had elicited. But no "fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes or lurking love," could shield her from the tormenting notice of the giddy throng; and she therefore, in self-defence, again became a quiescent, though impatient listener.

"Look, do look, I beseech you, at the Miss Lanarks," exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp in a whisper, just loud enough to apprise the whole circle of what he was saying; "the waltzing, depend on it, has just begun; do look how neatly they have wedged themselves into that tidy preserve of dandies, who stare at them just in the way that sheep do at a strange dog. Now they begin the tricks they have been at these last twenty years. Poor Felix Pugh will be had in a minute

nute if he don't take care; look how the thin one displays her teeth. Now see, she hums the tune, beating time all the while so childishly with her fan. Gad, it's a done thing in a minute! she'll get him for a partner, by all that's ugly! Sir William, to the rescue, ho!—huzza then, he's safe! Now she'll diddle herself, take my word for it—between two stools, eh? Yet look how cleverly she keeps Pugh in tow, whilst she plays her cards with the bit of blood. She'll get the odd trick now if they don't look sharp. No, she has shewn the hook; they're off—they're off! Now the sister, you'll see, will try her luck, who never begins the attack till the other is settled either one way or the other. Mark the difference—this one *sports proper*, and reprobates waltzing with all her might and main. Pray attend and tell me if you would not suppose, from what she says, that the man was beseeching her,
heart

heart and soul, to make him happy by taking a turn; and so he'll at last believe himself, if something better does not come to start the game; with all their cunning they overreach themselves. Now mind, she has fixed one eye on Tom Stacey, who has just entered the room; quick as lynxes you see; if he'd come and flirt with her, she'd give up this skirmish for partners in a minute. She's very well aware that he never dances, and she also knows that he's looking out for a wife—money no object. They were surely made for each other! and, gracious! how she wonders what people can see in dancing! Gentlemen, as Chesterfield says, ought never to dance if they knew when they looked well. Such frivolity! But it wont do. Look, she has just contrived to bring them in contact; and see they walk off arm-in-arm together, leaving her to say with Byron's Manfred,

“The

“ The spirits I have raised abandon me,
The spells that I have studied baffle me.”

And yet they will not despair; but
when

“ The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,”

makes their “ mortality again predominate,” will again enter the lists, go through the same manœuvres, and sustain the same defeats, with as much good faith in the future as they have at present. I forgot you waltz, Marian—come, let us stand up.” She assured him she never did. “ But by what right,” he rejoined, as he familiarly drew her arm within his, at the same time that he used a little force to second his entreaties, “ by what right, lady fair, do you deprive these gaping spectators of so much good fortune as the gratification of beholding you ?”

“ Not *le droit du plus fort* certainly,”
said

said Marian, as she reluctantly yielded to his unanswerable mode of persuasion. "I leave you, Miss Bouverie, again, though not, as before, to the mercy of strangers. I wish that colonel Harewood would persuade you to follow my spirited example, and join the waltzers; at any rate will you try?" she said, turning to him as she spoke.

"A trip to the moon would perhaps be as easy," he replied, gazing on Juliet with respectful admiration, as he said, "I know *you* never waltz."

Marian felt the rebuke.—"But you are a waltzer, colonel Harewood?" she said, endeavouring to recover herself from his just reproof; "it is the army that furnishes us with our best partners."

"Oh dear, no," interrupted a brother officer; "oh dear, no, he never does such a thing; his mamma wont let him."

Juliet was again left with her friend, colonel Harewood, and again their conversation took a confidential turn, which, she not reflecting on the appearance it bore to observers, rather encouraged than repressed. She wished to become acquainted with his views in regard to her cousin; and whilst with interest she was participating in all their real hopes and fears, her own sorrows seemed to fade away in visionary nothings.

“ The course of true love never did run smooth,” they both exclaimed in consolatory accents; it was certainly not a new discovery, and yet it imparted a balm to their hearts as new as it was strange. But her friend possessed the advantage of her, for though their sorrows trod in each other’s steps, he had a pitying bosom in which to repose his griefs; hers must be mute as that
grave

grave they threatened to place her in. "The course of true love never did run smooth," he said; "yet Maria and I may still be happy."

"The course of true love never did run smooth," she softly murmured. "*We*," and her eyes fell on lord Montresor, "*we* never shall be happy."

The look appeared to possess something of the powers of attraction, for the next moment he was by her side; and though drawn there more by irresistible impulse, than from any kindlier sentiment towards her, to her the result was the same—he was near her; nay so near, that she dreaded the burning blush that had mantled on her cheek, and the hurried pulsation of her heart, could not escape his observation. She was tempted to wish almost that he might speak to her; for the most severe shaft of his displeasure seemed light in comparison.

to the irksomeness of his contemptuous silence. But though he rested against the arm of the settee which supported her trembling frame, she could not be certain that he was aware of their vicinity; and she sought, by attending to the motley group before her, to endeavour herself also to forget it. But with such hilarity her heart confessed no sympathy; her mind was pressed with thoughts too heavy to endure the contrast of so gay a scene; joyless in the joyful hour, alone amongst the many, the idle glance of admiration passing unnoticed;

“ And on her troubled ear the strains
Of choral music idly smote;
And with vacant eye she saw the trains
Of youthful dancers round her float.”

All spread in vain its mixed attraction.
Silent and pale she sat, musing in sadness
amidst the multitude of merry-
hearted, claiming alone of love's un-
pitying

pitying power but one kind feeling in the breast of him she loved. But, alas! apparently with feelings all pre-occupied, he stood beside her.—“One fair image,” she said, “in dear remembrance, dwells within his inmost soul’s recess; and though that idol form mocks at the subtle spell-bound chain she closely winds around him, none other gains admittance there; but love’s first flame thanklessly lives on, till life itself be done.”—As these feelings came and passed away, they left her still more dejected. Colonel Harewood had quitted her to be introduced to her aunt; and though he would willingly have returned the next instant, Mrs. Bouverie was not to be so satisfied; and he found himself not only engaged to dance with her the next quadrille, but, as it was the one immediately before the supper, his attentions were therefore to be still further held in this unwilling bondage.

It has been told that lord Montresor had voluntarily entered into a compact with himself, to so scrutinize on that night the conduct of Marian Lloyd, that he might henceforth dismiss the uncertainty of mistrust from his wavering mind, and by again placing her in the corner of his heart she had once contrived to occupy, allow time to so fashion the rest, that it might eventually all become her own. As an act of duty then his eyes had followed her; and whilst the brightness of their rays imparted the wanderings of hope to the perplexed heart they fallaciously cheered, his mind was otherwise too intently pre-occupied to admit even the dazzling beams of the radiant loveliness they rested upon.

Marian had never perhaps looked more beautiful than on that evening which was to decide her whole claim on felicity

city in this world. Nature indeed seemed to be doing its utmost for what had once been her favourite child; and though this highly-gifted being, to conceal its effects, had, alas! for her own purposes, forsaken her ways, and flown to those of art, what she had been still beamed in her countenance, still struggled to maintain its seat upon her brow; and

“ As she moves in all her charms,
 With springing feet and flowing arms,
 It was strange in one fair shape to see
 How many forms of grace could be.”

A wreath of rosebuds confined her bright glowing hair, from whence fell in many a graceful fold long ringlets streaming around her alabaster neck in feathery lightness. Love played in the smile that danced upon her lips; and in her large cerulean eyes there seemed, but for the shadowy fringe of their dark brown lashes, too bright a flame to dare

gaze upon. Yet lord Montresor feared not, but stood regarding her; yet his was an absorbed, not a fascinated look. His brain was troubled with conflicting thought, and her surpassing beauty brought no cessation to his dizzy sense of pain. He had received the cruel deathblow to his every idea of bliss, and he now felt as one who walks this wearying earth with all hopes of happiness blasted. He still continued to follow Marian with his eyes through the giddy mazes of the waltz; but love had banished from his mind all forms but one "most dear to him—more bright," she who sat pensively beside him. Yet her lips in silence seemed to speak; whilst the mild lustre of her starry eyes shone brighter through the tears that sorrowing reflections had brought there. But she brushed them away, and sought to turn her thoughts to happier times. The paleness of her cheek alone remained; and whilst it shewed

"how

—————"how beautiful it were,
If its own natural bloom were there,"

it occasioned the following remarks from Mrs. Bamfield—"Well, how peaking somehow Miss Bouvry looks to-night! I s'pos she's waxed she hav'n't nothing of a flower to stick upo' top of her hair. Not even a 'nemny, I declare! which they sells as cheap as dirt. If I could but have s'posed it, I am sure she should have been welcome to any of mine. I'm sure I shou'dn't have minded taking my jonquil out of my dinner-going cap. Ah, well! it's too late now—it's too late now; but, law! that dimont thingamy (I wonder if it's real?) that dimont thingamy—necklace—what do you call it?—would have looked very tasty, put on a bit of velvet, and tied just askew round her head; but, law! I don't know, beauty's beauty after all; and she cou'dn't have looked handsomer if she had had ever so many flowers. She

puts me somehow in mind of the people in the play, all so lonely and noble like ! and when she don't care to say nothing to one, one always seems so to want to speak to her somehow. I s'pos she can't dance ; what a shame it is, how some parents neglect their children's education ! Law, Hetty, ask her to try ; I'm sure she'd do it very well. You wouldn't mind being her partner, for her just to see how she liked it. Do, Hetty, ask her, do."

" Law, ma, how odd you talk !" returned her daughter ; " why every man in the room is making more fussing about her than there's any need of. She looks very well, and that's all—who wouldn't in that expensive dress ? I always said ours were not handsome enough ; but nothing stands any chance by the side of those sort of dresses ; but yet she don't seem to enjoy it, and I'm sure I don't know what else she can want."

" Why

"Why the colonel, to be sure," rejoined her sister; "didn't you see how attentive he appeared to be, and how she did talk to him? well, I never can get on so, unless people just answer yes and no, now and then; but she went on just like a book; and now you see he's gone to dance with Mrs. Bouverie, and that makes her so miserable. But don't talk to me any more. I'm so mad—I'm so mad, you don't know."

"There, didn't I tell you not to stand in the same set with Grace Onslow?" said her sister with a satisfied air. "I knew, if you did, young Fraser would not say a word to you for looking at her; but you are so obstinate, and think money's nothing. I knew you'd find I was right."

"Indeed you are not. Law, I don't mean that," she pettishly replied; "not that I should care if he talked to her all night. To such a one as he, the sooner

she is married the better; that is not what plagues me: but now would not you have supposed that Harry Beauchamp would have asked me to dance the dance before supper with him?"

"And has he not?"

"Just look there, and you'll see! a flirting fellow! but he's got one to match him in Marian Lloyd. But look how Lucy Tudor takes it all in! what a figure she looks with her mop of a head!"

"And do you mind," said her sister, "she has taken the satin body off her blue petticoat, and thinks it looks as good as new on that furbellowed thing."

"And look how her heel comes out of her shoe behind;—nicely those shoes pinch her I'm sure; people are never content, if they happen to have small feet, but when they are thrusting them into every body's face. Look how she has turned them out, and old Mrs. Landaff will tumble over them in a minute.

Now

Now look, she's pretending to arrange her sandal, that wants no more altering than I do. Now look, he's noticing it. How I hate such conceit should be gratified! but so as they do but praise her feet, she don't mind who flirts with her."

"Well now that's just what I say," interrupted their mother, whose ears had caught the last words of their confidential discourse; "that's just what I say—not she: she don't mind who she flaunts with, Jew or Gentile! I should be ashamed, if I was her husband, to stand by and see her going-ons; but he seems to care no more about it than the man in the moon, dancing and jiggering about! it isn't for married people to do these things. I wonder my lord Montresor don't tell her better."

"I think he seems to encourage her in it, if it's Mrs. Bouverie you mean," pettishly observed the Hebe; "but I wish

you and Bessey would walk away and leave me, for he is standing by that sofa; and though he did not, as I expected he would, ask me to dance this dance with him, I am sure, when the supper is announced, he will hand me down to it; for he never stands on form, you know, but lets the old dowagers get down how they can."

"And look how the greedy old things," observed the sister, "are making their way towards the head of the stairs, as though they had not eaten any thing this month; and look at the Miss Lanarks, just like Fe-faw-fum, when he said—'I smell the blood of an English man,' they work their way through the crowd like needles; the fat ones stand no chance with them; pointed elbows are the things! Look how they terrify poor Mrs. Morgan Tudor; she has had one in her dumpling of a back; depend on it she knows they are
not

not to be argued with. But there's Fraser standing by the chimney, all by himself. Grace is, I dare say, gone home with that weasy cough of hers. Go near him, and you'll get him to a certainty. He's too pleasant to give up so easily. Go, pray go. I do think it's near the time of supper."

Lord Montresor, to the discomfiture of Juliet, continued to maintain the same place by her side; but though he entered into conversation with those who conceived it a point of *politesse* to torment him by their attentions, to her he had not addressed a word. She had lost even the satisfaction of believing him to be a stranger to their vicinity, for to the abrupt question of lady Dawlish, of "Who is that girl?" she heard him immediately reply, without turning to ascertain, "A daughter of lord Aubrey's." "No longer then Juliet Bouverie!" she sighed,

sighed, unconscious of the deference he had gained her from this worldling of rank.

“ Daughter of lord Aubrey’s—eh? Sweet creature! very like Ianthe about the eyes. You must introduce her to my pets. Where are they? shall we seek them?”

Lord Montresor bowed; but he moved not from his place, and she commenced her search alone.

“ You should have seen Pugh just now, Montresor,” said lord Perth, approaching arm-in-arm with the object that occasioned his merriment. “ You should have seen the fellow just now! he has been putting all the people out in the waltz; he was literally becalmed in the centre, and his partner had to find her way out alone.”

“ And

“And not very kind in her either,” he rejoined, “to leave me, after having been at the pains of persuading me that I could get through it very well. Gad, it’s using one worse than a dog; for you do teach them to dance before you ask them.”

Here his friend again burst into a hearty laugh; and they passed on, to tell it to the next person who would listen to them.

“You are looking for me, Montresor?” said lord Morpeth, hastily approaching; “Mons’us friendly of you too, ’pon my soul! you said you would. I’ll just step to Beauchamp—wants to get Morgan Rattler, or some such person, off his hands—back to you in a moment—asked me to take her down to supper! I’ll do no such thing—be back to you in a twinkling. Morgan devil indeed!”

He

He was then flying off in haste, when lord Montresor arrested his progress ; and on saying something to him in a whisper, Juliet with surprise saw him with apparent satisfaction now offer his arm to the before-rejected fair one ; thereby leaving Mr. Beauchamp at liberty to return to the side of the infatuating Marian.

“ Excellent, noble being ! ” thought Juliet, as mixed feelings of painful admiration thronged to her heart. “ First, best of men, it is thus you sacrifice your own feelings for the gratification of hers whom you love.”

So strong, so total, so intense was the dominion he had, in admiring thought, gained over her, that the scene before her faded from her sight ; and she knew not they were preparing to descend to supper, until she found her arm firmly
linked

linked within that of lord Montresor.

Mute and motionless she stood by his side, scarcely daring to respire, lest she should awaken from the brightened dream of a morbid imagination to all the painful reality she had so strangely escaped from. But a vague, an unsatisfactory feeling, soon usurped the flitting throb of joy that had danced within her bosom; and though ignorant on what grounds to attribute the change in his actions towards her, she nevertheless endeavoured to regain a sufficiency of composure to enable her to attempt the means of exempting him from the burden he had so unwittingly imposed on himself. With this intent she essayed to speak; the flush of pleasure that had faintly tinged her before pale cheek, received a deepened hue as she twice failed in the attempt, and silence became

came more painful every minute, from its continued duration. At length her voice growing more and more irresolute as she proceeded, she said—"My lord, this sacrifice is as unnecessary as unexpected; I had no intention—I have no desire, no wish."

She paused, and in despair of attaining the power of making herself understood, raised her eyes towards those of lord Montresor. As if he would read her meaning in her changing look, his were intently fixed upon her, and hers again fell under the too-dazzling brightness of their starry radiance. His was not the glance to be gazed on with impunity; it had increased her perturbation beyond all powers of concealment, and vain was all attempt at further explanation. Intuitively he seemed to understand hers were the fears of intrusion; and without uttering a word, he

he gently took the hand that had almost shrunk from its confinement, and drawing it more firmly within his arm, they moved on together. The silence continued, and Juliet had time to reflect on the novelty of her situation. It was the first time she had ever been thus conducted by lord Montresor. Never more divided in thought or word, yet were they indeed united. Yet still he spoke not, still left her to the uncertainty of whether she owed his distinguishing attention to the abstraction of the moment, or whether she might receive it as the token of his forgiveness for the disregard in which she had apparently held the dearest feelings of his friend. Her own ill-timed pride again came up in judgment against her, and again she reflected that one word would have exculpated her, one word even now might completely justify her for her former intolerance. But not even
for

for his good opinion, dearly as she prized it, could she consent to implicate Marian in the untoward circumstance. On reflection, there had been much to perplex her in the intense interest the lines had so evidently elicited from Marian; and whilst she could not but discard the idea that Mr. Wallingford was considered in any other light but that of an acquaintance, it left her under the unsatisfactory impression that it owed its rise to a far less amiable source. Could she then bring herself to give the clue to the clear-sightedness of a lover? could she bring herself to be the first to unveil to a heart so noble, a mind so elevated, the degeneracy of the beloved object of his secret adoration? could she bring herself to shew her to him in the sickening light of a coquette, who trifled, who laughed at the happiness within her grasp, who only valued the conquest she had gained, so far as it added to her insatiable

satiable vanity? Although firm in the resolve of remaining passively the sufferer from Marian's delinquency, she was not deceived as to the latent motive of her forbearance. No, she had analysed the workings of her own breast, had unrobed them of all claims to generosity, had discovered that envy had its share in the unfavourable point of view in which her character was considered. And can jealousy become an impartial judge? she reproachfully asked herself; besides, even supposing its basis to be truth, what possible good could a disclosure have done? have, alas! only planted the seeds of mistrust in the bosom of confidence, without adding one little particle of happiness to that of despondency. With this reflection the sacrifice was consummated, and the serenity of self-approval lightened up her countenance as they prepared to descend the stairs.

Excepting

Lord! our toil has
 by his wicked obsti-
 is, if possible, more c-
 the quadrilles will s-
 then—I saw a bit of a
 there again!—there!—
 thers! if it was not
 again! They ought to
 in the hall,” he petulant-
 they again impeded liv-
 take up the room of the
 sized people. Oh the
 again! damn ’em!”

“Patientez, et tout im-
 lord Montresor, laughing
 impetuosity; “oh! thou
 modern Benedict! why, what
 expect to see?”

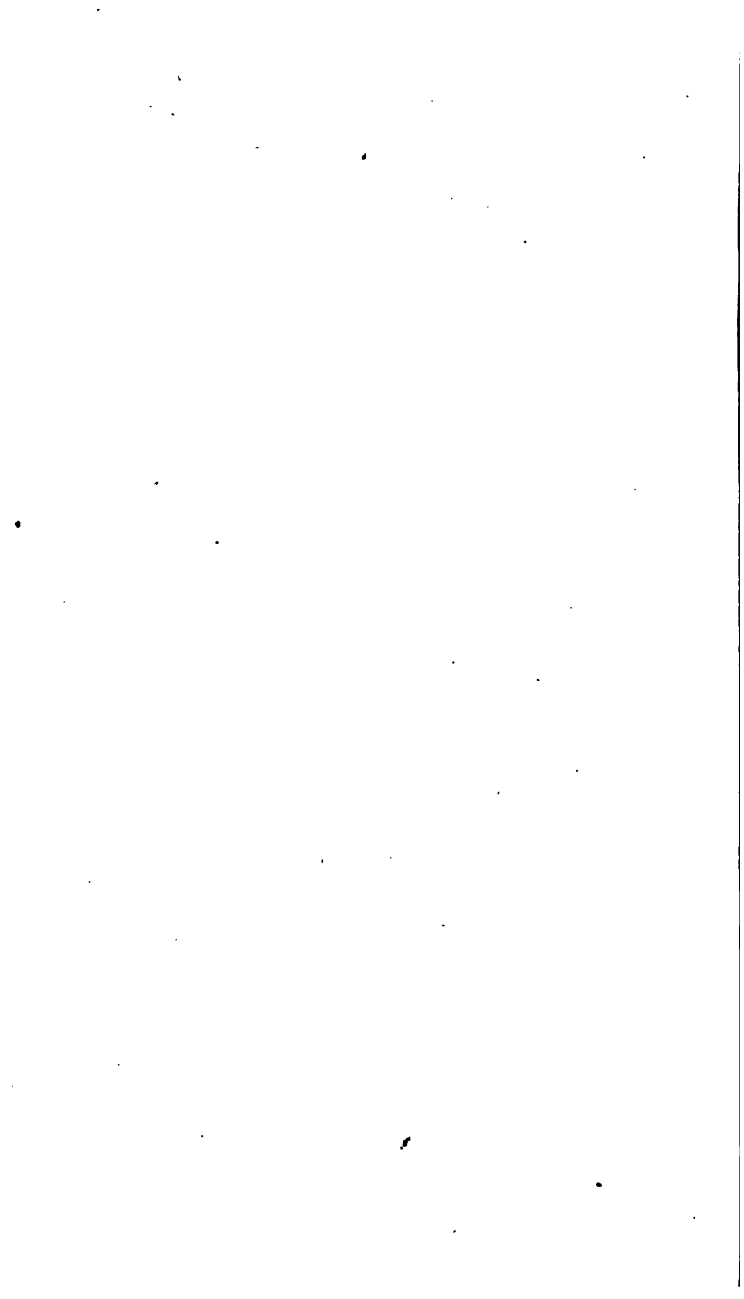
“Oh, merely the tarant-
 set Verulam dancing,” he
 an affected carelessness but
 with his manœuvring move-
 both himself and his passive

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.



A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-street, London.



SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

INNES HOOLE, Esq.

" Love's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief—full of woe;
All his joys are mix'd with smart;
Thorns beneath his roses grow :
And serpent-like he stings the breast,
Where he is harbour'd and carew'd."

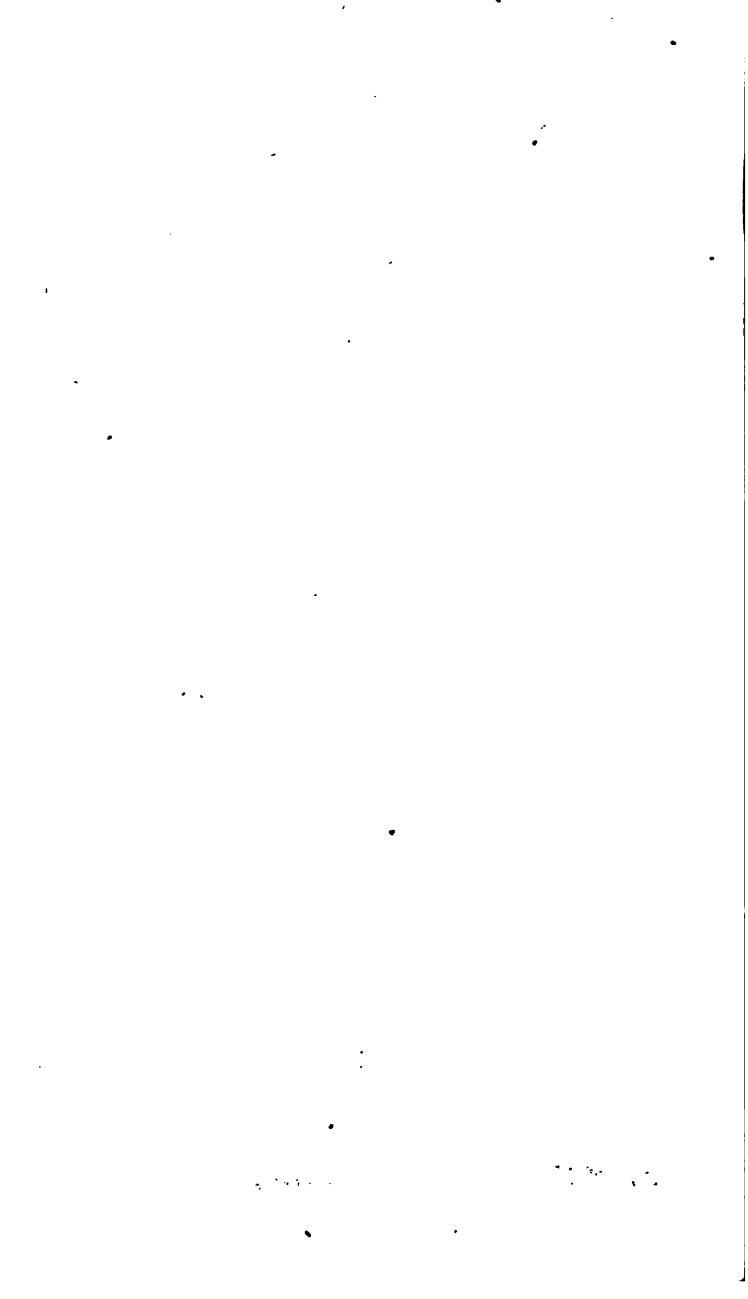
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SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

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## CHAPTER I.

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"When first they hear of love, the idea warms
And plays about their hearts: the wish to love,
They think is love itself, nor know the cheat—
'Tis new, 'tis pleasing, and 'tis fancy all!"

.....

Though my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlooks the little gipsy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Midas.

THE supper-tables were nearly formed, when lord Montresor and his fair charge entered the apartment; but though there were yet many seats disengaged, lady Dawlish was not to be pacified, until she

had entrenched Juliet between "pet Ianthe" and herself, leaving "own Rosina" and "spoilt *chield*," Lilla, to try their powers at inveigling his lordship into the spare seat between them. But he declined it, under the plea of seeing that his friends were all well attended to; saying which he quitted them.

Juliet felt relieved by his departure, and was soon completely taken up in attending to the voluble discourse of her companions.

"What a delightful evening!" rapturously began lady Dawlish. "What an enchanting ball! But lord Montresor really is such a love of a man every thing of his goes off well."

"We have danced every dance," said Ianthe, on the first cessation of her mother—"every dance, all the quadrilles, and waltzed besides, and we are not at
all

all tired. How many have you danced?"

Their surprise was great at the reply.

"Not dance any?" they all at once demanded. "Not dance any? How extraordinary! Weren't you asked? Don't you like dancing? Do your shoes pinch you? Are you afraid of the combs falling out of your hair? Law, how odd not to dance!"

Juliet smiled at their dismay, as she assured them none of the reasons which they had stated had been the cause of preventing her.

"Then you'll dance after supper?" exclaimed Lilla, speaking across her mother, with angry quickness. "I knew you'd dance after supper. How sly! Just like Miss Mears used to

serve us; when our hair had got all straight, and we were so tired we could not do our best steps, then she used to begin, and look as if she had just come out of a bandbox. It is not fair, is it, ma dear? We never take such advantage of any one, do we, ma dear?"

"No, darling, you don't require it," replied lady Dawlish. "Nor does your sweet friend either; but you must forgive, my dear Miss Bouverie, my little prattler. She knows she may say all she thinks—own pet!—Isn't she a love?" in a whisper to Juliet—"so beautiful!"

"So beautiful!" was ever on lady Dawlish's lips. Indeed, with her, the word *beauty* comprehended every requisite in nature. To this perfection, which she had herself possessed in a most pre-eminent degree, she was aware she owed that station in life to which her most sanguine wishes had never tempted her
to

to aspire. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that she was eager to see her daughters excel in that which she conceived to be the principal merit in a woman, and the surest road to *preferment*. It is true, she had the pleasure of seeing their *wax-doll* faces elicit the transient admiration of an evening; but that was not of the kind to satisfy the impatient hopes of the mother; and she began to wonder that her doors were not besieged by the little army of lords and dukes whom she fondly prophesied were ready to dispute the prize of obtaining the fair hands of her daughters.

Rosina, the eldest, had nearly attained her twenty-fourth year; and whilst decidedly the prettiest of the three, was at the same time the most finished coquette, who, whilst she played off all the arts of "mamma's timid *gurl*," could hear the lustre of her eyes praised without

confusion, or the rosy hues of her cheek admired without heightening their brilliancy. She knew how to display a pretty hand and arm with grace and ease, danced "divinely," that is, did not forget one of Jenkins's steps, chattered all the while in the prettiest tone of voice imaginable, and flirted in a corner with the most engaging *nonchalance* in the world. It is true that she did not enter with much spirit into the *mania* of the day—education; but she could play a quadrille, that her sisters might "practise their steps," under the promise of the same office being performed for her in return, draw patterns out of "Le Journal des Dames" on muslin, which she never had patience to work, and thread beads for French purses, which she had not ingenuity to form.

What else could be required? Nothing that would balance against fine eyes,

eyes, a slender ankle, an elegant form, a beautiful complexion, flaxen hair, and a thousand *et ceteras*, to which she paid daily devotion at her glass; and her mother, incessant homage all day long.

But notwithstanding she had arrived at the ugly age of four-and-twenty, without receiving the meed of her attraction, their visionary dreams were little or nothing abated. Balls were confined to no ages, and she did not despair of yet dancing herself into the affections of some great man.

Ianthe and Lilla, though, from their all dressing alike, the difference was not perceptible, were some years younger than their sister; but though their beauty was assisted by that friend to good looks, youth, they yet could not presume to place themselves on the same par with their sister. However, their

mother did it for them ; as to her doting eyes, there was no difference between them—one and all were “ so beautiful ! ” and the two girls having been accustomed ever to hear the changes rung on their personal charms, early learned its consciousness, and adopted every frivolous practice for the increase and adornment of a perfection so desirable—so fascinating. Beauties elect, they were brought out young ; and whilst, in their mother’s idea, they had become quite the rage, they were proceeding in the same unprofitable career which their sister had explored before them. Their melting blue eyes and flaxen hair promised them as many admirers as the melting blue eyes and flaxen hair of their sisters. Blue eyes were blue eyes—flaxen hair flaxen hair ; but notwithstanding this comfortable argument, they could not but wish that their sister would contrive to get married out
of

of their way, as it could not be expected that they should *all* get partners at a ball; and the eldest was sure to be invariably asked the first. However, they fluttered, and laughed, and talked cheerily on, without fluttering, laughing, or talking themselves into any thing good. None of them went off; and though the simple Mr. Pugh had thought that Ianthe's little cherub face would look still prettier in his little vicarage, his attentions were treated with coldness and civil politeness by the mamma, and volatile coquetry by the daughter. This moment she tempted him to believe he was the object of her tenderness, the next saw her willingly encourage the attentions of another. Yet still poor Mr. Pugh bore with surprising patience all the caprices of his unstable mistress, contented to be now the object of her visible neglect, knowing that the time would come when she would still seem well disposed towards him.

Notwithstanding however the rebuffs of the mamma, and harassing procedure of the daughter, he was her constant attendant in public; and though the mortification was his of seeing most clearly her various methods of angling for right honourables, it did not damp the ardour he felt for seeing her the contented occupant of the vicarage.

But this night things had taken a different turn; and Ianthe, as she followed the novel direction of his eyes, began to apprehend that it might be possible for him to grow tired of her intolerable coquetry — a circumstance, until his present dereliction, she had never dreamed of. The camomile plant grows the more luxuriantly for being trodden on; and Ianthe's preference, from the perverse conformation of human nature, began to rise in the same ratio as her fears predicted his to be on the decline; she therefore, by giving him
him

him as much of hope as might have satisfied the heart of any lover, endeavoured to draw from him an explicit confession of his sentiments towards her; but all to no effect; for though she called forth all her powers of pleasing, to draw him into a tender conversation, to fix his attention was impossible. His eyes perpetually wandered, as if spell-bound, to Juliet; and Ianthe's only consolation was, that she had now "good reason" for the dislike she took no pains in concealing she felt for her rival.

Lilla, "ma's own pet," had all the folly of her sisters, without the art they possessed of concealing it. She said every silly thing she thought; and, as her fond mother expressed it, was "so sweetly natural," that she often stood great chance of really being taken for such. In regard to education, she had

come off equally easy with her sisters; for though she professed to be extravagantly fond of reading, the dipping into the "pretty parts" of a sentimental novel, *pour passer ou pour tuer le tems* arbitrary fashion ordained them to pass in the country, was the extent of her studies; and whilst her *amour propre* led her to consider each book but as a looking-glass, that reflected the *naïveté* of her own character, through that of her favourite heroine's, her busy fancy was equally ready in picking, from amongst their numerous male acquaintances, the precise hero whose assistance was necessary towards the performing these little episodes to perfection.

This decision, much to the annoyance of her sisters, generally fell on the person whom they had happily selected for their own peculiar preference; and tho' once she had eagerly caught at the
timidly-

timidly-expressed wish of her mother's, that "own spoilt *chield*" would just try and learn some other pretty language besides her own, which, from the hopes that a Thaddeus of Warsaw would turn up, she had instantly fixed on should be German, the delusion vanished with the appearance of the professor; for though, in his "extra-jointed" long German back, there was every scope for him to be mistaken for a "tall pole," yet the staring blue eyes, light hair, and wide inexpressive countenance, would not *dovetail* in at all; and she again turned from the dream of love's literati, to partake of the realities marked out by her sisters.

It happened that she just finished "The Village Curate" when this revolution in her sentiments took place, and Mr. Pugh was just the personage she wanted.

Poor

Poor Ianthe had now to listen to animated accounts of his "smothered affections;" his "frequently-fixed eye, full of tender expression;" his "exquisite sensibility," that communicated a correspondent emotion to her own heart; his "delicacy," in not asking her to dance; his "look, replete with agony," when the "cruel fetters of politeness" bestowed his attentions on another; his "magnanimity," in concealing a passion "cruel fate" allowed not her parent to regard with complacency; the "stifled sorrow of his eyes," whilst "his careworn heart was breaking;" her resolve to "steadily" refuse him, when he should follow the "imperious dictates" of his heart, and no longer be able to refrain from making her the offer.

With these chimeras did she keep both her own mind and those of her sisters from totally stagnating; and
whilst

whilst wandering in the ærial demesnes of the seventh heaven, experienced an artificial and fallacious happiness, which none even of Ianthe's bold and naked truths had power to rob her.

Fortunately however for one sister, she could not be always reading one book, and though the change threatened to militate against the dearest interests of the other, whilst "ma dear" continued to subscribe to that "tiresome Hookham," there was no alternative, but to bear it with resignation, if not with patience.

Some author has observed, "How vain, how voluntary, is half the misery we extract from the future! How often, how very often, the thunder-storm takes the course of the river, and is out of sight at the moment which we had assigned as that of our most awful expectations!"

tations." Not so with poor Rosina—she said it would, and it did—the thunderbolt fell completely on her. Lord Montresor had long been the object of her fancied adoration; and though, Indian like, the sun she adored looked upon its worshipper, but knew of her no more, yet she did not despair of eventually obtaining his pity for her, whose fate was such.

But whilst in the midst of this pleasing, soul-inciting occupation, of knowing she loved in vain, striving against hope, Lilla took the idea, and began to love in vain, and strive against hope with an equal degree of avidity. One of Miss Porter's dangerous heroes directed her taste. No one but lord Montresor could possibly act up to it; and Rosina had only to pray that lady Morgan would soon bring forward a "bright particular star," whose all-surpassing attractions
might

might send her sister's roaming vagaries upon another *tack*.

Numerous were the bickerings and dissensions this want of confidence in each other occasioned, and with little hopes of their ever being quelled; for the two injured ones had not only to encounter an adversary, the vivacity of whose imagination saw a lover in every man who approached *them*, who found an adventure in every common event, who referred every action to principles which, though strictly accordant to those in her own mind, they had not sense or understanding enough to develop; but "ma dear," who could not bear to see "spoilt *child* put upon," and therefore generally managed, by dint of a little maternal authority, to carry her off victorious. The miracle of making them all of the same way of thinking was reserved for Juliet; and though "ma dear"

dear" tried all her powers of putting them together, they, with one voice, declared they all hated her, and always should.

Lady Dawlish was the first to perceive, or at least the first to betray, that lord Montresor was again in their vicinity. Would he not take some jelly, blanchmange, Italian salad, orange glacée? Something he really should take, for he must be absolutely famished after such exertions.

"Such exertions!" he repeated, feeling that he merited the reproof—"such exertions!" but a glance shewed him it was said more in idleness than irony.

"And then you have danced so much," she continued. "At any rate, let Lilla peel you an orange. Rosina, hand his lordship some of that exquisite pine jelly. Ianthe, make room for his lordship; he must

must positively pick this little wing of a chicken."

"Ah, poor dear!" interrupted Mrs. Bamfield, attempting to move her ponderous body a little lower down the form. "Ah, poor dear! I'm sure he must be very leary, never taking so much as nothing to stay his stomach with at tea. Do, my lord, do'y take a bit of that 'ere *marmalade*, or a biffin, or a bit, just to taste, of this here——alecampane, an't it? Now do just coax your appetite, and taste a bit. I don't hold with fasting at all. Come, Miss Bouvry, you try your luck. Do persuade my lord just to try and eat a bit or so."

This appeal was quite unexpected by Juliet; indeed, so suddenly had it been made, that lord Montresor had accepted the bunch of grapes she timidly, though gracefully, offered to him, before she was scarcely aware of the active measures she

she had taken towards prevailing on him.

Silence for a moment reigned among her before-noisy companions; and, abashed by the compliment she felt he had paid to her, she would willingly have bartered it to have escaped from the malicious glances of "ma dear" and "her sweet timid *gurls*." But it was now too late, and her confusion was giving place to happier feelings, when Mrs. Bamfield, in the good nature of her heart, exclaimed—"There now!—wasn't I right? 'The dearer the hand,' they says, 'the sweeter the meat.' I knew — that is, I s'posed he cou'dn't resist Miss Bouvry. No disparagement, my lady, to your daughters; for they are very pretty, and no doubt has their admirers, who says to them as often," chuckling as she spoke, "as mine used to say to me, 'tea from your hand, Miss, doesn't

doesn't want no sugar;' and dainty folks may find that——"

The ladies were rising to leave the room; and lady Dawlish, much annoyed by the uncontrollable volubility of Mrs. Bamfield, hastily prepared to follow the general example.

Juliet arose also, but with a reluctance she could not disguise from herself; she had lost the dread of lord Montresor's displeasure proving everlasting, and was only alive to the felicity of being near him. Change could not but militate against her happiness. He was now standing exactly behind her; she saw his symmetric form, nay, sometimes his face, comprising "Heaven's best harmonies," reflected in the large mirror that entirely covered the part of the room before her; and though every minute fearful of detection, none of its
fascinating

fascinating expressions were lost upon her. It is true that he took no pains to address her; but this she regretted not, as it would not only have deprived her of the silent, the stolen pleasure she was indulging in, but have classed her amongst the many little flippant dames who, for the pleasure of gaining a word from him, were straining their pretty necks from all parts.

It has been said that she regretted the change that a removal could not but effect. The chances were many, that in the large range of the up-stairs apartments, they might not meet again that evening; but then "to-morrow, and to-morrow" she would see him.

She tried to feel happy and satisfied; but her dejection was unconquerable, and to the kind covert of the friendly mirror she turned to take what she feared

feared must be, for that night, a farewell look. He was conversing with lord Morpeth; but the next moment she saw that he wished to address her.

“ Miss Bouverie,” he began, “ Miss Bouverie, I have to entreat of you a favour. It is,” and he hesitated as he proceeded, “ it is, that should you feel disposed to dance to-night, you will allow me to——”

“ Introduce my friend,” he would have continued, had not a party of ladies for a moment separated them.

But Juliet fancied she understood him, and as he again returned to her, she replied, with a haste, as much to hide the satisfaction she felt as from the wish of joining lady Dawlish, who she perceived was waiting for her—“ I shall be most happy, my lord, to dance with you.”

The

The expression of his countenance underwent a complete revolution ; and surprise, and gratification, and delight, were visibly blended there, as he exclaimed, with a tremulous rapture in his tone—"With me? Good Heavens, Miss Bouverie! will you really dance with me?—with me?"

Then suddenly recollecting himself, he coldly bowed, with an air of acknowledgment; and Juliet, surprised at the manner in which he had received her compliance, with the rest of her party quitted the room.

How seldom do the pleasures that glow in the perspective ever answer our heightened expectations on a nearer approach!

Juliet was seated by her inseparable lady Dawlish, the bright tinge of joyous anticipation glowing on her cheek,
when

when lord Montresor approached, and reminded her of her engagement. Of this there was little necessity. She had thought of nothing else from the moment she had left him, and whilst she replied to the frivolous conversation of lady Dawlish, with apparent interest and attention, her delighted heart was catching sweet snatches by anticipation of the felicity in store for her.—“ I shall dance with him—I shall talk to him—I shall go to rest happy,” she mentally said; and the smile of satisfaction that illumined her countenance made lady Dawlish talk ten times faster, from the pleasure she appeared to be deriving from listening to her.

Lord Montresor approached, and her “fairy fabric of bliss” vanished; for remembering, as she did, the flatteringⁿ expression of gratitude and delight his words and looks had so lately testified,

she could not but be equally aware of the dissatisfied ones that had usurped their place. Repelled into herself by this unlooked-for change, cold, sad, and dispirited, she took his arm, and they walked to join the dancers.

In their way they passed lord Morpeth and sir William Gwynne, and Juliet perceived that lord Montresor could not refrain from smiling, as they, laughing outright, exclaimed—" 'Pon my soul, a neatly-done thing, by all that's cunning! Help yourself, and then your friends will love you, eh! Friends, devil, indeed! Gwynne, we are bit! bit, my boy! bit! This *eleventh* commandment has done us. Nicely had! eh!"

"Now, now, now, now, tell me, Montresor," said sir William, with much less of good temper than his friend, "now, now, now, now, tell me,
are

are we to give up all hopes, or is it that charity begins at home, and then——”

“But recollect I come first,” interrupted his friend; “only recollect that I positively must come first.—You’ll find me somewhere about, Montresor—I say, Gwýnne, remember I come first—You’ll find me somewhere, Montresor.”

Lord Montresor smiled again, and they passed on.

Although her mind was not in it, Juliet could not but dance beautifully. She had all her childhood been the pupil of the first masters, and though she this night danced merely mechanically, her elegance, her interest, could not suffer by it. To her it was, however, a joyless dance, and she deplored, whilst she condemned the inconsistency of her

partner. Why did he not speak to her? or why had he put her in the situation to so forcibly, so sensibly, feel his silence? She knew not how much she had had to do with it. She wished the dance was over, and in the fervency of the wish, she forgot that she had a part to perform towards its completion.

Lord Montresor reminded her that she was not dancing; whilst the little pousy fat man, who stood opposite her, painfully feeling her inattention, now advanced, now retreated—now ventured a few of his best steps—now cast an imploring look around, to glean the knowledge of what he had better do. But Colinet stopped for no one, and he had just performed what should have been the *dos-à-dos*, when lord Montresor led the abashed Juliet forward. She apologized as she passed him, and the little man was amply repaid for all she had made him suffer.

The

The dance over, Juliet walked towards the first vacant seat that presented itself, for she believed that lord Montresor was most anxious to be relieved from an attendance that she could not but feel was irksome to him; but he held her arm still within his, when all necessity for such an attention had subsided, and she at length expressed a wish to sit down.

"You are fatigued," he said, taking a glass of lemonade for her out of a passing tray; "you really are fatigued, and have danced so little! and think how much more so you would have been," and a smile hovered on his lips at the recollection, "had you not so cruelly cramped the genius of the stout little man that stood opposite you! How very absent you were!"

She gave him her cup of lemonade to put down.

"Do you not fear to trust me with
c 3 it,"

it?" he said, intently scrutinizing her as he spoke; "for if I drink but a single drop of what you have tasted, I shall to a certainty know your thoughts."

"Not for the world then," said Juliet, fearfully detaining the cup; "oh! not for the world!" She recollected herself.—"How silly I am!" she said; "it cannot give you the power. How could I for a moment believe it?"

"Then why not trust me with it?"

Then why not trust me with it?"

She gave it to him.

"Tell me," he said, "are you not relying more on the intricacies of your own thoughts than on my inexpertness in the art of divination? Is it not so? But fear not, Miss Bouverie; thoughts springing from the best affections of the heart," and he glanced towards colonel Harewood, "shall be ever held sacred by me."

Mrs.

Mrs. Bouverie at this moment approached, attended by the colonel.—“We want you, lord Montresor,” she said; “we want you to teach us the Spanish dance. Come, a truce to flirting,” taking his arm as she spoke. “Juliet, what will you do—dance or sit still? You look languid—pale, my love. You wish to retire? Very idle—is not it, my lord? Shall we let her go? Go, dear, or you will be ill to-morrow: we dine at your favourite’s, sir Owen’s, and you want to save yourself for it. Come, colonel, say good-night to your little friend. I want some of your best soldiers, to make up my troop, and unless you give the word of command, I know very well that Birnam wood will never come to Dunsinane.”

“Why is Albinia like a bird-clapper?” asked Mr. Bouverie, peeping over his wife’s shoulder: “riddle my riddle my re—tell me a bird-clapper?”

“ Because she keeps the birds from picking the cherries, don’t you think ?” said Mr. Beauchamp, in a whisper to lord Montresor, glancing towards Juliet as he spoke.

“ What is that you say ?” asked Mrs. Bouverie, turning with quickness, for she had heard every word ; “ what is that you say ? Oh ! you abominable traitor ! I know—I know—there, don’t repeat it ; or rather say that I prevent the nightingale from telling too tender a tale to the rose. But come, we are losing time : I shall never get my darling dance. Come, what do we stay for ?”

The *why* was better felt than told.

“ You will not leave us, Juliet ?” said colonel Harewood, in an imploring tone. “ You do not—indeed you do not look tired. Do not go, Juliet ; I beseech you do not go.”

Lord

Lord Montresor concealed his feelings, but his teeth clenched together at every repetition of a name so affectionately pronounced.—“ Juliet,” he inwardly muttered; “ Juliet, what have I not endured by loving you too soon—by knowing you too late !”

Juliet arose, and took her uncle’s arm.—“ Good-night !” she said, first to her aunt, then to colonel Harewood. He took her hand.—“ Good-night !” she said, last of all addressing lord Montresor. He had seen her hand in the close pressure of colonel Harewood’s, and he dared not trust himself to gaze again.—“ Good-night !” she once more repeated, but pretending not to hear her, he turned round, and walked away with her aunt.

CHAPTER II.

Will no one tell me what she sings?

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things;

— — — — —
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

WORDSWORTH.

.....
——— She had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

JULIET retired to rest in a state of perturbed, unsatisfied gratification, that long kept her waking, and that crowded her dreams, when she did sleep, with such gay and glittering delights, accompanied with such cruel fears, such bitter disappointments, that she awoke in a
state

state of fever, and gladly quitted her restless bed to indulge in day dreams scarcely less visionary—scarcely less inimical to her internal happiness and health. But, with the loss of the former, the latter she regretted not: it reconciled—it excused to her feelings the unwillingness she felt to quit her own apartments, to the again entering upon the sea of trouble her treacherous, her baneful wishes created. She wished to calmly separate each action, and to distinctly understand the motives of a conduct so inconceivably inconsistent as lord Montresor's had proved the preceding night. She endeavoured to retrace them all one by one, and to translate them with an impartiality that might lead her to clearly ascertain from what perverse principle they sprung—from what untoward provocation they so wantonly warred against her peace. But vain was every effort towards concentrating

her powers of meditation : the past, the present, and the future, all jostled one against the other, and her dreams became realities—realities dreams. One thing alone she arranged ; she was too unwell to accompany the party to sir Owen's, and she therefore requested her aunt to carry her excuses.

The passion of love is supposed to exert itself most despotically over the softer sex—the gentler half of the species ; but yet perhaps there is a regular process, common to all who become subservient to this great passion. No two people will perhaps express emotion in the same manner, but the similarity of feeling cannot but be the same ; activity, and change of scene, may for a time lull the sense of painful grief ; but the first cessation brings all back with redoubled—with overwhelming force.

Lord

Lord Montresor had danced more, talked more, after Juliet had retired, than he had done all the evening before. Rosina, Ianthe, Lilla, the Madona, and the Hebe, all went home delighted. They had all danced with his lordship, and he was so pleasant—so attentive! but the moment of rest came, and he retired to his room with feelings in a state of irritation as unaccountable to himself as they before had been to Juliet. He courted not reflection, but it came unsought; he wooed not the fallacy of Hope, but it flitted across his sickly heart unbidden. One moment, Juliet, heart and hand, was betrothed to colonel Harewood; the next displayed the supposition in the light of a chimaera of his own disturbed imagination; yet it tended not to allay the angry state of his feelings towards her; and in their bitterness he accused her of duplicity, of constrained delicacy, in thus
having

having concealed her engagements from him. But reflection came both to her assistance and to his own ; yet whilst it served to vindicate her from these ill-grounded complaints and accusations, it still left her the object of his uncontrolled resentment—his unabated displeasure.

“ We shall now, to complete every thing,” he thought to himself, as the servant told him it waited ; “ we shall now be shut up together for nearly the space of an hour in one carriage—most probably opposite to each other—my eyes straining from the window over the surrounding landscape, with the apparent inquiry of an artist, to avoid hers, which I know will look as unconcerned as though she had not seen her lover—her husband,” and he emptied the whole of the essence-bottle on his handkerchief, “ for this twelvemonth.”

He

He knew that Mrs. Bouverie had talents to engross him, and he had only to pray that she might that day be in full force.

Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie were already in the carriage when he appeared on the hall steps. Strange, unaccountable man! his eyes eagerly sought for Juliet, whilst the failure of the circumstance he dreaded brought disappointment with it.

The party assembled at sir Owen's had not yet left the table, when a note was put into lord Montresor's hand that his servant had just brought, and who waited to know his commands. His eyes rapidly glanced over it.—“ Let my carriage be got ready,” he said, “ and tell the bearer of this note that I shall be home nearly as soon as himself.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Bouverie sat next him.—“What is the matter?” she asked, feeling more the dread of losing his society than that of any other evil that could occur: “but are you really going home, and to nurse, I suppose, your favourite horse, Sultan? If I was Pranks, I should be jealous, and would make a principle of kicking the spoiled thing the first opportunity: but do not go—stay till we all return—he will not give up the ghost so hastily, depend upon it.”

Lord Montresor smiled the first time that day, for a feeling of happiness had come with this obligation of returning home.

“Oh then I am not right: what is it? Mrs. Watkins has lost the family recipe-book, and you have it safe under lock and key. The preserves will be spoiled unless it be found, and you must return home to *open Sesame*? Not that——”
and

and she began to feel angry that he should not ere this have imparted to her the reason; "then I cannot guess; but you'll return again, or we shall be lost without you. By the bye, you positively must return, if only to bring us the duet that Miss Lloyd and myself intend to astonish the world with to-night. I meant to have brought it, and laid it on the sofa-table for the purpose. There is no doubt but you will find it: pray do not forget it; but if you should, at any rate come and tell me so; and now,

'Ladybird! ladybird! fly away home!
Your house is on fire and your children at home.'

"Why should I feel these emotions of delight, in returning to a home that, alas! contains no happiness for me?" said lord Montresor, throwing himself into a corner of the carriage. "Is it," he fretfully asked, "because that it contains one who has cast a blight over my future days—

days—who has made existence a burden to me? Oh! inglorious infatuation! I do—I have cast it from me; I am not glad to return home. I do not regret that I shall not pass her windows; ten thousand lights might shine from them, and it were all one to me; they will not brighten my path!”

He sighed as he concluded; the next minute he ordered to be driven to the lower hall: the road was distinct from the public one, and from its angle one of the windows of Juliet's dressing-room was plainly perceptible. His former asseverations, as he impatiently awaited the moment, were all forgotten; it came, but all was dark—dark as his own hopes: the pulsation of his heart stopped; then, as the feeling of apprehension spread over his soul, hurried on with a sickening rapidity—“She is ill,” he said, “and no kind friend to
sooth

sooth her pillow!" Immediately he endeavoured to recollect every instance of Mrs. Watkins's attentive care in the sick chamber of his mother. The carriage stopped.—"I at least shall be near her," he said, as he wildly sprung from it, and his promise to Mrs. Bouverie was forgotten; but reflection soon recalled it, with all its attendant miseries. Weary of existence, he had become utterly unsusceptible of the enjoyments—the amusements of society: his whole ~~and his whole~~ soul was engrossed with nothing but his sorrow; and though, when called upon for exertion, aware that the powers of the mind would otherwise have been incapable of keeping down his struggling feelings, to conceal the real misery that rankled at his heart, he had recourse to the extreme of vivacity; yet the character had become strange to him—he recognized himself only by his pains; his disappointed hopes became
the

the centre of his thoughts—his griefs were too stubborn to contend with, whilst the unstable foundation on which these hopes were built, did not lessen the sorrow their demolition occasioned, but dried up every other emotion of his heart, and left it open but to one impression, that agitated, corroded, and consumed it.

The conference he held with his steward lasted nearly an hour, and on its conclusion he bent his steps towards the drawing-room, in quest of the desired duet. The large oaken door softly rolled back on its massive brass hinges, and as mutely again was closed. He saw Juliet seated at the end of the long apartment, and he moved not from the position in which he had first perceived her. His immediate impulse was to retire—the next to gaze unseen on that angelic form, unconscious of his presence;

sence ; but conflicting emotions assailed his powers of perception, and she faded away in the dizzy scene before him.—Leaning against the door for support, he sought to smother his perturbation. Oh ! how lovely did she look ! dressed in a simple white robe, her beautifully-rounded arms shaded, not concealed, by the long transparent sleeves of thinnest muslin that enveloped them ; her symmetric throat, fair as the Parian marble, scarcely rivalled in whiteness by the plaited ruff that adorned it, she looked even more to be loved than in the brilliant dress he had last seen her wear. Her hair, nearly all devoid of curl, was negligently brushed back from her pale dejected countenance—a countenance where sorrow legibly was written ; yet an air of resignation beamed in the softened expression of her downcast eyes ; a smile of submission played on her parted lips—

——“ rubies

———" rubies unparagon'd !

"Tis her breathing that .

Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows."

She had drawn Mrs. Bouverie's harp towards her, but it would have seemed more for the purpose of a resting-place than for amusement, had not the hand that was disengaged called forth its wildest tones; the other hung listlessly over it; her head reclined upon it, and her thoughts seemed far removed from all. Some notes at length struck upon her heart. She raised her head, and repeated them, whilst, in the sweetest—most plaintive melody of tone, she sung the following words:—

Je sens battre mon cœur;
Nuit et jour il palpite.
D'ou vient donc sa langueur ?
C'est l'amour qu'il agite.

Eteuffée

Etouffés vos soupirs,
Renfermés vos désirs.
Ah ! ne dites rien encore
A lui que j'adore.
Mon cœur ! c'est mon secret—
Soyez discret.

She ceased, and it was plain her song had been more a continuance of thought, a more adapting the words of others to the carrying on her own reflections, than from any gratification she took in the sound, for she again played the simple accompaniment of the air, with every thought apparently preoccupied. She had now concealed her face with the hand that still rested on the framework of the harp, and lord Montresor grieved that he could no longer trace its varying emotions.

Suddenly she ceased to play.—“Silly ! silly ! silly !” she said, in a tone of deep self-reproach, raising her head,
and

and brushing off the tear that stood on her cheek. She appeared to call up her whole powers of exertion—for a moment she looked an altered being—for a moment called forth the most masterly tones from her harp, and no inertness was perceptible, as she ran through a most brilliant symphony. Surprise usurped the feelings of regret that lord Montresor felt in not having sooner been aware of the talents she possessed ; and that such wonderful skill should so long have remained hidden, was to him scarcely credible ! Had she no vanity ? was hers a voice to lie in silent neglect ?

By degrees her harp again resumed the tone of her depressed spirits, and its notes seemed to sorrow with her, as to a soul-moving melody she plaintfully sung the following words :—

“ You

“ You softly spoke, you sweetly smil’d,
While love seem’d beaming in your eye;
And this unwary heart beguil’d,
And taught this bosom first to sigh.
Yet now you scorn my fond emotion,
My vows disdain, my sighs reprove.
Ah ! why reject my heart’s devotion,
Or wherefore teach me how to love ?

“ The wretch, by hope betray’d to anguish,
Still, still from hope demands relief ;
Which flatters, whilst it bids him languish ;
Which soothes, and yet confirms his grief.
So still I seek the lov’d illusion,
Though madness lurk beneath the wile ;
Oh, then prolong the dear delusion,
Still softly speak, and sweetly smile !”

The concluding words were lost in the sobs that unrestrainedly burst from her bosom. Her hands clasped together, concealed the countenance that shame now tinged with the faintest colour of the rose.

Lord Montresor sprang towards her.

VOL. III.

D

What

What could she mean? To whom did her song allude? and "Tell me, tell me," he exclaimed, in a hurried and tremulous tone, "tell me, why do you sing those words?"

Trembling violently, Juliet arose.

"Do not think, Miss Bouverie," he said, awed by her coldness, "do not think that I have wantonly intruded on your privacy. I came, believe me, without the knowledge that you were here, and should immediately have retired, had not——"

"Then you have witnessed——"

She stopped, fearful of committing herself.

"Oh, Miss Bouverie!" he said, and there was a tenderness in his manner as he spoke, "I have heard you sing, and
I would

"I would give worlds to know the author of those words."

He had taken her hand between both his own, and Juliet's heart swelled within her; but mortification and jealous fears usurped the place of the brighter feelings that might have revelled there, had not the idea come to her imagination, that lord Montresor had before seen these lines, and knew them to be the effusions of Marian Lloyd. Then why did he seek to satisfy and administer to his vanity, by making her declare the authoress? a vanity indeed only pardonable according to the extent of his love.

These thoughts passed rapidly over her mind, and left only one consoling feeling, the belief that lord Montresor, knowing the lines she sung to be Marian's, would entirely acquit her of the

shame of a too tender sensibility—would not surmise how near her heart was concerned in the sentiments she uttered.

She raised her eyes, and essayed to speak, but, unlike the eagle, she could not gaze upon the sun that shone upon her; and on meeting his, replete with tenderness, and so fondly fixed on her, hers again sought the ground; and she almost doubted, for a moment, the reality of his love for Marian. The thought was dangerous—it added to her agitation, and nearly sinking to the ground, her quivering lips, and tremulating form, appeared to alarm lord Montresor.

With feelings nearly as tumultuous as her own, while he tendered her that support her subdued state rendered essential, and indeed unable to resist, he, in tones that would have carried conviction to a heart less the victim of
erroneous

erroneous conclusions than that of the shrinking girl he almost clasped in his arms, said—"Miss Bouverie—Juliet, could you but know the anxious suspense you keep me in—Those lines—dare I believe?—This agitation—Beware how you delude me! In mercy speak!"

"Leave me," was all she could articulate.

The deadly paleness that resumed its station on the cheek a blush had chased away, and the continued vibration of her gentle form, occasioned to lord Montresor a total revulsion of thought.

"My God! you are ill!" he fearfully uttered; "very ill. You must not remain alone. I cannot—will not leave you. Why does not Mrs. Bouverie—Oh, she has no affectionate feelings. Perhaps Marian Lloyd—"

This magic name at once aroused Juliet from the dream of bliss she so weakly had permitted to take possession of her heart. This name brought back, as by enchantment, all her real misery before her, and with an effort she tore herself from him.

“One moment, Miss Bouverie,” he said, detaining her, by firmly taking her hand, as she was leaving the apartment, “one word before we part. I must know from your own lips, that those lines you just now so sweetly, so mournfully uttered——”

Juliet proudly interrupted him, and steadying her voice, she said, in a firm tone—“Were given to me, my lord, by Marian Lloyd.”

The hand that so forcibly had retained hers suddenly unclasped; the eyes that so fondly had gazed, flashing with an
angry

angry quickness, sought the ground. The reproof her words had seemed to contain took from him all desire of detaining her; and thus freed from further opposition, she quickly left the apartment.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! — — — now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding.
 Revenge is lost in agony. *Hebrew Melodies.*

.....

“ The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming ;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?

“ It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.”

DAYS rolled on, and Juliet and lord Montresor were thrown constantly together. Yet, whilst each moment drew her more closely to his heart, he endeavoured to see her only in the light of the affianced bride of colonel Harewood;
 she

she him, but as the secret lover of Marian Lloyd.

This reflection enabled her, if not to master her feelings, at least to conceal her griefs. Hope was now extinct; her eyes were opened, and she chid herself for her former fancifulness.—“ Self-love has led me on,” she said; “ self-love must put an end to this baneful attachment; self-love will surely lead me back in search of my former happy feelings.”

Yet she retired to weep in solitude, to prove lord Montresor faultless, and herself mistaken. Nothing was further from her heart than complaint. She had no one to accuse but herself—nothing to deplore but the fatality that had brought them together. Yet all her sufferings could not make her quarrel with days she never—no, never could forget, and never should see again; yet,

when they only lived in her remembrance uncondemned, she might dwell on their brightest moments—moments that could not be eclipsed even by the darkness of those that surrounded them.

Nothing now remained but to command herself, her countenance, her feelings, her words, whilst they were together. It was long since she had heard from her aunt. What we wish we believe; and she had made up her mind that her father was returning to her.

She now anxiously expected the moment when their separation would take place. A cold shudder at the idea of leaving him passed across her heart, but joy and blissful ecstasy was hers when she said—“ But I shall then have my father !”

Tenaciously she avoided every possibility

bility of being alone with him. In the morning her aunt's footstep on the stairs was the signal that she might also descend in security. In the day, the ceremony of wrapping the Indian shawl gracefully around her was the warning that departure was premeditated, and she then was the first to quit the apartment.

She hardly trusted herself to ask whether lord Montresor perceived the difference of her conduct, much more to seek to gain the intelligence through her eyes, for she had learned to distrust them; and so cautious had it made her, that the day was passed without the dangerous indulgence of having once looked towards him. Yet still she was alive to all the felicity of being near him. He had resumed his seat by her side at the breakfast-table. She sat opposite to him at dinner. She heard the

D 6

sound

sound of his voice; and when sometimes he would read aloud to her aunt, as she trifled with the golden threads of the purse that she was finishing for him, her ear dwelt enamoured on the mellifluous sounds, and she breathed not, moved not, till he ceased.

Sometimes she fancied there was a point, a meaning in his manner. Sometimes, by the difference in the sound of his voice, she believed that he was rendering deluding words more marked, by rather addressing them to herself. Then, and then only, she would rise, and employ herself at the farthest end of the apartment, far beyond the hearing of his words.

These were the tasks she imposed on herself; these were the efforts that exhausted her strength, that embittered her solitary hours, that bathed her pillow

low with tears. Her situation was a dangerous one, yet she sought not to be deceived by attentions that pointed to no other end than to mislead; sought to hide an affection that she could not but feel was unprovoked barbarity in him to attempt to betray. Had he then read the secret of her heart? The thing, she trusted, was impossible. No, he could not know, he should never know the weakness she was guilty of—should never know that she had returned him *love* for polite attentions—*love* for common civility — *love* for every trivial gallantry — *love* for even the common usages of refined hospitality.

Lord Montresor, racked by all the torments of uncertainty, was no less a prey to misery than herself. He had, in a moment of deep retrospection, remembered that he dated his loss of peace to an ambiguous expression of Mr. Bouverie's.

verie's. He tried to recollect the exact words; but the sense only had struck upon his heart. Why not at once apply to Mr. Bouverie for an explanation?

There was at least satisfaction in the thought; and he began the day with a false calmness of mind—an attempt at resignation to the worst that could happen—an attempt at stemming the intoxication he dreaded any sudden elation of his hopes might produce. But vain was every endeavour at making the essay. Twice he contrived to be alone with Mr. Bouverie, and failed. He then begged admittance into his dressing-room: it was granted, and in reply to Mr. Bouverie's look of inquiry at this unusual demand, he merely reminded him that they were engaged to ride together.

Before their return, he was resolved
his

his fate should at least be decided either one way or the other ; but Mr. Bouverie had a peculiar mode of fixing his looks intently on the person who addressed him—this, in the present instance, was insupportable ; and lord Montresor felt, that unless he could contrive to keep his friend out till dusk, then only could he fearlessly venture. But Mr. Bouverie had letters to write. The air was cold, and he came home in precisely the same state of incertitude in which he had left it.

He would also write ; it was the best mode of attaining the desired information. But here the false pride of man interfered, and prevented him. What could he ask that would not expose the whole nature of his own sentiments, and doom them, should the worst of his conclusions prove just, to all the aggravations of pity ?

This

This scheme then was at an end; his next was to fly the castle; but when the only charm left in life consisted in the pleasure of being near Juliet, when his only wish for the morrow was that he might again behold her, he could not become the agent of his own destruction; and his fortitude extended no farther than the forming the determination—its execution was beyond his power.

Yet whilst thus loving her with his whole soul, a vindictive feeling still clung about his heart; and as he rather cherished than repressed the emotion, he had but little chance of losing it—no, it still dwelt fresh on his memory, and not all her thousand proofs of kindness could counterbalance this one single deviation. She had tampered with his most sensitive feelings of pride; she had treated the murmurings of his heart
with

with a fearless contempt, and had thrown the disjointed fragments before him.—“I cannot have loved her so much since,” he said, endeavouring at the same time to take the fact for granted, “I cannot have loved her so much since—it is out of the nature of things.

“Yet whilst he swore to love her never,
Still he loved her more than ever.”

He had a restless desire to again hear her sing; and he never looked towards the harp, but in fancy he also saw her sweet figure, such as he had there seen it, on that never-to-be-forgotten night; but no one in the family seemed aware of her powers but himself, and he found that to an ambushed attack he must alone look for success in his wishes. For this end he would select *trios*, with an earnest request to Mrs. Bouverie that he might hear them.

“Spoiled,

"Spoiled, I suppose," she would quickly add, "for what can our two voices alone achieve? and as to supposing Bouverie will do any thing to make himself at all fascinating, is perfect madness. I should as soon expect to see him dance. But we will sing this duet, if you like—' *M'aimeras-tu?*' &c.

With expectations rather impaired, he would then ask but for one duet on the harp and pianoforte.

It was granted—Juliet, without hesitation, seated herself at the *pianoforte*, and his chance was gone.

Day still succeeded to day, each varying in the pleasures, the pains, the hopes, the fears, that every revolving hour produced. The nights only were the same, for then the sleepless pillow proved that all was fallacious, futile, visionary, and
unavailing;

unavailing; and in the vacillancy of his feelings lord Montresor wrote thus to an old and valued friend:—

“ It is for your ghostly advice that I write, my good general—on what point I almost fear to say. Indeed, whilst I ask it, I know most clearly the road I ought to pursue, and in fancy hear your favourite precept—‘ rely on your own judgment.’ This is certainly a most useful caveat against doing what we may afterwards repent of; and as you have also told me, that ‘ we only seek advice when we would get rid of a moiety of the blame attendant on a foolish action,’ I fear I have little hopes of your taking on yourself to lessen my responsibility. Indeed, let us try all the subterfuges in our power, we are still all accountable for our own actions; but whilst the tree
of

of knowledge, of good and evil, is still growing, still tempting us with forbidden fruit, how little are we to be trusted! how frequent is it, that from choice we take the bad! And can you then blame me if I dare not trust the dictates of a heart whose foolish fancies are teaching me discontent, envy, and injustice? Yes, my dear general, in your hands I place the welfare of this restless tenant of my bosom. It has become too rebellious for self-control; therefore to you, who have guided it through all the labyrinth of dissipation, and with more than paternal care have shielded it from irredeemable ill—to you do I look for relief.

“ You have long known my situation in regard to Marian Lloyd; and I believe the name of Juliet Bouverie has too often appeared in my letters to you, for you to be totally ignorant of my
sentiments

sentiments towards her. But it is a wayward heart that she has crept into—wayward I say, for not content with knowing and feeling the beautiful Marian Lloyd's love might be my own, I seek with a restless impatience to gain an interest in that bosom, virtuously shut against me by the presence of another. From a perverted source evil must flow. With unauthorized perspicuity I now analyse every movement of poor Marian's soul, and endeavour in its defects to find reason for the empire of feeling the gentle Juliet has so strongly gained over me. I have proceeded far in this system of analysis, and the result is, that the singleness of heart, the passionate love of virtue, the inherent dignity of soul, all vanish before this microscopic scrutiny, and this Marian Lloyd is not the Marian Lloyd I once knew. Yes, that sincerity, that honest plainness, she once appeared to possess,

possess, proceeds, as you once hinted, only from an ignorance of control. But this is not my only quarrel against her. You know how beautiful she is, for you have seen her, and seen her when that beauty was heightened, chastened by the dignity and propriety of manners that seemed to bespeak the innocence of her heart. Should you then recognize her in the character of a fashionable coquette? would piquant levity, whimsical frivolity, ill-timed caprice, ever recall to your mind the recollection of Marian Lloyd? Oh, no, my friend, you never would identify her former self, in the flippant flirting girl she has now become. Yet, were I to attack her virtuous principles, I believe I should do her wrong (and you know how sceptical we men are in these points)—I conceive them firm and unshaken; but that enthusiastic love of virtue that glowed in her every fine feature, and beamed in the splendour of
of

of her eyes, is gone. Why had my mother not lived, if only to save this lovely young creature from folly! No one possessed such influence over her, and her devotion to her was unbounded. In all good deeds she identified lady Montresor, and worshipped the attributes for the sake of the deity. Poor Marian! she did love my mother, and that was the attraction that drew me towards her. Alas, dear sir! ought not this remembrance to keep me to her still? Yet how can I love her—how can I respect her (and the one cannot be without the latter), seeing her as I do? Can I voluntarily entrust my all in the keeping of one I cannot but condemn—one who has frittered away the dignity of mind that I had imagined was hers genuinely and inherently—one that I have heard stoop to profess sentiments I knew were not her own—one that I have seen merely court attentions,

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tions, for the equally-mean purpose of exciting jealous alarms in that breast not even worthy of her? Oh, my friend! it was a degenerate feeling, that could prompt Marian to seek to owe to that passion attentions my affections gave her not; and I have felt a sickly disgust the reflection could not but produce, when it has been evident the *attention* it was she sought, not the *affection*.

“ This suspicious scrutiny has not solely been directed against Marian. Juliet, and my heart beats rapidly as I write her name, has equally been the object of my minute consideration. But oh, sir, her feelings are nearly rendered impervious to my view, by a diffidence that shrinks from all observation; and it is scarcely possible, that I, whom mostly she avoids, can form any accurate idea of her mind and feelings. Circumstances over which her retiring nature
has

has no control are my only guides, and then it is that her perfections stand confessed; then it is that I find out why I love her; then it is that my soul acknowledges its worship.

“ Oh, what a pitiful passion is love! how grovelling are the sentiments of which it is composed, that unsought, unthanked, unrequited, it should undiminished live on! I have been piqued to my very soul—I have been mortified, humbled, and slighted—I have exposed sentiments that have been scorned, rejected, and despised; yet still, still do I love, devotedly, eternally. Where is then the pride you have taught me to guard against? I have it not—it is gone—lost, all smothered in the fervency of my devotion. I am indeed an altered being, scarcely recognising myself, yet obstinate in misery; and worlds would not tempt me to en-

desavour to overcome this disorder of the soul. I can see no happiness in the future—the present alone is mine. I taste pleasure only as it is reflected from Juliet; I appreciate fortune only as she partakes it with me. What had I done to deserve the blessing of living *for months* with her under my own roof? I knew her not when I made the offer to my friend—I knew her not, I dreamed not of bliss, when I resolved on visiting Wales. Yes, contradictory as it may seem, I still can talk of bliss, can shake my chains, and say, I have been happy.

“There are kindred hearts, my friend, yet chance and distance will divide those who would have loved each other throughout a long—long life. It is a pleasure to me to think, that had we but met sooner, Juliet in me might have rested her brightest hopes of happiness—in me might have reposed a passion
fervid

fervid as the one that now burns within my bosom, solitarily — unpitied. But no, she is—she must be incapable of feeling. In many instances she has evinced the most mortifying indifference; and though apparently sensitive, she is, I assert, in reality unfeeling. Yes, the delicacy of her manner, which has struck my soul with the warmest admiration, proceeds only from the coldness of her own; that mild forbearance of temper, those retiring manners, that indifference to admiration, neither instigated by caprice or idleness, must be the result of constitutional insensibility; and you have only to grieve that so fair, so dear a soul should be under the chilling thralldom of apathy.

“ I have read over what I have just written, and I ought to blot out every word of it. But trust not to the painting of a disappointed wretch, who has not

even sufficient strength of mind left to acknowledge the propriety of the sufferings inflicted on him. What ought I to expect from one who may soon be the wife of another? Nothing, nothing but pity, and that I claim not. Yet let me render her justice; let me teach you to forget that of which I have accused her; but could you see her beautiful countenance, illumined with enthusiasm at the relation of a noble act, or see her trembling, weeping, at a tale of sorrow, you would then find how much disappointed feelings have had to do with it. Yes, I am disappointed, heart-wrung; and in my torments could almost wish her to be the character I have designated. Yet, when I have suddenly found myself the object of her regards, and met the glance of her eye, brilliant, yet tender, had I yielded to impulse, I should have clasped her in my arms, and blessed her for the attention

tion she only spared me from another: but let that other come and claim his own; let those dear accents that haunt me when in solitude, that thrill over my soul when in society, be ever estranged from my ear—I can, I will bear it, without betraying the slightest movement of that withered heart, whose latest emotion will be a sigh to her dear remembrance. Heaven send she may be happy! Mine are not jealous feelings—it is the soul-sickening sorrow of regret that clings about me. ‘Jealousy inspires the thirst of vengeance; regret inspires only the wish to die.’

“I began this letter, my dear general, by soliciting your advice. I conclude it: with an appeal to your commiseration. I want no advice—I seek none. Strength and courage are alone required of me to bear up against a woe that has no limits, no end, no cessation.

Is mine a heart to be offered to Marian? Can I act up to sentiments too suddenly formed — too easily forgotten? Has she too ceased to remember them, thereby justifying me; or is my defalcation the acting spring for hers? I am weary with conjecture, and shall impatiently await your ideas upon the subject.

“ORMSBY MONTRESOR.”

“MY DEAR BOY,

“Your letter, and aspersion M. S. arrived by the same post; am engaged in deciphering the latter—yours more difficult task. The sex have puzzled wiser heads than yours. *High-flyer* will kick herself out of her harness soon; but decide nothing hastily, and then act more from your judgment than from your feelings.

“Adieu, sweet Romeo,

“Ever yours,

“HUGH PIERREPONT.

“P. S.

“ P.S. The Koran you sent me is installed in my museum. Have named my little demure-looking Arabian Juliet.”

CHAPTER IV.



The passion of love is one of the strongest which reigns in the human breast, and its influence is durable as well as powerful. Sometimes its empire is gentle, and sometimes terrible. Here it comes attended by the graces and the pleasures; there it is followed by jealousy and despair.



Until some sentiment be felt and admitted, which can excite attention as much as the passion which ought to be coerced, that passion will continue to usurp the dominion of the mind, and will guide its victims through a miserable existence, in spite of the admonitions of wisdom, and the precept of virtue.

DRUMMOND'S *Academical Questions*.

“ I NEVER saw any creature so changed as Montresor,” said Mrs. Bouverie, one morning, across the table, to Juliet, following him at the same time with her eyes, as he quitted the apartment; “ he
is

is not the same being he was when he first came to this place. 'They say the country is the birthplace of new ideas; but they must have meant sheep, pigs, and poultry, for I never saw that it was productive of any thing else; and this translation to the moody, of all that was delightful, still tends more strongly to confirm my argument. But," and an arch smile played over her countenance as she spoke, "did I want another proof of what I say, mademoiselle Julie's pale cheek and *cui bono* manner, would supply no very contemptible auxiliary in the support of my cause. Now do not blush so at being discovered, nor tremble, and again turn to the tell-tale hue that has betrayed you. I will keep your confidence; yet pray give me credit for my penetration, and do not think that I was ever deceived by your romantic professions. — Love the country! I knew it was altogether impossible."

Juliet breathed again; she had threaded every thing from her aunt's attack, the purport of which she had not understood; and she was alone sensible of the misery of her secret being unexpectedly in the keeping of another. The chilled blood that had curdled through her veins now rushed back with a thankful emotion to her heart. One moment more of terrible suspense would have seen her crouched on her knees before her aunt—would have heard her make confession of every feeling of her breast—would have found her a suppliant for her silence and compassion. She was grateful in being spared all this, and her aunt continued—

“ It was quite amusing to me to hear your plans. I do not know what you were not to do. Barclay's walks were nothing to the ones that you were to take. And Cecil not to know the
economy

economy of his own mind better! he, I think, at least might have guessed that it was too late in the day for him to educate his talents for the country; but like young and silly children, you credited not a word I uttered, but pitied the supineness that dictated it."

Juliet laughed at her aunt's account; and her mind naturally reverting to the difference of her present appearance to that when she had first beheld her, she said—"But you at least, Mrs. Bouverie, have cause to bless its powers."

"I bless its powers!" with unfeigned astonishment exclaimed her aunt, "I bless its powers—the powers of the country! And pray for what? For putting me into a syncope the first two months I was here, I suppose! And notwithstanding I did condescend to come out of it solely for his preservation, I am to bless it for displaying to me lord Montresor gradually sinking a

victim to the same malady, *malgré* all my efforts towards its prevention. I guess the next thing he will do, will be to grow totally weary of it and go; and then what is to become of us? what am I then to bless it for?"

"What indeed!" in desponding accents murmured Juliet, as the frightful idea for the first time burst upon her mind.

"I can only wonder," continued Mrs. Bouverie, "that he has stayed here so long; for if the being in London is not quite fashionable just now, there are other places where you may shew yourself in—Brighton or Bath, for instance. I was at both last year." Here she sighed deeply. "Happy, happy times! But then the society of Cornwallis alone was sufficient to make any place pleasant. I never knew a creature so sought after. Yet some part of every day we were sure to have him, which was not
a little

a little flattering to one's vanity. Nay, even when he was endeavouring to *make the sorry* for his old *stick* of an uncle, who left him all the money, he never failed coming, as he said, to be cheered by my conversation. Indeed the creature is like Falstaff, 'not only witty himself, but the cause of it in others;' and I only wish that I could recollect half the droll things he used to make me say. And then he is such an irresistible quizzer, no one is safe within a mile of him. Oh, what happy evenings he has made me pass! and how mad he has made the *wallflowers*, in not dancing with their simpering daughters! Oh, the frowns I have had to endure, merely because he preferred remaining by my side!—as if I could help it, you know; but that is the worst of Brighton, the girls are there so dancing mad, that if you deprive them of a partner, your character is not safe in
their

their hands; yet I am sure there are plenty to be had—two regiments always quartered there. Indeed I must say, if any place would reconcile me to being absent from London, it would be Brighton. What can be more gay than the Marine Parade of a fine day? every body there that you wish to see, or if they are not, you are sure to find them lounging at the dandy corner, by Donaldson's. It was there I last saw Cornwallis; he stopped the carriage as we were leaving it for London; he held my hand until the last moment. I shall cry if I think of it much longer. What must he have thought when he went to London, to find us not there!

*"Oh, sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way."*

Overcome with the recollections of these past pleasures, she seemed lost to every present object; and Juliet was left

at liberty to indulge in her own sad thoughts. It was strange that she who had looked on a removal from the castle as the only chance of regaining her lost happiness, should turn with dread from the bare idea that lord Montresor might leave it before her; and she flew to the solitude of the library, to indulge in undisturbed ruminations. Fearless of interruption (for she had seen lord Montresor and her uncle leave the castle on horseback), she drew her chair near the fire, and without any attempt on her part to control them, tears coursed each other down her cheeks. But it was not alone for lord Montresor that she wept—*anxiety and nervous fears respecting her father had their share in causing tears, which she gladly laid entirely to the apprehensions she entertained concerning her absent parent.*

It

It was long since she had received any accounts; and though the last were every thing that she could wish, there had been much time for many changes to have taken place since; but Owen was gone to the post-town for letters, and with fervently-breathed hopes that he would bring her good news, she endeavoured to turn her thoughts into a gayer channel. But where was happiness for her? Not in her heart's affections — they had cheated her into the weakness of loving the being who returned not her love; not in anticipating the future, for hopeless as was her love, she felt that it could end but with her life.

In the idea that she heard some one approaching the room, she turned her chair round to the table, and opened a large book that lay near, from the hope that seeing her apparently engaged in
study,

study, whoever it might be would not remain to interrupt her.

Between the pages of the book she had spread before her, was an open letter, and the largeness and peculiarity of the handwriting fixed her attention towards it. No one entered the room; and her eyes had glanced through the contents of the general's reply to lord Montresor, before reflection had warned her that a wrong construction might be put upon the action. That it in any way alluded to herself was a circumstance she never dreamed of; and though she had felt some interest as the name of Juliet glanced upon her eye, the bare mention of the Arabian prevented her, even for an instant, associating herself with it.

At this moment the door opened, and lord Montresor entered. He started on
perceiving

perceiving her, and she thought his eyes glanced from her towards the letter, which still lay open before her.

Aware that some apology was necessary, she took it from the book, held it towards him, and explained the accident that had made her acquainted with its contents.

He now appeared for the first time to have seen it; and taking it from her hand, said, with much confusion, whilst his eye at the same time eagerly glanced over it—"And what, tell me, Miss Bouverie, what has it unveiled to you?"

A smile passed over her countenance, and a silence ensued; for she knew not what to reply to that which seemed to her so much unnecessary earnestness.

In

In breathless expectancy however lord Montresor seemed to wait ; and his eye again ran over the letter, as in an anxious tone he exclaimed once more—
“ Tell me, I implore you, tell me what knowledge have you gleaned from finding this letter ? ”

The mischievous smile again brightened the features of Juliet, and she cast down her laughing eyes, as she archly replied to his question — “ That you, my lord, can leave precious manuscripts about as unwittingly as myself.”

Lord Montresor understood the allusion, and returned her smile ; but there was so much of wounded feeling expressed in it, that it not only checked hers, that was even then playing round her dimpled mouth, but made her at the same time lament the having called it forth.

“ Forgive

“Forgive my trifling, lord Montresor,” she said; “indeed it is quite unseasonable; for I am taught by your discomposure how much more I ought to have felt, when I consider the wide distinction between our offences. You have merely exposed, by negligence, an unintelligible record of your friend’s stud; I, the sacred feelings of the heart. But I trust and hope,” she continued, “those feelings are long ere this forgotten—feelings which, though they met with no reciprocal ones from me, yet excited much more of compassion than you are willing to give me credit for.”

“Compassion, Miss Bouverie,” haughtily interrupted lord Montresor, “was not the sentiment those lines were meant to excite;” then added, sarcastically, “but your wishes cannot but be propitious. Those feelings, I am proud to tell you, are forgotten, withered, perished, by a consistent, cold unkindness of manner,

manner, that would repulse even more sanguine hearts than——”

“You have letters for me, my uncle, I know you have,” anxiously interrupted Juliet, impatiently flying across the room to Mr. Bouverie, as he entered. “Nay, do not hide them from me,” she continued, playfully peeping after them, for he had placed his hands behind him. “Do, dear sir, let me have them! I see the corners of one in your hand; indeed I do. Pray do not tantalize me!”

“The post is not——There are no letters, Juliet; this is only one for lord Montresor, I believe.”

Juliet in a moment released the hand which she had been endeavouring with all her power to uncloze, and for the first time raised her eyes to her uncle's countenance. It answered but too well to the agonized tone of voice which he had

of death; and lord Montresor bore her slowly along, that he might lengthen the time of gazing on the features of the dearly-loved being he fondly cradled in his arms.

On reaching her dressing-room, and placing his beauteous burden on a sofa, he began anxiously to await the appearance of Mrs. Watkins, whilst on his knees, by her side, he fervently prayed to Heaven to spare the blessed girl before him.

In her fall the combs had escaped from her hair, and as he gathered up the long glossy tresses that hung on the ground, he pressed them to his beating heart—to his lips.

Fearful of leaving her himself to hasten Mrs. Watkins with restoratives, yet considering that something immediately

ately

ately should be done towards recalling her to life, he took one of her hands between his own, and by forcibly rubbing its palm, endeavoured to awaken her to some signs of existence. It had the desired effect, and the little hand he held clasped round his with convulsive firmness, whilst for a moment unclosing her eyes, she faintly said, with the painful effort of one speaking in sleep—"Oh, it is you, 'lord Montresor; I thought _____"

"Poor little orphan!" he softly murmured, thankful almost for the relapse that yet a longer time spared her from the knowledge of her woes. Her hand still held his, and by its close pressure seemed to appeal to every tender feeling of his soul—it was too much for him to bear.—"Poor little orphan!" he again affectionately repeated, as laying his burning cheek to hers, so death-like cold, he sobbed and wept like a child.

But this emotion was not long to be indulged: Mrs. Watkins's voice sounded in the gallery, and with one fervid kiss on the hand he gently disengaged himself from, he undid the fastening, and departed through the door that led to the library. Mr. Bouverie had quitted it: instinctively his eyes rested on the spot where Juliet had fallen, and never, through a long course of years, did he ever enter that room, without his eyes immediately glancing towards the place. Her large tortoiseshell comb still lay on the ground, and by its side a little gold French cross that had come unlinked from her neck; he could not resist the temptation, but winding its long chain round his wrist, hid it from every eye, and breathed a vow never to part with it again.

CHAPTER V.

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Hebrew Melodies.

THE letter which Mr. Bouverie, now lord Aubrey, had received, was to announce to him the death of his brother ; and although it was a circumstance he had gradually become prepared to expect, the blow was nevertheless most severely felt by him. His lady neither was or professed to be much overtaken by any sensations of grief : she had never known much of her departed brother, and what little she did know she did not like at

all, "he was so different to Cecil:" and with the delightful certainty before her of now really going to London, so vividly did she colour the bright perspective to Cecil, that he soon managed to lull his sorrows to sleep, and equally began by anticipation to feel all the joys that awaited them.

Rendered useless by the acquisition of his brother's wealth, he now, for the first time, unfolded to lady Aubrey the bitter arrangement he had been necessitated to abide by.—"Creditors," he said, "are not the fellows to be argued with; about another year's unembarrassed income would have satisfied them, and here we must have groaned in misery until it had expired. What do you think of that, Albinia?"

"I could not have done it," she replied, with unaffected horror and astonishment; "and you did well to keep
the

the knowledge from me, or I never should have lived to enjoy this blessed reverse."

It was arranged that in two days their departure for London was to take place.

"And you will accompany us?" said lady Aubrey, addressing herself to lord Montresor. "We must not leave you here to weep our loss, but will fill up our long journey, by endeavouring to express to you the thousand thanks we feel for all the kindnesses received under the roof of Montresor Castle. You will go?"

With feelings most keenly alive to regret at this sudden separation, lord Montresor returned a careless negative to every solicitation that tended towards its delay; forgetting in his earnest endeavour to hide the real state of his feel-

ings, that the *bienséance* of society partly demanded their development; but he dared not venture on betraying a part, lest the whole truth should burst upon the view.

Lady Aubrey, however, was much too happy herself to be tempted to quarrel with its appearance in another; and the hopes of so soon being surrounded by the whole host of her well-tried London allies, served very well to reconcile her to the *sangfroid* evinced by the present.

In two days then he was to be separated from the secret treasure of his soul—the sweet companion of his never-wearying thought! Yes, in two short days he should owe alone to chance the ever again meeting a creature whose dearly-loved presence was the only charm left him in existence.

Thus

Thus apostrophized lord Montresor. He had not seen Juliet since the morning, when he left her deprived of sense on the sofa of her dressing-room; but in imagination her lifeless form was ever before him. He still saw her pale cheek—still felt the pressure of her little clay-cold hand—still heard the forced tones of her voice, as she only for the moment recognized him.

It seemed to him scarcely possible that she could be so far recovered as to be able to undertake so long a journey, without seriously endangering her health; but lady Aubrey was under no such apprehensions, and continued still to urge him to make one of the party, because it was so very disagreeable to have to take leave of any body.

Wavering and irresolute, he gave no decided answer to these empty importunities,

tunities ; his thoughts were all with Juliet, and he waited, without making any direct inquiry, to ascertain, if possible, the exact state of her sufferings ; but lady Aubrey talked of nobody but herself—her soul seemed already to have flown to the dear region of Portman-square, and lord Montresor in vain listened for the name of Juliet.

Rendered desperate by repeated disappointments, he at length, calming down his interested feelings, demanded, in a careless tone, whether she thought Miss Bouverie would be able to accompany her?—"Be able!" she repeated, in a hasty tone of inquiry, "why not?" Then recollecting herself—"Oh, ay, very true," she continued, "you might apprehend; you saw her faint—did not you? Poor girl! the journey will do her spirits good, we think; and then London will soon set all to rights—just entering life, with

with sixty thousand pounds her own, besides expectations, depend on it she will very soon forget how to be dull."

After a sleepless night, with spirits at their lowest ebb, lord Montresor descended to the breakfast-room the morning his guests were to leave the castle. He found lord and lady Aubrey already there; the former giving hasty orders to the servants as they passed before the open door with packages for the carriage; the latter standing at the window with all the impatience of a child, watching for the first signal when all should be ready.—"Still resolved, Montresor, to let us depart without you?" she asked, extending her hand towards him as he entered; "very cruel—but we shall soon meet in London."

"Where is Juliet," interrupted lord Aubrey, who, for the first time, amidst the bustle and confusion he had thrown

himself into, seemed to recollect there was such a person—"where is she? if we do not mind, we shall leave her behind." Then again turning to the servants, "Let Miss Bouverie," he said, "know that we are waiting for her."

The servant departed on the message, and lord Montresor, with a beating heart, awaited her appearance.

For the preservation of lord Aubrey's lungs, which, to the confusion of the bustling domestics, were exerting themselves every minute in issuing fresh orders, the door was left open, and lord Montresor seated himself at the table, in such a manner that Juliet could not pass through the hall without his immediately perceiving her. She was not long in obeying the summons, and in a few moments he saw her slowly descending the grand flight of stairs. Every
nerve

nerve thrilled within him—his heart seemed to leap with the joy of again beholding her—and attending to nothing but its dictates, in a moment he was by her side.

The large bonnet she wore nearly concealed the countenance beneath it, but it could not hide from the penetrating glance of lord Montresor the havoc that grief had made there. But his gaze seemed to distress her, and a slight blush mounted to her cheek, as turning her head quite away from him, she walked in silence towards the outward door. It appeared to have been her intention of immediately entering the carriage, but on finding it still far from ready, she was again retiring to her own apartment, when lord Montresor gently detained her.—“ Miss Bouverie,” he said, respectfully taking her hand as he spoke, “ in a few short moments we

part, perhaps for ever ; yet let it not be before you have answered me one question."

She withdrew her hand, but made no effort to leave him, and after some trifling hesitation, he continued, in a voice hurried and scarcely audible from agitation—" Say, do we part friends? do you forgive all my unprovoked—my unjust irritability? do you pardon me for daring to—I cannot express myself, Juliet, and you will not understand me."

" I do—I do," was all she could articulate; but the hand she voluntarily replaced in his spoke that peace to his heart her lips denied. The dreaded word was now given—all was ready, and the servant passed on to announce it in the breakfast-room.

There were feelings in Juliet's bosom
towards

towards lord Montresor that she blushed not to avow. These were the sentiments of gratitude her long residence with him as his guest could not fail in exciting; and though they were fearfully blended with those she dreaded to betray, she yet hoped, ere she left the castle, of finding some means of expressing them. This was the only moment left her; he yet lingered by her side, and she turned towards him to make the essay.

With timidity and hesitation she addressed him, and he was hanging enamoured on the graceful sweetness of her words, when a servant hastily exclaimed —“ Lord Aubrey’s writing-case has not been put in.” It was the first time she had heard her uncle addressed by the title of her departed father; and as she suddenly ceased speaking, lord Montresor dreaded the effects it might produce:
but

but the convulsive sigh, and the big tear that would not be controlled, alone betrayed the emotion she endured: whilst her quivering lips failed to pronounce the last adieu, as the carriage drove from the door.

—◆—

“ *Tremarnoc.*

“ Diogenes Laertius says, in his life of Crates, that love is to be cured by hunger, if not by time; or if neither of these remedies succeed, by a halter; but what will my dear Sophie think, when she learns that I have kissed my hand to the little imp Cupid, without having had recourse to any of these coercive measures? If I were to ask whether you really think I ever did love Ormsby, would you not fear for the state of my head, without giving me any credit for the improved arrangements of my heart? It is indeed madness

ness

ness to make the demand, and yet, Sophie, I have asked myself the question; but the glory of the victory cannot make me forget the anguish of the battle, and though I cannot love him now, Heaven only knows with what fervour he has been adored! But what is the love of woman? a baseless tenement, built on the sandy foundation of the truth of man. With his preference it receives its birth—with his perfidy it perishes! Yet it is a fascinating passion, and I know there are some minds, so heroic or so weak (which am I to call them?) as to take infinite pains in nursing up the belief, that it must be an invincible one; that in obtaining complete dominion over the soul, it will outlive coldness and neglect; that it will still exist when hope and confidence are gone. But this is the enthusiasm of passion, not the rational sentiment of love: the one is the blinding flash of vivid lighting,

ning, the other the calm and genial light of day: born of esteem, it cannot subsist independently of its parent; nurtured by soft attentions, it droops and dies when once bereft of them, whilst, though deep for a while may be the sorrow that attends the discovery, *love and love die together!*

“ I have fancied my case to be a peculiar one—one of almost unprecedented cruelty; but sobering reflection has taught me now to see it in the light of a very common every-day sort of an occurrence. I have been duped by attentions that pointed to no decisive end—I have been persuaded attachment existed where common civility alone was intended. Indeed it is no very easy matter to suppose that a character unblemished for probity and honour could be capable of such unprovoked barbarity as that which I have supposed

Ormsby

Ormsby guilty of. Is he a creature who would obtain the full confidence of his destined victim, and then amuse himself with watching the progress of a passion he coolly resolved to reduce to despair? No, my reason exculpates him from blame, proves him faultless, and myself mistaken.

“ I believe there is no more prevalent error that women contrive to fall into, than that of supposing those attentions pointed which are in fact unmeaning; and I begin to think every woman would do right, instead of catching at every trivial gallantry, or fanning up hopes till they fallaciously flame conviction on the heart, to attend to nothing short of an explicit avowal. I grant you this would deal *sentiment's* death-blow, but would not *artifice* happily die with it? and men, ceasing to find occasion for laughing at the silly victims of
their

their deceit, would also lose the malignant joy of sheltering themselves under the shallow plea of *not having said a word that could be brought against them*. However we live not in Utopia, but in a country where the population prefer the perversity of their own mode of proceeding before any the compiler of systems may take the trouble of dictating. Yet indeed when we look around the world, and see that each, in following the bent of his own inclinations, is continually acting at variance with internal happiness, principles of religion, and the practices of virtue, we may almost be tempted to wonder that we do not jostle more against each other's interest than really is the case. But you are tired of my prosing—I will tell you the news of Wales.

“The Bouveries left the castle last week, owing to the sudden death of
lord

lord Aubrey, and I am quite perplexed in my speculations by the phenomenon of lord Montresor's still remaining here. He made one of a large party that dined with us the other day, and, in the course of conversation, we gleaned that he has even no intention of visiting London this spring. The Dawlishes and the Bamfields immediately took the alarm, and I saw that the pleasure they anticipated themselves receiving there was instantly destroyed. All their eyes were directed towards him—each voice was hushed to silence, as, with the yearnings of affection and softened mien of love, they inwardly seemed to ask the question—‘What then would be the use of their going?’ and I verily believe they were all planning the means of persuading their parents to remain in Wales, when he rendered them abortive by carelessly observing that he had some intention of visiting the Continent.

From

From a weak emotion, I felt the colour forsake my cheeks, but the fear of being observed soon brought it back again; yet there was no danger, for Mrs. Bamfield soon engrossed every attention.— ‘I am sorry, my lord,’ she began, ‘to hear you talk of quitting your own native land, and Hetty, no doubt, is as sorry as me. I don’t hold with them French continents somehow; and their Bastiles and Inquisitions wou’dn’t suit me at all; nor their mountains neither, as ’as got the fire in them; and then the snakes and the dogs, as are made to dance like Christians. Oh! I can’t a-bear to see dumb animals ill used—it always puts me in such a way! Don’t it, Hetty?’

“A smile was on every countenance, yet she perceived it not, but with all the pride of having *picked up some little learning*, continued—‘And then, my lord,

lord, 'at ere slave-trade, which some says is quite done up—but, law ! I should be loath to trust them.: and then the *subscription* for making boys soldiers, as if there wasn't enough fighting in the world ! And oh, my lord, the black hole at Calcutta ! which they puts people in, till the *prersperation* streams down their faces. Don't go, my lord ! do be persuaded to give it up—don't be your own enemy so. Hetty—Bessy, speak to my lord : make him say he wont.'

“ This conversstion took place before dinner: at table it by some means turned on lord Montresor's late guests, and I, who profess to be a physiognomist, and who judge of every one by the expression of their countenance, saw the deep interest he took in every word that was uttered ; yet he apparently listened with the most careless indifference, and said nothing that could in
any

any way betray him. It was I only who know him so well, that could not be deceived—I only that saw agitation under affected ease—nervous irritability under the complacent tone with which he addressed the person who sat next to him. Indeed the gentlemen who had seen Juliet at the castle were most provokingly lavish in their praises, each seeming to feel it a relief to their private feelings to have this public means of acknowledging them; and my father, who really for her sake is seriously wishing himself some ten years younger, concluded by saying, the cruel void she had left in his heart would be the means of taking him to London a month sooner than he had otherwise arranged.

“ On returning to the drawing-room, it was excessively amusing to me, to see the Miss Bamfields and the Miss Dawlishes instantly repair to separate recesses

esses of the apartment, to commune with each other, no doubt, on the impending misfortune about to befall them, in Ormsby's intended trip to the Continent. On the summons to coffee, however, the cares for the future were superseded by those of the present; and it seemed to require no little ingenuity to decide *where* and *how* they were to place themselves. Behold then the Hebe and the Madona amicably seated together on one ottoman; the arm of the one gracefully or affectionately (I know not which it was meant to represent) thrown over the shoulder of the other; whilst, by dint of tea-cakes and "sweet sugared words," they attempted the completing the prettiness of the picture, by coaxing a great fat pet puppy of my father's (the well-known gift of lord Montresor) to come and sit up between them.

"Whilst

“ Whilst the harvest of the cakes lasted, *Mouton* (who, I must say, loves eating as well as any dog) continued tolerably tractable; but no sooner were they gone than, resisting every *embrassade*, and snapping at the Hebe, who had the temerity to detain him, off he flew to the door the moment it was opened, leaving them to make other hasty arrangements for conquest.

“ The Dawlishes, more divided, I believe, amongst themselves, had three distinct parts to play, each relying more on her own powers than any she might receive through sisterly agency. Rosina, the eldest, under the plea of examining some prints that lay scattered on a table, occupied the advanced post by the door. Ianthe, the second, who I believe understands as much about music as the Greek Epaminondas, snatched my Neapolitan guitar from a corner,

corner, which, as I knew that it was very nicely in tune, not a little disconcerted me. But I soon perceived that it was *effect*, not *sound*, she wished to produce; and she really looked so very pretty with it slung round her, that I could not be so ill-tempered as to wish it out of her possession.

“ The best policy was evinced by Lilla, the youngest. She, whispering something into ma’ dear’s ear, gracefully seated herself on a little ottoman at her feet; and lord Montresor no sooner entered the room, than lady Dawlish, under some trifling pretext, immediately summoned him towards her. But men are strange animals, and I really believe like not their road made too smooth for them; but, from a blessed spirit of contradiction in their natures, prefer pleasures of their own seeking, before any that kindly-disposed people may take

the trouble of cutting out for them. To this alone I attribute lord Montresor's placing himself on a sofa between Mrs. Bamfield and myself, the moment he could release himself from lady Dawlish, without any great breach in *politesse*, for I cannot suppose Mrs. Bamfield possessed of any attractive qualities, and as to myself, I have long ceased to interest him.

‘ I have just been asking Miss Lloyd,’ began our talkative neighbour, ‘ what she thinks of Mrs. Bouverie, or my lady whatever she may be ; but now, I s’pose you are come, my lord, she’ll not like to speak her mind ; so I shall get off as fast as I can from this fierce fire. I’m sure it’s a frost to-night, for how it does *scotch* !’

‘ And what does Miss Lloyd think of my fair friend, lady Aubrey ?’ said lord Montresor, turning towards me, with

with a gaiety more the consequence, I believe, of my father's champagne, than of his natural disposition.

" I was rather surprised at the question, and replied—' When even Mrs. Bamfield has shewn sufficient *l'usage du monde* to dispense with it on your account, ought I, lord Montresor, to answer you?'

' The fact is, you do not like her,' said he, abruptly, yet with more the tone of inquiry than that of positive assertion; ' you do not like her, and that it is which keeps you silent.'

' It may be,' I replied, ' an apprehensive feeling of the sort; therefore were it not better to say nothing, than to express sentiments that could have nothing to recommend them to you but their sincerity?'

" The expression of his countenance degenerated into something very like dis-

content, and for a moment he was silent. I took this opportunity of endeavouring to turn the conversation into another channel, but he defeated my intention, by asking, in a manner which shewed that his thoughts were still directed towards the same point, whether at least I did not think her handsome?—‘ Beautiful!’ I replied, unhesitatingly;

‘ And sensible?’ he continued.

‘ *Of her own powers,*’ I rejoined, emboldened by the pertinacity of his catechism; ‘ no woman more so.’

‘ Then you confess she has powers,’ he perseveringly continued, ‘ though *you* have escaped her spell?’

‘ I do confess she has powers, my lord, but you in your turn must answer me candidly—are they not perverted ones? Does she not possess an air of levity and coquetry, to say the least of them, very unbecoming in a married woman?’

“ As

“ As I spoke, I saw a certain archness rising in his eye, and he replied—
‘ Then you think her manners are such as may give many an alarm to the heart of her husband.’

“ I began to fear I had committed an indiscretion, but without perceiving my hesitation, he continued—‘ Miss Lloyd, trust me when I say, no man, who knows the character of women, would fear one of her disposition, which is of so light a kind that she is never long enough at rest to form any other attachment but that one which ought to secure her from every other. Indeed she is too volatile to have any such fear; and though the severity of her morals would not shudder at the word *love*, she does not allow herself time to feel its influence. Even while you tell her she is beautiful, her eyes wander from those that are admiring her, in quest of those that may chance not to be thinking
G 3 about

about her. In short, every thing supersedes you in her attention.'

"He paused, and I observed, that I was at a loss to know to which his argument tended—for or *against* his friend.

'Oh, for her, most assuredly,' he rejoined, hastily, as Mr. Beauchamp approached us.

'We are endeavouring to bring coquetry into fashion,' I said, as Henry placed himself by my side. I believe he was annoyed at the long discourse I had held with Ormsby, for he rather sarcastically asked—'Is it to be by *theory*, Miss Lloyd, or *practice*?'

"He is not yet authorized to fling stones, and I really felt quite cross, though I take it, it was more from the stop he had put to a conversation that might have unveiled to me lord Montresor's sentiments in regard to Miss Bouverie, than for the want of temper he had shewn towards myself.

"I have

“ I have reflected much on Ormsby’s ideas respecting lady Aubrey, and find them to contain more truth than I at the time gave him credit for. Yes, it is not the coquette that is most to be feared. The woman of dignity is betrayed by the very dignity that enchants. The very arguments she holds with her own heart, on the subject of any attentions that are paid her, serve only more deeply to impress them on her feelings. She regards the affair in so many points of view, that the chances are ten to one but under some aspect or other, she sees it with more favourable eyes. There is something of heroic virtue in determining to resist an improper passion ; but this is alone confined to the *proper character*. The coquette lets things take their chance. The former talks and thinks so much about it, that at length she admits the passion, for the sake of withstanding it ; the latter destroys

G 4

it,

it through the very means she takes towards its preservation. You will wonder why all this interests me: I will tell you: they begin to call me coquette, *une minaudière*, trifler, and a thousand other such *hard* names, whilst some very clever people have taken it into their heads to say, that I have (what they call) *jilted* lord Montresor. *Mais n'importe*, my end is gained; and Ormsby seeing me apparently as much interested with every trifler as I ever was with him, will be the last to suspect that he alone gained my love.

“ We go to London next week; and it is my father's wish that ere I leave it, I shall have taken the name of Beauchamp; but my friend and I, *entre nous*, do not get on quite so well together as might be desired: like cats, our play is more a *pat* and a *scratch* than the soft frolicking of lovers, which my father takes

takes it for. This looks bad before matrimony, and rather darkens the prospect on the other side: counsel me then, dear friend, what am I to do—what shall I resolve on? I have as yet *said not a word that can be brought against me*; tell me then whether, with propriety, I cannot at once extinguish hopes my conduct only has encouraged? My father will soon, in forming other plans for my happiness, forget this his favourite one: neither let any considerations for Beauchamp in the least bias your decision; his vanity alone will suffer—heart, I believe, he has none.”

CHAPTER VI.

Every passion is, in a great measure, the growth of indulgence; all our desires are, in their commencement, easily suppressed; but when strengthened by time and reflection into habit, in endeavouring to eradicate them, we tear away part of the mind.

.....

Common minds know nothing of violent sorrows, nor do great passions ever break out in weak minds: Energy of sentiment is the characteristic of a noble mind.

ROUSSEAU.

VARIOUS were the feelings that occupied the minds of the travellers during their long journey, but grief alone was confined to the bosom of Juliet; yet there was an occupation in viewing the beautiful scenery they almost flew through, that for a time lightened her heart of its weight; but there was a succeeding

succeeding pause, that let it down to crush her, and her nights were passed in tears.

On reaching Portman-square, the comfortless grandeur of a great house struck her in all its coldness. The servants had not been apprised of their intended return, and all was bustle with them, confusion, and amazement.

Chilled and fatigued, Juliet sat shivering in a corner, whilst a dirty girl, surrounded by deal sticks and brown paper, made several unsuccessful attempts towards lighting the fire: not so lady Aubrey; all animation, she seemed to have received a new existence, on once more finding herself in "her own dear loves of rooms."—"Are they not beautiful?" she asked, holding the miserable kitchen candle the servant had brought, in such a manner as to

G 6 display

lay the splendour of the blue-and-silver paper.—“Is it not *magnifique*? but you cannot judge to-night—you shall see them to-morrow.”

All was indeed gloom and desolation to Juliet; she only saw things as they *were*, not as they *could be*; she knew not that such and such cabinets were filled with “*oceans of French china*,” ready to be placed upon their summits; she knew not, that the paper covers that every where met her view concealed treasures brought from the four quarters of the globe; neither did she know that the large Holland bags hanging from the ceiling enclosed chandeliers only to be rivalled by those at C——— H———; in short, she knew nothing; whilst lady Aubrey, by dint of her “mind’s eye,” and the kitchen candle, already saw *fauteuils*, *consolatables*, *candelabras*, *jardiniers*, *cheffoniers*, footstools, workboxes, fire-screens,

screens, perfume-jars, pyramidal flower-baskets, nodding mandarins, branching lustres, crystal lamps, gilt bird-cages, work-tables, writing-tables, sofa-tables, chess-tables, harps, dulcimers, lutes, and pianofortes, all arranged in their pristine order of enchantment.

Lord Aubrey had immediately repaired to his brother's solicitors, to learn if his sister was yet arrived in England; and Juliet felt, as she anxiously awaited his return, that whilst she had this dear aunt left her, she was not alone in the world — not quite lost to happiness. Their meeting was “pleasing, yet mournful to the soul;” but though it was long before Juliet could mention the name of her father, the affectionate attention of her kind relative, by a thousand unceasing assiduities, helped to sooth the sorrows of that bosom time only could restore to peace.

The

The beautiful seat of her fathers had now become the property of her uncle; but her aunt had taken an elegant house in Gloucester-place, and the only regret she felt in leaving the "loves of rooms" in Portman-square was, that there only she had a chance of again meeting lord Montresor.

The unbounded gaiety that lady Aubrey immediately indulged in, was as uncongenial to Juliet's private feelings as it ought to have been to her aunt's public ones; but although her rooms had certainly assumed a most fascinating form, she could no more live alone in them, than in the antique ones of Montresor Castle.

What greater torment ever could have been than to enforce the fair to live retired!

"For

“ For what is beauty, if it is not seen ?
Or what is't to be seen, and not admir'd ?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.”

It was with much satisfaction, therefore, that Juliet took up her residence entirely with her aunt in Gloucester-place: she felt little inclination to mix with strangers, and to avoid them in Portman-square was impossible.

As the first agony for her father's loss began to subside, the torturing recollection of lord Montresor resumed its empire. She believed that she had seen him for the last time, nay, that he had himself told her so; but her head had been so light, her heart so heavy, that it seemed more the impression left by a feverish dream, than that of reality. But there were recollections of moments passed in his society too deeply traced upon her heart to be forgotten—recol-
lections

lections (so incessantly do the delusions of the human heart change their form) that would almost tempt her to believe that she was not quite indifferent to him. But these were only fitting gleams of joy, transient sighs of indefinite pleasure; for any attempt to trace back to words that might establish them, only proved their fallacy, and the delusion was gone; yet again it would return—again require all her sense and self-control to subdue, till at length she heard from Marian Lloyd his intention of quitting England for the Continent, and the hope she had had to combat with died within her bosom.

From that moment she was lost to every thing. If her aunt addressed her, she received no signs of having been attended to; rest entirely forsook her pillow; and she merely seated herself at table, to spare that affectionate aunt the pang

pang of finding that her appetite was gone.

But one so deeply interested could not be deceived ; for some time, in silence, she watched the miserable girl—in silence observed the havoc that vain repinings were making in her delicate constitution. It was too much for her to bear. She saw her gradually following her father to the grave ; and bursting into tears, she reproachfully said—“ Juliet, I shall soon have no one to live for.” Then scrutinizing her as she spoke, she continued, in a softened voice, “ I believe, my unfortunate and beloved child, that you are ill, very ill. What can I do for you ? Where can we go ? Is there any place you think you should be happier in than in London ?”

Juliet endeavoured to conceal her countenance from the inquiring looks that

that threatened to snatch her secret from her. To the breaking heart she felt all places were the same; and controlling her misery, she endeavoured to assure her aunt, though her hopes at the time only centered in the grave, that she should soon, very soon, be happy.

“Heaven send you may, dear child!” emphatically rejoined her aunt, understanding not her allusion, “Heaven send you may! Let me then see that you exert yourself; and remember, that though it is the duty of a daughter to feel sorrow, it is the duty of a niece to endeavour to overcome it.”

“I have—I do,” replied Juliet, in a faltering tone.

She stopped suddenly, for she was on the point of betraying her hidden cause for sorrow, and she threw herself into
her

her aunt's arms, to hide the confusion her smothered sincerity occasioned.

But her aunt, as she fondly embraced her, divined not the struggles of the heart she closely pressed to her own; yet there was an appeal in her simplicity that could not be resisted; and Juliet, whilst she promised every thing that could possibly tend to restore her to composure, for the first time began to feel there were duties left her in this world, that ought to turn her thoughts from the compassionate death she alone looked to as the only relief for her self-imposed woes.

The next morning she awoke with sentiments of greater moderation, and with temper to reflect tranquilly on her situation. She restrained the sighs that swelled within her bosom, and her manners throughout the day were less
pensive,

pensive, less serious than usual. But in thus combating with her feelings she taxed her strength to its utmost: and on reaching her chamber at night, her tears again were not to be restrained—she permitted them to flow uninterruptedly; and to persist in the project she had formed, seemed totally impossible: but strength came with the morrow, and her heart seemed filled with new courage—invigorated to new sacrifices.

She now accompanied her aunt regularly in her morning drives, paid morning visits, and made one of family parties every evening. But all this was done with a heavy heart, and thoughts far distant from the passing scene. She had learned from Marian Lloyd that lord Montresor had quitted England, that is, he had left Wales before them; and as she met him no where in London,

don, he *must be*, she thought, already departed. But Juliet took it not in the light of a surmise, and her drooping heart returned to all its former weakness. Yet was it not the same to her as though he had still rested in England? She saw him not, therefore she had little to lose by his absence; he loved her not, therefore she had as little to gain by his presence.

Whilst indulging in these painful ruminations one morning, as she sat near a window, the form her mind so loved to dwell on suddenly appeared before her sight. He was walking by himself slowly down the opposite pavement. One moment she thought her eyes deceived her; but the next assured her it was indeed lord Montresor. Intuitively she flew to the window; but he saw her not; and the warm blood that had suffused her cheek from surprise, chilled
back

back to her heart as he receded from her view. But there was rapturous joy in the knowledge that he was yet in England, that he might have altered his intention of ever quitting it; and on the first signal that the carriage waited, she flew down stairs with a pleasure and alacrity she had long been a stranger to.

Her aunt seemed to anticipate her wishes, and it was ordered to drive to Portman-square.

“ Who do you think, Juliet, has just left me ?” exclaimed lady Aubrey, the moment they entered.

Juliet could not guess.

“ I should almost have supposed,” she continued, “ that you must have met him in the hall. He is young and handsome.”

handsome. Now you cannot but know who it is, 'with wit to make an ill shape good—and shape to win grace, even had he no wit.' How dull you are, Juliet! there are not many that answer the description."

Every pulse vibrating in her bosom, still was Juliet silent; whilst she would have given worlds to have known whether he had made inquiries after her, whether he knew that she was in London, still was she silent. She dared not trust her voice; and when lady Aubrey at length proclaimed the name, she was forced to bend over a basket of roses, to conceal the confusion it excited. But it passed unnoticed; and no suspicion even was created by her accepting the offer of a seat in lady Aubrey's opera-box for that evening.

"Weak, silly desire," she reproachfully

fully murmured to herself, the moment she was seated in the carriage, "why should I seek again to behold one whose powerful fascinations serve but to wither up my heart?" and she made the resolve to combat with the inclination, and to send her excuses to her aunt.

But this resolution was formed with the expectation before her, of seeing him during their morning's drive. Bond-street, Pall-mall, and Hyde-park, however, failed to produce him; and the flutter of hope gave place to that of self-condemnation, as she prepared to dress for the evening.

Her aunt was true to her engagement; and with hopes again elated she entered the opera-house. Here she learned that lord Montresor had dined in Portman-square; but whether lady
Aubrey

Aubrey expected to see him again that evening she did not mention, and Juliet could not bring herself to make the inquiry; yet the whole world of fashion seemed collecting together, and her worst fears predicting not, that he would absent himself.

In the midst of one of Fodor's favourite songs the door opened, and Juliet's heart told her it was lord Montresor. Yet she turned not, moved not, but with her whole soul apparently rivetted to the stage, in silence awaited his recognition. It seemed however the fashion of the moment to attend to no one but Fodor; and yet, she thought, he might have taken some means of assuring her she was not forgotten; for though her face was turned from the box, towards the stage, it was not so completely hidden, but that, had he looked at her at all, he must have

seen it. The moments seemed increasing to ages. She thought the song would never cease; when, after a tremendous crash of instruments, the scene suddenly dropped, and all was silent.

It was a moment of painful suspense that succeeded; and Juliet was about to put an end to it, by being herself the first to make advances, when she felt the chair that stood behind hers gently withdrawn, and a deep sigh struck upon her ear, as the object of her anxiety, placing it between lady Aubrey and herself, threw himself into it, at the same time exclaiming, in a tone of affected *ennui*, totally unknown to her —“ *Ventre St. Gris!* I thought the woman never would have done. She's too bad! Now isn't she too bad?” looking round for some token of compassion as he spoke. “ She positively
takes

takes a lease of the stage every time she comes on."

"No, only by *word of mouth*, from *year to year*," said an *exquisite*, who just entered in time to find occasion for the revival of an old pun; but however he was, as pleased with it as though it had really been his own.

"Do not laugh," said lady Aubrey, endeavouring at the same time to hide the smile that had gathered on her own countenance. "Do not laugh, Juliet, or the creature will do nothing but retail Joe Miller to us all the evening."

But to Juliet, who felt more inclined to cry, the caution was unnecessary. She could not so soon forget her late disappointment; and though she had not yet given up all hopes of still seeing lord Montresor, there was something so wretched in the uncertainty attending it, that she was conscious of little else but his ab-

sence. Sometimes she thought, though not with them, he yet might be in the house; and then she would regularly scrutinize each separate box; but this was only to satisfy her heart that he *was not* there; for had she discovered him so near, and yet so far off, it would have been more a misery to her than gratification.

“You may well ask,” said lady Aubrey to sir Noel Cornwallis, who had twice addressed the question to Juliet, whether she had ever before attended the opera? “You may indeed well ask.” Then turning to Juliet, “How can you,” she said, “be so unfashionable, so *gauche*, as to attend so closely to the performance? I really must have you here every night, till you are glad to turn your attention to the new dandy *airs*, as an escape from the bore of Mozart. I was quite amused just
now

now to see the amazement of the duke of——. Why, Juliet, you never spoke a word to him, after I had introduced you. The girls in London would have given their ears to have had but half such an opportunity of making their fortunes. His coming into my box was an honour I dreamt not of; and his sitting by your side, for at least five minutes, stamps you to the world as something worthy their notice.”

“Where is the Welch beauty, lady Aubrey, you talked of shewing off?” suddenly exclaimed a young man, who was leaning on the back of her chair; “where is she? I am dying to see her—to call her my own! Oh, the treasure! I have not slept since you talked of her. Two blue eyes—sixty thousand pounds—little Gothic nose—large Roman castle—*une belle taille*, surrounded by wood—fine head of hair—full of game—nice smooth skin—all meadow

land—pretty little feet—and no ugly corn fields. Oh, the rapturous creature! I am a miserable man till I see her! When will she come?—where will she sit?”

“Not in my box, depend on it,” laughingly interrupted lady Aubrey. “Do you count one of us as nothing? or have you yet to learn, that an opera box, in regard to women, is like a secret, too much for one—enough for two—and nothing for three? So pray control your heroics till next Saturday, when perhaps I may gratify you; and in the mean time you had better come home with us, and have some supper.”

Lady Aubrey rose, the green curtain dropped, and Juliet returned home miserable.

CHAPTER VII.
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“Of every pang whose stings infest  
The injured mind’s repose,  
Suspense is sure, above the rest,  
The prime of human woes.”

“WHEN the clouds of sorrow gather over us, we see nothing beyond them; nor can we imagine how they will be dispelled. Yet a new day succeeds to the night, and sorrow is never without a dawn of ease.”

Thus it was with Juliet; sleep had soothed her sorrows; she found that she had expected too great a share of happiness, and disappointment taught her to be contented with that which, un- hoped for, she possessed.

Was not lord Montresor still in Eng-

land—in London? “ But while we glide along the stream of life, whatever we leave behind us is always lessening, and that which we approach increasing in magnitude;” and Juliet overlooked the good she had, in blindly running after that which was uncertain.

Under hope's most powerful influence, again she was the first ready at the time they usually took their morning's drive — the first to propose calling on lady Aubrey — the first to manufacture occupation in Bond-street, St. James's-street, and Pall-mall, and the first to expatiate on the freshness of the air to be gleaned in Hyde-park. Yet whilst all these wishes were gratified as soon as expressed, there was an irritability about her that she could scarcely conceal, and to conquer which was impossible. No sooner was she in one place, than she wished to be in another;

other; and no sooner had she arrived where she desired, but she thought a moment longer in the last might have produced her all she wished. If she remained in the carriage, he whom she sought, she fancied might be, perchance, in *les magasins des modes*, and if she herself visited them, she was sure he must have passed just at the moment.

At length the carriage again entered Gloucester-place. All hope for that day was gone, and subdued and heart-sick, she had just thrown herself back in the corner, to calculate the long long hours before *her day* would begin again to-morrow, when they suddenly passed lord Montresor. She sprung forward.

“Who is that?” asked her aunt, startled at the suddenness of her manner.

“It is lord Montresor, and he sees



me not," exclaimed the agitated girl, again sinking back on the seat.

At that moment the carriage stopped at their own door, and Juliet, as she in vain looked for him, on descending from it, almost believed the having seen him was a dream.

"I am surprised, Juliet," observed her aunt, in the course of conversation, "that lord Montresor did not know you to-day. What kind of a man is he? I suppose just the same as the generality of the present day, more fond of wine than wisdom—loves his horses better than his friends, and converses with no one but his dogs. I see, by your silence, I have drawn a true picture. How do you think I divined it?"

Juliet was anxious to know.

"Because

“ Because he looked at our fine white horses and jet black harness, in preference to my darling — my beautiful Juliet.”

A perception, however clear and unbiassed, would have seen things in their proper light, would have known that it was accident, not *taste*, that had caused the direction of lord Montresor's gaze; but Juliet preferred looking through a darkened medium, and like a *true lover*, chose rather to listen to the suggestions of fancy than those of her reason; not that she strictly believed that lord Montresor would seek to avoid her, yet the circumstance left an unsatisfactory impression, and considerably lessened the pleasing anticipations for the morrow.

The morrow came—a rainy day; but the Court Guide had told Juliet that lord Montresor lived not-far from them,

and she took her station at the window, under the idea that it was possible she still might see him.

Every approaching carriage — every horse, nay, every *genteel-looking umbrella*, made her heart beat, and though they only brought disappointment with them, she quitted not her post, till the shrill voice of the muffin-boys and milk-maids warned her that time and chance were gone.

The next day she was to pass with lady Aubrey — shop with her in the morning, and as her note expressed it, “meet a few friends at dinner.” She could not doubt but that lord Montresor would make one of them; and with spirits buoyant with hope she entered her aunt’s drawing-room.

Notwithstanding the earliness of the  
hour,

hour, a little levee were already assembled there; and Juliet, when she saw the homage every one paid her lovely relative, could hardly wonder at her distaste to solitude.

“ Beautiful she looks to-day !” audibly ejaculated a fashionably-dressed girl, with eyes set on lady Aubrey’s countenance, and heart on her opera-box. “ What a complexion ! how charmingly it varies ! I would give millions for such !”

“ You can procure it at a much cheaper rate than that,” carelessly observed lady Aubrey ; “ Riggs is not very exorbitant ; the only quarrel we ever have is, he wants me to use *carmine*, whilst I prefer *couleur de rose*.”

Every one smiled ; but the box being *pit tier*, was not readily to be given up ; and the persevering damsel, in spite of  
all

all rebuffs, continued to work her way to it, through the whole system of *toad-eater talent*; yet all was to no effect—the seat was reserved for Juliet; and at length the disappointed fair one flounced off, to try her prowess in another quarter.

After herself, her husband, and Cornwallis, Juliet ranked next in lady Aubrey's affections. With pleasure she had observed the marked attentions paid her by the *great matrimonial star*, the only evening she had appeared in public. Every one talked of her beautiful niece; and she resolved, that through her means, this beautiful niece should become a duchess.

Behold then the volatile lady Aubrey turned match-maker, sacrificing every thing for the accomplishment of her darling project, and anxiously awaiting  
the

the moment when its splendour in policy might be revealed to an envious world.

“ You must wear all your diamonds on Saturday, Juliet,” abruptly observed lady Aubrey, the moment the last lounge had made his *congé*; and unless you contrive to have as good a colour as you have this morning, a little of my *beautiful complexion* would be no bad thing. Oh, how that creature always annoys me!” she continued with a shrug of disgust. “ I hate your flatterers *par nécessité*, those who make it the stepping-stone to their own pleasures, which is the case with my friend Miss Dashwood. Her family are good quiet sort of poor people. Yet, notwithstanding all the gaiety she enjoys is by the aid of *voluntary contributions*, I do assure you I meet her every where; but the animal makes *the amiable* her study ;

study : and knows as well as possible how many compliments go to an opera-box—how many to an assembly—drive in the park, &c. &c. ; and positively she once got that most silly of all silly things, lady Chyton, to take her with her a whole summer to a watering-place. How she must have exhausted herself in bringing it about ! no doubt uttered the word ‘charming’ twenty times an hour. But we are losing time—I have a thousand places to call at :” saying which she ran off, to have her pelisse put on, leaving Juliet in quiet possession of the drawing-room.

There are moments in life when all seems sunshine, when, without any actual change having taken place in circumstances that affect us, their sombre influence is gone ; and the heart, while it laughs at its late despondency, looks on with joy to the morrow, confident  
in

in hope, sceptical as to fear, and believes that its happiness will always last. This is the heart's holiday — brief as sweet. Clouds again pass over it; imposture weakens confidence, and the returning disquietudes of human life teach us the folly of trusting, even for a day, to its fallacious illusions.

Juliet had received no other assurance of seeing lord Montresor but that which her own hopes dictated. Yet these she so firmly relied on, that her bosom thrilled with the joyous expectation. Three—four—five—six, that little space of time would bring her all she loved. He would be in the same room with her. Again she could in secret watch his expressive countenance; again listen to the magic tones of his voice; and she resolved narrowly to observe his conduct towards herself, that the hopes she had allowed to take root in her bosom might



might either be ratified or crushed for ever.

Lost in these reflections, she heeded not the lapse of time, till a little French clock, in a distant part of the room, struck the hour of four. Believing she had miscalculated, she approached it to satisfy herself, when, on passing a sofa, the back of which had been towards her, a large oil painting, placed there for the benefit of the light, for the first time met her sight. She sunk on her knees before it.—“ Dear, dear Montresor Castle!” she exclaimed, as her eyes rapturously wandered over it; “ how fondly do I love you! and how little did I think I should ever see you again !”

It was painted in all the beauty of summer. Here was the spot where she had last seen its fondly-loved master—  
there

there where she had first beheld him. Oh, it was a sweet pleasure to trace back to happiness gone by for ever!

The door opened. Without moving from her posture, or turning her eyes a moment from the picture, she said—“Oh, lady Aubrey, here is dear Montresor Castle, and I have but just discovered it. Pray tell me where and how did you get it?”

“I had myself the honour of presenting it to lady Aubrey,” replied a voice but too well known to her.

She trembled, and crouched nearer to the ground, through shame, surprise, and agitation, clinging at the same time to the sofa for shelter and support. Blushes for a moment crimsoned on her cheeks, then again left them ashy pale, as lord Montresor approached her.

“Have

“ Have you not one word ?” he said, taking her hand, and raising her as he spoke ; “ not one assurance to give me, Miss Bouverie, that I possess some share in your recollections of Wales ? I had looked forward,” he continued, with a tenderness in his manner that could not but be felt, “ to the time when chance might again bring us together. Do not then receive me quite as a stranger.” He hesitated for a moment, then continued, with a look tinged with pensiveness, “ I fear I am building too much on the words you uttered as I entered ; but it is you, Juliet, who have made me sanguine—it is you, Miss Bouverie, who must bring me to my senses.”

He paused ; and Juliet, disengaging her hand, seated herself on the end of the sofa, by the picture, and lord Montresor placed himself on his knees before

fore it, in the same manner in which he had first discovered her. She trembled violently; but he appeared to observe nothing but the painting before him; and relieved by his apparent abstraction, she had time to recover herself. His countenance, pale and interesting—the tone of his voice, gentle, harmonious, and pathetic—the tender beaming of his eye, were all before her; yet she had not dared to gaze, but that he continued to give indulgence to silent reverie, and his mind seemed abstracted from all else but the picture. She could not look at him without wishing, at least, to obtain his friendship, even though his love were for ever denied her; yet she was but too well aware that constraint had again crept over her, and that the coldness of her manners must seem to him the result of her natural feelings. She knew that she always appeared to him under these disadvantages;

disadvantages; he could never develop the inward feelings of her soul, for in proportion as he advanced, so she receded. She made however the effort to speak—"It is reported, lord Montresor," she said, her heart beating with the fear lest he himself should confirm it, "that you are on the point of quitting England. But do you not love Montresor Castle too well to leave it? You will never find any thing half so beautiful, go where you will."

"When a man cannot attain the precise object of his wishes," he peevishly replied, "other things become insipid, if not distasteful to him."

As he spoke he cast a keen penetrating glance on Juliet. She perceived it, fancied she understood its meaning, and her thoughts turning to Marian Lloyd, she replied—"But are you not, my lord, too easily discouraged?"

Again he intently regarded her, and  
for

for a moment his features brightened into a look of unspeakable rapture. But it was only for a moment; for on marking the coldness of her he addressed, chagrin usurped its place, and he replied—"There is a point, Miss Bouverie, beyond which wisdom forbids us to hope, and judgment terms perseverance folly."

"There is indeed," feebly rejoined Juliet, her thoughts turning to the weakness of her own sentiments. But she was too narrowly watched to give place to selfish feelings, and recovering herself, she replied—"There is so, my lord; the only fear is, that we should, in petulance and haste, fix that moment too early."

With thoughts influenced by contending emotions, she scarcely knew what she said; she dreaded lest her own wishes should make her unjust to the cause of another, and she had  
spoken

spoken more forcibly than she herself had intended.

For a moment it seemed to stagger the conclusions of her attentive listener, but recovering himself—"I cannot fear that," he despondently replied; "I rather apprehend I have delayed it but too long."

"Perhaps you are right, my lord," she hastily said, seeking to put an end to a conversation that pained her too much to support. She thought of Marian Lloyd's open encouragement of the attentions of Mr. Beauchamp; "perhaps you are right, my lord," she again repeated—"a divided heart at best is little worth the purchase."

He placed his hand on the one that rested on her knee, and bending his head over it, the expression of his countenance was concealed from her view.

"Then

"Then you give me nothing to hope, Juliet?" he said, with a tremulous tone.

"Rather say, nothing to wish for," she returned, rising as she spoke.

He also rose, walked towards the window, and at that moment lady Aubrey entered.

Thus were Juliet and lord Montresor ever at cross purposes; he never conversed with her, but *she* thought of Marian Lloyd; and colonel Harewood was never absent from *his* mind. To chance alone then was left the development of their sentiments, the disclosure of a love firm and unshakeable.



CHAPTER VIII.  
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The greatest fault in penetration is not its falling short, but its going beyond the mark.

.....

There is in the heart of man a perpetual succession of passions, insomuch that the ruin of one is almost always the rise of another.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

JULIET was now worse off than ever; she had not only, as she thought, ascertained the exact state of lord Montresor's feelings, but had herself, in a measure, become their repository. Yes, a little more, and she believed that bosom would have had to have borne his sorrows, which was already almost breaking with its own.—“Mistaken Marian!” she inwardly sighed, observing her at the moment. “You know not the treasure

treasure you are for ever estranging from you."

Marian was sitting on a sofa, apart from the rest of the company, and the young man whose anxiety had been so great to see her at the opera, occupied the seat by her side. He had assiduously handed her down to dinner, and from the moment they again met in the drawing-room, never wandered from her presence.

Lord Montresor had his eyes also directed to the same spot; and Juliet, as she watched their melancholy expression, believed that hope was dying within him.—"And better die," she fervently ejaculated, "than be the sport of such a being."

She could not now regret the part she had acted in the morning; and though

I 2

her

her delicate conscience had before somewhat troubled her, the unguarded conduct she then witnessed chased away every latent remorse, and taught her that envy could have had but little to do in detecting faults so glaringly betrayed. Now, with clasped hands to his breast, the admiring youth seemed to invoke some concession, which the averted head of Marian evinced was denied. Now they seemed earnest in discourse, and then the fan she held, with all the meaning of a lover, was tenderly taken from her hand. She appeared to consider for a moment; then, with childish playfulness, wished it returned; but the hand she held open merely received a familiar tap, and the fan was retained. She however seemed bent upon its repossession, and to wrest it from him, took the hand that detained it, and opening the clasped fingers one by one, at length the fan was again her own;

own; the little white hand that had so well succeeded in extricating it alone remaining in thralldom.

Juliet felt abashed, and turning away, ostensibly to examine a little cabinet of gems, on which her arm had rested, she was startled on perceiving lord Montresor nearly close beside her. A smile was on his countenance, and there was an archness in its expression, that would have almost tempted her to return it, had she not but too rightly divined the source from whence it sprung.

“ We have both derived amusement to-night, Miss Bouverie, from the same quarter,” he said, with a penetrating glance, that left but little necessity for reply. “ Is it not Marmontel who says,” he continued, in the same strain of gaiety, ‘ Quand on n’a pas ce que l’on

P'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a ?
There is much philosophy in the theory ;
but I think I never before saw it so
contentedly carried into practice. But
here comes Beauchamp ; and, Somerset,
thy race is run."

He turned to meet his salutation,
sung the air of an applicable Scotch
ballad ; and Juliet, wondering at the
powers of mind that could enable him
so completely to hide his wounded state
of feelings, took her seat at the piano,
to pacify the *dancing-girls*, and saw no
more of him that evening.

The time was now fast approaching
towards the close of the London season ;
already had the poverty-stricken dames
of fashion meditated the economy of
flight into the solitude of their back
sitting-rooms, there to nurse their ema-
ciated and worn-out forms, inveigh

against reasonable husbands, curse (for your fashionists can do the sort of thing) at poor fortune, for not being inexhaustible, and compose paragraphs for the *Morning Post*, to satisfy the world that they were inhaling the salubrious breezes of the sea-coast.

Lady Aubrey must also leave London; but where could she go?—"Oh, odious, odious trees!" she exclaimed, "can I ever bear to look on ye and live?"

A place at length presented itself, as free from these frightful sort of articles as even she could possibly desire; and it was resolved that the summer should be spent at Brighton.

Every one was pleased; Cecil thought of the races and the club-room—Juliet of quiet and retirement—her aunt, Mrs.

Bouverie, of the beneficial air of the South Downs; and lady Aubrey never could forget that it was there she had first seen Cornwallis.

Two houses were immediately secured for them, and the end of the week they found themselves comfortably settled on the Marine Parade.

Lord Bolingbroke says, "that change of place, simply considered, can render no man unhappy; so the other evils which are objected to exile, either cannot happen to wise and virtuous men, or if they do happen to them, cannot render them miserable. Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the good or the bad events which fortune brings upon us, are felt according to the qualities that *we*, not *they*, possess. They are in themselves indifferent and common accidents,

accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness."

All this is but very little to the purpose, and can but faintly convey the exact state of Juliet's feelings. To understand them, we must ourselves have experienced them.

Unsettled and unhappy, she had hoped in retirement to have regained her lost peace of mind; but whilst every thing turned out differently to what she had anticipated, whilst she found that Brighton was but London *summer*, and that mignonette and moss rose-buds were still alone to constitute her summer, she complained not, but taxed all blame of want of enjoyment on her own weak heart.

She had seen but little of lord Montresor previous to her leaving London;

indeed she had herself studiously sought to avoid him; and with apparently no interest on the other side to bring about a meeting, it was a thing easily to be effected.

Lady Aubrey pronounced her a phenomenon in nature! She had no vanity — no ambition; in short, she could have no feelings whatever. Nothing could have been getting on more finely than her glorious plan. She would have ventured any wager on its success. Even Cecil had begun to wonder (to use his own words) why the duke of — was always *tagging* after him. And then at the opera, was he not constantly in her box? At her dinners, could she not securely build on him? Her evening assemblies, had he ever absented himself from? In short, the thing was done, and it now remained for Juliet to wind him up to something. As yet she had
no

no fault to find with her *protégé*; with manners always unaffectedly simple, blended with a kindness and sweetness that never failed to charm, she had witnessed, with satisfaction, the knot drawn tighter every time they met. But this was only the first stage; there was now something else to be done; and to secure the world's pampered darling, it was necessary that Juliet should begin to let him feel she loved him, *and loved him for himself alone.*

Lady Aubrey allowed the task was difficult; but as boldness marks the eagle's flight, so she, spite of

“Whiskeys, buggies, gigs and dog-carts,
Curricles and tandems,”

ever dancing in her eyes, joined to all the other luxuries, &c. attendant on a princely establishment, resolved to bring it about.

With hopes elate, she commenced the arduous undertaking of teaching the unsophisticated ideas of Juliet how to shoot; and with a duke's heart for the bull's eye, she made sure it would be neither hers or her pupil's fault, if the arrows of Cupid did not go straight to their destination.

Her ladyship's opinion of the male part of the creation was not of the most respectful nature. Entering the world formed for conquest, she had been made to feel how poor a hold it was upon them, did money but once clash against it. She had experienced in her single days the vexation of being neglected by men that she knew admired her, and for those she was not only aware they regarded not, but that had the wealth they dangled after been laid at their feet, they would have thought it but a poor recompence for the sacrifice of their precious

cious liberties, and their no less precious selves. Yet such is the magic of gold, that for the halt, and for the blind; had she, in all the bewitcheries of youth and of beauty, been slighted. Matrimony, however, changed the face of things. The men knowing nothing was required of them, proffered every thing. If she was beautiful before, she was a thousand times more so now. She saw their emptiness, but whilst she loved them too well not still to make them her amusement, the feeling any consideration concerning their individual happiness was a thing quite out of the question. The duke's however was in safe keeping with Juliet; for she had liberality enough to own, and discernment sufficient to feel, that in giving him her niece, she was bestowing on him a treasure there were very few but what would covet. In regard to his disposition she knew but little, and cared less; whatever

whatever it might be, it signified little to Juliet; for what with dressing, visiting, and all that, she never would see any thing of him.

Thus did lady Aubrey, in her own mind, clear away every obstacle; and she resolved to hold a cabinet council.

Folks of no mean sagacity will come over circumstances, chances, and probabilities, till at length they are persuaded consequences will follow precisely as they have planned. Great then was lady Aubrey's amazement, when Juliet, after first requiring much explanation, as to what in the world was desired of her, decidedly declined having any thing to do with an arrangement she till that moment was a stranger to. But would she not at least have the glory of refusing him? No, if she had inadvertently misled him into hopes she never intended
to

to ratify, their next interview must serve only to destroy them; but she carelessly averred that she believed they existed but in her aunt's imagination; and to the surprise of lady Aubrey, she never again mentioned the subject.

CHAPTER IX.

“ For love, at other times suppress’d,
Was all betray’d at this.
I saw him weeping in her eyes :
I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,
And every throb which shook her breast
Thrill’d mine with bliss.”

THEY had been only a week at Brighton, when among the arrivals at the Steine Hotel was that of lord Montresor. Lady Aubrey (although she would much rather it had been Cornwallis) was very well pleased to see him walk into the drawing-room. It was quite a treat to her to look upon a smooth upper lip, for, officers excepted, there never was such a dearth of young men at Brighton. All anxiety to know the impression left upon the public mind, by the duke’s
manifest

manifest attention to her niece, she seized the first opportunity to ask what the world were talking about in London?

"Of Miss Bouverie and the duke of —," he replied, walking to the window and drawing up the Venetian blind with great velocity.

"We shall not be able to exist," she said, with an attempt at concealing the satisfaction she felt, under an indifferent subject; "the vile glare from the sea is insupportable: but what do they say, Montresor?"

"That he follows you in a month to —." His voice was indistinct from agitation, and he seemed at a loss for words—"to—to—marry her, I suppose."

"And, as usual, that dear talkative world is all in the wrong," she continued, more delighted than ever with the account;

account; "why she has refused him, you know."

The blind, the string of which lord Montresor had till that moment unconsciously held in his hand, came suddenly down. Lady Aubrey started.—"That is, as good as done so," she said, correcting herself—but the contrition was but momentary; "indeed I may say, she has done so," she continued, "and for what, I should be obliged to any one to tell me."

"The thing speaks for itself," returned lord Montresor, with the coolness of one well acquainted with grief.

"How do you mean?"

"A prior engagement."

Lady Aubrey, in a moment, ran through in thought the whole range of their male acquaintance.—"And with whom?" she asked, partly relieved by the investigation.

Lord

Lord Montresor fancied she wished to deceive him, and feeling a degree of satisfaction in shewing that it was useless, he calmly pronounced the name of colonel Harewood.

Lady Aubrey smiled.—“ Poor Juliet !” she said, in a tone of affected commiseration, “ that would indeed be a bad speculation ; dukes are not to be met with every day, or widowed bridegrooms either : why the man you talk of,” she continued, “ is married to her cousin ; and I must say I saw no signs of a willow-weeping maiden when she this morning received the intelligence : she’ll have the duke yet, take my word for it, and you must stay in England, Montresor, till after the wedding.”

Lord Montresor heard no more than that colonel Harewood was married ; but the impression on his mind of Juliet’s attachment to him was not to be momentarily

momentarily effaced. “She will now know and pity the pains of unrequited love,” he said to himself, with a malicious satisfaction; but the knowledge that she did suffer was not enough gratification to him; he would himself be a witness of it, and in a few moments he was in her presence.

She was seated alone at the farthest end of the apartment, and the servant had both announced him, and quitted it; ere she was aware of his vicinity. For a moment uninterruptedly he contemplated the interesting being before him. With anxious scrutiny he sought to discover the traces of a broken heart upon her beautiful countenance. The heart in truth was nearly broken; but it had that day received the balm of knowing that her friend was truly happy, and the brilliant eye, the dimpled smile, greeted lord Montresor with deceitful

cautiful import, as she turned and beheld him. He approached the writing-table at which she was engaged. The bride-cake, the silver favours, and some faded white roses, lay scattered upon it. Perhaps it was the surprise of finding one so unexpectedly near her; but he fancied he saw her hand tremble, and though he had come prepared to find her agitated, nay, had felt a pleasure in the anticipation, yet its confirmation gave him an uneasiness difficult to conceal, and he was silent, from the contending emotions that warred within his bosom.

Juliet, no less disturbed, was nevertheless apparently much more herself. It is true that her hand did tremble, and as she leant back on the sofa, she felt her whole body vibrate to the strong pulsation of her heart; but the necessity of exertion seemed to bring the power
with

with it, and she was herself surprised at the calmness with which she was enabled to attend to his oft-repeated congratulations on the marriage of her friend.

Scarcely believing himself awake, lord Montresor's suspicions were dispelled : it could not be feigned ; truth and honesty sat enthroned on the open, the undisturbed brow before him, and he, for the first time, believed he had deceived himself. The veil of self-delusion withdrawn, other feelings gained upon him, and though it was the last idea he could encourage, that he himself was beloved by her, he began to suspect that he had been too hasty in concluding her affections to be given to another. His feelings softened towards her, as the conviction strengthened in his mind ; and his eyes, beaming with fondness, sought to encounter the looks
that

that were too pertinaciously bent on the ground to meet his glances.

Yet though she saw them not, she felt and feared their power. Always dangerous to her peace, she wished to put an end to an interview that must most severely serve to undermine it: there was even a tenderness in his silence, and she could only await with dread the moment when reason and reflection would again bring to her conviction the little trust she ought to hold it in. Under such circumstances conversation almost became essential. Yet what could she say? her heart was too full to think of any thing but that which most dearly concerned it; and in despair of finding any other subject, she, with an unconscious *naïveté* of manner, asked lord Montresor if he would like some bridecake to place under his pillow.

He

He was some time before he answered; then, in desponding accents, and sighing as he spoke, he said, "I want no charm, Juliet, to direct my dreams. One and the same object ever fills them—haunts me sleeping and waking."

Again his fine eyes rested upon her, and again her own fell beneath their glances. Hope for a moment danced within her bosom, for what had not his look imparted! "Oh, it is self-delusion all," she said to herself, as scarcely knowing what she did, she gathered the roses together, and drew them through her sash.

The action passed not unregarded.—
"Is the heart so far from home, Juliet," he asked, "that you fearlessly plant the thorns, even at its very threshold?"

She shrunk from his scrutinous examination.

mination.—“ They are to influence my dreams,” she murmured, in a hurried voice, and endeavouring to appear interested in them, that her real feelings might not be detected ; “ here are one, two, three, four ; surely one must prove my friend !”

“ And should those fail, here is another infallible spell,” said lord Montresor, throwing towards her a twisted paper on which he had written some words :—“ A little elf has taught me the ingredients ; mix them up well with the roses and the bridecake, and not king Holfa himself in the fairy tale shall ever have slept to better purpose.”

She opened the paper.—“ It is natural to suppose, my lord,” she said, and there was a disappointment in her tone not to be concealed ; “ it is natural to suppose that I should dream of colonel Harewood, and of dear Maria, also, I hope.”

The last was conclusive, and in a moment he would have ascertained his fate ; but again she spoke.—“ How much you write like Mr. Wallingford !” still examining the paper.

His countenance changed, and “ Wallingford !” he exclaimed ; “ what, in God’s name, makes you at this moment think of him ?”

There was suppressed agony in the tone in which this was uttered : his manner surprised her, for how had she offended him ? the handwriting was the same exactly, and it was strange if he himself had not made the observation. To prove the resemblance, her mutilated poem was at length resorted to.

“ And what is that memento of folly to prove ?” asked lord Montresor, with increased irritability. She opened it,
and

and comparing it with the other, with delighted looks, replied—"Why that the d's, the t's, the l's, are exactly the same."

"They are the same," said lord Montresor.

She looked surprised: a vague suspicion of the truth came over her. The blood crept from her cheeks.—"They are the same," she said, repeating his words; yet without daring to take in their sense, "they are the same! that is, exactly alike, you mean."

"Alike, Juliet! and the same!" for he now perceived the error she had fallen into; "the same hand," he continued; "the same heart dictated them—the one scorned by you, the other broken."

Juliet heard no more than the first words that had told her the lines were

his own. Regardless, nay even forgetful, of his presence, her eyes rapturously wandered over them; and she almost seemed never to have perused them before. He watched her progress; she came to the end—fixed her eyes on the signature—pressed it to her lips—and softly murmured the name of Ormsby.

Ormsby was all she uttered, but lord Montresor, who had hung enamoured on her changing countenance—her trembling lips, then received the full conviction that he was not indifferent to her. He needed not the brightly-beaming eye, that now met his in tender confidence, the passive hand that was suffered to remain in his: he had read it all. 'There was now no delusion—no self-deception. He was beloved! and while giving vent to the delight this blissful consciousness gave his before-tortured heart, Juliet felt how long—how tenderly

derly she had been adored, and in the joy of the moment all past hours of uncertainty and sorrow were forgotten.

Lady Aubrey soon found that the duke's case was a hopeless one, and it determined her never again to waste her time in match-making for silly girls and boys. His grace rejected, it was immaterial to her (so that it was not Cornwallis) who Juliet married. She never knew a place like Brighton for making conquests in; it was the last thing she should have ever dreamt of, and she believed they might have stayed in Wales for a century without finding it out themselves. It had seemed to her that Marian Lloyd was his favourite; but it was so the fashion to be changeable, that young men were not to be depended upon two days together.

Cecil heard the arrangement with an equal degree of unconcern. He had once thought that Montresor had a liking for Juliet; but something or other had again put it out of his head. He had indeed quite enough to do in thinking of his own concerns; for the extravagance of his wife, and his own weak resolutions, were threatening to place him again in all the difficulties that he had so lately escaped from. Radical reform however was beyond his strength and inclination. He was always unlucky at play, yet to leave it off was impossible; and any attempt of the sort was only hushed up by the reflection, that let the worst come to the worst, they must be off again to Wales—that was all; whilst the legitimate right he should now have to the place, was the only thing that he could think of on the present occasion.

To

To poor Marian Lloyd the blow, though not unexpected, was a heavy one. She had long given up all hopes of the dream of her youth ever being realized; she knew even that she had long ceased to deserve that it ever should be. Yet this knowledge lessened not the pang the confirmation of his being lost to her for ever occasioned—"And he might have been mine, had I but acted differently," was all that she had for consolation. She had indeed gone out of her path at the first obstacle that presented itself—she had concealed real feelings under affected ones, the betrayal of which did her no credit; and she had shewn to the world levity of spirit to hide the subdued one that consumed her—evading its pity, but meriting its contempt.

Of Marian indeed much might be said; but it is an every-day picture, and
we

we will not moralize upon it, but will content ourselves and our readers by only saying that which Mrs. Bamfield said—

“ Well now,” she began, “ I’m surprised, when I sees what girls goes off, that Miss Lloyd doesn’t go off too somehow; and yet my lord and all the tother men seem very fond of her; and, as far as that goes, so is she of them. But somehow that’s nothing to the purpose, as I used to tell Hetty, when she thought my lord was paying his dresses to her; but I s’pose it’s cause she seems so pleased and laughy when they speaks to her, and flirty somehow; for as I told Hetty, girls, as my husband used to say, should be always heard to smile, but never seen to laugh; and see how respectfully she’s married! Hetty Pugh! who’d a thought it, when he used to be a-staring so always at that Hanthe Dawlish?”

Dawlish? Hetty Pugh! How nice the names go together! and how sweetly pretty she looked in her real lace veil, and satin shoes, and clocked stockings! talking too all the time about Bessey's green ones; and the ring—so natural! and how Bessey tried it on, and made believe it was hers! But Bessey somehow pleases nobody much. She always seems so dead and low somehow; so I hopes she wont stand about situation so much, but'll take the first offer as comes—not that I think it'll be Beauchamp. Oh, he's so cunning! and Miss Hanthe Dawlish too! Law, he's as cunning as a fox! Nor Miss Lloyd neither, notwithstanding all the 'tiguity of their states, as they talks about. No, no, Mr. Regnard, you are not to be taken."

Wallingford, though immersed in literature, and studying systems and sciences
with

with all those energies which had rendered his disappointed love more torturing, more annihilating than even his worst enemy could have desired—Wallingford too heard of his friend having obtained that hand, that heart, which, denied to his entreaties, had still been a secret incentive, a concealed spring, to labours, to abstruse researches, that to his heated and sanguine imagination, were conducting him to fame, to fortune, and to Juliet. The fairy fabric fell. The Juliet withheld from his love by the slender tie of woman's fickle fancy, though maddening to his enamoured heart, was still to be won. But Juliet another's, and that one his friend ! oh, it needed all "adversity's sweet milk—philosophy," to comfort him.

That failed ; and closing his ponderous folios, he said—"London, Paris, Rome, I must visit ye all."

" Hang

———“ Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not.”

THE END.

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